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MENAPHON

AND

A MARGARITE OF AMERICA

MENAPHON

By Robert Greene

AND

A MARGARITE OF AMERICA

By Thomas Lodge

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN the history of taste comes to be written, not the least valuable evidence will be provided by those novels which were once popular but have lacked the universality, or the commoness, to outlive their original public; they were created to satisfy a desire and they are the direct expression of the taste of their readers. Great books survive transplanting; Shakespeare needs no reconstructed Globe or facsimile reprint of the Folio; but with the works of lesser men the reader must use his historic imagination, recreating, so far as is possible, the mood of those for whom they were first written.

Menaphon, Camillas Alarum to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra was entered for publication in the Stationers' Register on August 23rd, 1589, the entry reading—

> Sampson Clerke Entred for his Copie, menophon Camillus allarum to slumberinge Ephewes in his melancholy cell at Silexedria. Vnder th[e h]andes of Master doctour Staller and bothe the Wardens. . . . vj[d] [1]

It was printed before the end of the year and four other editions at least were printed in the next eighteen years.[2]

[1] *Arber's Reprint*, ii. 529.

[2] For a discussion of the bibliography of *Menaphon*, see Dr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, iii. 300.

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Menaphon is a typical specimen of the work of a University Wit with a sure instinct for what his public will appreciate. Greene had no high theories about his own intuitions, and he is quite frank in his intentions—'I did it for your pleasures,' he writes in his epistle 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' 'whereunto I euer aymed my thoughts'; but at the same time he was well aware of his skill in this kind of writing, and anxious that they shall not overlook its merits, but 'take a little pains to prie into my imagination'.

The University Wits at first served a very special public, and for some time they were not a little proud of the fact that they wrote not for the multitude but for a select audience of courtiers and their ladies, and gentlemen of the Inns of Court and of the two Universities who shared—as do all who have been nurtured in the old humane studies—the freemasonry of apt quotation or classical allusion. It was essentially a leisured public, valuing rather the manner than the matter in a piece of literary artistry.

But the ascendancy of the University Wits was short lived. Marlowe had already deserted them, and, to Greene's thinking, was degrading himself by writing for the public stages; for Greene and his fellows were bitterly jealous of the professional players who were growing rich on the products of poor scholars' brains. It was a losing battle, and there is an uneasy note in the verses which 'Thomas Brabine, Gent.' contributes in praise of the author—

'Players auant, you know not to delight;
Welcome sweete Shepheard worth a Schollers sight.'

Within a very short time, if indeed he had not already

done so, Greene was obliged to follow the rest and 'striue to thunder from a Stage-mans throate'; but he did it unwillingly, being forced by his necessities, and his bitterness was not diminished when he was confronted with the early successes of that Upstart Crow who was not even a University Man.

The preface 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities' contributed by Thomas Nashe has its place in the history of English criticism. It is the effusion of a young man just down from the University who is anxious to distinguish himself by breaking a lance in the cause of poetry, and at the same time glad of a chance to slip in a useful advertisement of his forthcoming *Anatomie of Absurditie* under the sponsorship of the most popular writer of the day. But he has the truth of the matter in him when he says, 'I deeme him farre vnworthy the name of a scholer, and so, consequently, to sacrifice his endeuours to Art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in part.'

Nashe's preface and its allusions, however, belong to literary politics. *Menaphon* itself is a good example of the pastoral romance in Greene's earlier manner. Fortunately he has refrained from using his pastoral form as a cover for personalities, and has concerned himself with telling a very pleasing story. Greene imitates both Lyly and Sidney; he acknowledges his debt to the former on the title page, by presenting his story to 'Euphues in his Cell at Silexedra'; to the latter by placing his scene in Arcadia. But Greene is not a mere imitator; and he surpassed both his models. He realised that a pastoral romance should be of reasonable length and so avoided the interminable prolixity of the *Arcadia;* he shared Lyly's love for parallels and fine phrases, but he

does not spoil his work by an overcurious exactitude of balance; nor does he sacrifice the story either to mere decoration or to a moral lesson. In fact Greene owes the faults of *Menaphon* to his models, the virtues are his own.

Not the least surprising quality of Greene's work is the atmosphere of purity and idyllic sweetness which appears in most of his novels and in his best plays, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and *James the Fourth;* for his vicious life in London was a byword amongst the opponents of poetry. Yet for all his loose companions Greene belonged by temperament to the serious generation of Sidney and Spenser; he was a moralist, sincerely and even morbidly religious; and it may be that in his works of fancy he tried to escape from the squalor of his brothel mates into the purer air of an Arcadia which owed not a little to the memory of those first months that he had spent in the country after his marriage with his much wronged 'Doll.'

Greene was a Norfolk man of lower middle class; Thomas Lodge his friend, and for some time his partner, came of a well-to-do city family, his father having been Lord Mayor of London in 1563.[1] He was born about 1558, and in 1571 was admitted to the Merchant Taylors' School under the famous headmaster, Richard Mulcaster. Thence he went up to Trinity College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree on July 8th, 1577. In the following spring, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn and began to study law. In 1579, when his mother died, he wrote a memorial poem, entered in the Stationers' Register on December 23rd, but no copies seem now to be in existence. In the same year he

[1] For a biography of Lodge, see the Memoir contributed by Sir Edmund Gosse in 1887 to the edition of Lodge, published by the Hunterian Club.

had written a reply to Gosson's *School of Abuse;* this was suppressed by authority, presumably because he defended plays, though the pamphlet, which has survived in spite of the censor, is not likely to have caused much harm to anyone's morals. Gosson's abuse of the stage was foolish enough on general grounds, but when he spoke of the practical inconveniences to the commonwealth he was talking sense. Lodge's counter-arguments are the debating points of a young man fresh from the University who has not yet learnt how to use his commonplace book. He argues for instance in favour of stage playing—

'For tragedies and comedies *Donate* the gramarian sayth, they wer inuented by lerned fathers of the old time to no other purpose, but to yeelde prayse vnto God for a happy haruest, or plentifull yeere, and that thys is trewe the name of Tragedye doeth importe, for if you consider whence it came, you shall perceiue (as *Iodocus Badius* reporteth) that it drewe his original of *Tragos*, *Hircus*, and *Ode*, *Cantus* (so called) for that the actors thereof had in rewarde for theyr labour, a Gotes skynne fylled wyth wyne. You see then that the fyrste matter of Tragedies was to giue thankes and prayses to God, and a gratefull prayer of the countrymen for a happye haruest, and this I hope was not discommendable. I knowe you will iudge is farthest from abuse, but to wade farther, thys fourme of inuention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was used did decay, and the world grew to more perfection, so y^{t} witt of the younger sorte became more riper, for they leauing this fourme, inuented an other, in the which they altered the nature but not y^{e} name: for for sonnets in prayse of y^{e} gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many exiles, the

miserable fal of haples princes, The ruinous decay of many countryes, yet not content with this, they presented the liues of *Satyers*, So that they might wiselye vnder the abuse of that name, discouer the follies of many theyr folish fellow citesens, and those monsters were then, as our parasites are now adayes; such, as with pleasure reprehended abuse.'[1]

The *Reply* is innocent of any attempt at literary criticism.

Lodge's father died in 1583, and if *An Allarum against Vsurers* which was entered on November 4th in that year is in any way autobiographical, Lodge seems to have suffered the fate not uncommon to those who pawn their inheritance with a moneylender. The careers of the unfortunate victims of the broker are indeed very similar to what is known of Lodge's early life, though the general tone of the work does not suggest that Lodge was trying to make capital out of his own backslidings. The *Alarum* is valuable not merely as an economic document but also as being the most important exposure of a social abuse between Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursetors* (1566) which showed up the professional beggars of the road and Greene's arraignment of the professional rascals of the city in his Conny Catching pamphlets (1591-2).

For the next five years Lodge seems to have published nothing. In 1589 was printed *Scylla's Metamorphosis*, 'with sundry other most absolute Poems and Sonnets,' in which he set a fashion followed by Shakespeare in *Venus and Adonis*. During these years Lodge made two voyages to the West Indies with Thomas

[1] *A Reply to Stephen Gosson's Schoole of Abuse*, Hunterian Club, 1879, page 35.

Cavendish, in which he wrote two at least of his best works, *Rosalynde* (published 1590) and *A Margarite of America* (published 1596), and perhaps others as well, for between 1589 and 1596 several volumes were printed, including the plays, *The Wounds of Civil War* and *A Looking Glass for London* (written in collaboration with Greene), and *A Fig for Momus*, the first batch of formal Elizabethan verse satire; though Lodge's satires are mild and general compared with the vituperation of his successors, Donne, Hall and Marston.

It is probable that by this time he had turned Catholic, and whether for politic reasons or because in (Anthony à Wood's words) 'his mind growing serious, he studied Physick, for the improvement of which he travelled beyond the seas, took the degree of Doctor of that faculty at *Avenion* [Avignon], returned and was incorporated in the University in the latter end of Qu. *Elizabeth*. Afterwards settling in *London* he practised it, being much frequented for his success in it, especially by the R. Catholicks (of which number he was by many suspected to be one) and was as much cried up to his last for Physick, as he was in his younger days for his poetical fancy.'[1]

Lodge's later publications were more weighty. He translated the works of Josephus in 1602, and in 1603, when the plague was raging in London, he wrote *A Treatise of the Plague*, an enlightened work, wherein he advocates the building of an isolation hospital for London, and lays down most sensible rules for the sanitary measures to be taken in infected houses. In 1613 he translated the moral and physical works of Seneca. He died of the plague in 1625.

[1] *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1691, i. 424.

A Margarite of America, is perhaps the best of Lodge's fanciful works, though not so well known as *Rosalynde*, which has been more studied because it was the original source of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and has therefore suffered somewhat from unfair competition. Yet it is likely that Shakespeare was familiar with *A Margarite from America* too, since several reminiscences from it occur in his plays which seem to be too close to be coincidence. Protomachus' farewell counsels to Arsinous (pp.129-132) are very similar to the 'few precepts' which Polonius bestows upon Laertes, and the poem *Humanæ Miseriæ Discursus* (page 120) taken with Arsadachus' remorseful groan, 'True it is that Plutarch saith that life is a stage play which euen to the last hath no decorum,' seem to be echoed in 'All the world's a stage.'

But Lodge deserves to be read for his own worth and not because a greater than he took some of his jewels and reset them. His elaborate tapestries still have colour, freshness and an intricate beauty which is reminiscent of some of the best paintings of Rosetti, but their worth lies in their curious artistry, and not in their utility either as psychological studies or as specimens of plot construction. The very real charm of *Menaphon* and *A Margarite of America* does not appear until they are read aloud, as they were meant to be read, with each sweet period rolled a little delicately round the palate; and preferably on a summer's day under a large oak tree.

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MENAPHON
Camillas alarum to
ſlumbering Euphues, in his *melancholie Cell at Si-*lexedra.

VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the tri-*umphes of inconſtant Time.*

Diſplaying in ſundrie conceipted paſsions (figu-*red in a continuate Hiſtorie*) *the Trophees that* Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the reſo-lution of Fortune.

A worke worthie the youngeſt eares *for pleaſure, or the graueſt cenſures for principles.*

Robertus Greene in Artibus magiſter.

Omne tulit punctum.

LONDON
Printed by T. O. for Sampſon Clarke,
and are to be ſold behinde the Roy-all Exchange. 1589.

To the right Worshipfull and vertuous *Ladie, the Ladie Hales, wife to the late* deceased Sir Iames Hales; Robert Greene *wisheth increase of Worship and vertue.*

WHEN *Alexander* (right worshipfull) was troubled with hotteſt feuers, *Phillip* the phiſition broght him the coldeſt potions; extreams haue ther Antidotes, and the drieſt melancholy hath a moiſteſt sanguin; wise *Hortenzia* midſt hir greateſt dumpes; either playd with hir Children, or read some pleasant verses: such as sorrow hath pinched mirth muſt cure. This considered; hearing (madam) of the passions your Ladiship hath vttered a late for the losse of your husband, a Knight in life worshipfull, vertuous, and full of honourable thoghts; discouering by such passionate sorowes the patterne of a louing and vertuous wife, whose ioyes liued in hir husbands weale, and ended with his life, I thought it my dutie to write this paſtorall hiſtorie, conteyning the manifolde iniuries of fortune, that both your Ladiship might see her inconſtant follies, and beare hir frownes with more patience, and when your dumpes were moſt deepe, then to looke on this little treatise for recreation: wherein there be as well humors to delight, as discourses to aduise. Which if your Ladi-

ship shall vouch to accept, couering my presumption and faultes which your wonted courtesie; I haue the wished end of my labors. In which hope resting, I commit your Ladiship to the Almightie.

Yours in all humble seruice,

Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers, health.

IT fareth with mee Gentlemen, as with Batillus *the ouer bold poet of* Rome, *that at euerie winke of* Cæsar *would deliuer vp an hundred verses, though neuer a one plausible, thinking the Emperours smile a priuiledge for his ignorance: so I hauing your fauor in letting passe my Pamphlets, feare not to trouble your patience with many works, and such as if* Batillus *had liued; hee might well haue subscribed his name to. But reſting vpon your fauors I haue thus farre aduentured to let you see* Camillas alarum to Euphues, *who thought it necessarie not to let* Euphues censure to Philautus, *passe without requitall. If Gentlemen you finde my ſtile either* magis humile *in some place, or more* sublime *in another, if you finde darke Ænigmaes or ſtrange conceipts as if* Sphinx *on the one side, and* Roscius *on the other were playing the wagges; thinke the metaphors are well ment, and that I did it for your pleasures, whereunto I euer aymed my thoughts: and desire you to take a little paines to prie into my imagination. Wherein if you shall reſt mine, I shall euer as I haue done reſt yours; and so I bid you farewell.*

To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities.

CVRTEOUS and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with enuie) enlarge the deserts of the Learned by your liberall censures; vouchsafe to welcome your scholler-like Shepheard with such Vniuersitie entertainement, as either the nature of your bountie, or the custome of your common ciuilitie may affoord. To you he appeales that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his paines; thinking his daie labour was not altogether lauisht *sine linea*, if there be anie thing of all in it, that doth *olere atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is growen of late; so that euerie mœchanicall mate abhorres the english he was borne too, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *vt vales* from the inkhorne: which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the seruile imitation of vainglorious tragœdians, who contend not so seriouslie to excell in action, as to embowell the clowdes in a speach of comparison; thinking themselues more than initiated in poets immortalitie, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heauenlie bull by the deaw-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to follie, as their idiote art-masters, that intrude thẽselues to our eares as the alcumists of eloquence; who (moũted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbraue better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blanke verse. Indeed it

may be the ingrafted ouerflow of some kilcow conceipt, that ouercloieth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, beeing not extemporall in the inuention of anie other meanes to vent their manhood, commits the disgeſtion of their cholerick incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decasillabon. Mongſt this kinde of men that repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deepe read Grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their scull, than will serue to take vp a commoditie; nor Art in their brain, than was nourished in a seruing mans idlenesse, will take vpon them to be the ironicall censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know, they are the simpleſt of all. To leaue these to the mercie of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crummes that fal from the translators trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*; whose attire though not so ſtatelie, yet comelie, dooth entitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tullie* in his *Orator* tearmeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountaine that in seauen yeares brings foorth a mouse, or the Italionate pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affoordeth the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised arraie, vaunts *Ouids* and *Plutarchs* plumes as their owne; but giue me the man, whose extemporall vaine in anie humor, will excell our greateſt Art-maſters deliberate thoughts; whose inuention quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudeſt Rethoritian, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition. What is he amongſt Students so simple, that cannot bring forth (*tandem aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt euerie sentence? Was it not *Maros* xij. yeares toyle, that so famed

his xij. *Æneidos?* Or *Peter Ramus* xvj. yeares paines, that so praised his pettie Logique? Howe is it then, out drowping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his masters day labour? Indeede I must needes say, the descending yeares from the Philosophers *Athens*, haue not been supplied with such present Orators, as were able in anie English vaine to be eloquent of their owne, but either they must borow inuention of *Ariosto*, and his Countreymen, take vp choyce of words by exchange in *Tullies Tusculane*, and the Latine Historiographers store-houses; similitudes, nay whole sheetes and tractacts *verbatim*, from the plentie of *Plutarch* and *Plinie*; and to conclude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of Comical fictions, that haue succeeded to our Rethoritians, by a second imitation: so that, well may the Adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, bee the most iudiciall estimate, of our latter Writers. But the hunger of our vnsatiate humorists, beeing such as it is, readie to swallowe all draffe without indifference, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delight, imployes oft times manie thredbare witts, to emptie their inuention of their Apish deuices, and talke most superficiallie of Pollicie, as those that neuer ware gowne in the Vniuersitie; wherein they reniue the olde saide Adage, *Sus Mineruam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with *Asinus ad Lyram*. Would Gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of follie, I wold perswade them to phisicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the *Sabæans* doo their dulled senses with smelling; who (as *Strabo* reporteth) ouer-cloyed with such odoriferous sauours, as the naturall encrease of their Countrey, (Balsamum, Amomum, with Myrrhe and Franken-

cense) sends foorth, refresh their noſthrills with the vnsauorie sent, of the pitchie slime, that *Euphrates* caſts vp, and the contagious fumes of Goates beardes burnt; so woulde I haue them, beeing surfetted vnawares with the sweete sacietie of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious Language maie procure, to vse the remedie of contraries; and recreate their rebated witts, not as they did, with the senting of slyme or Goates beardes burnt, but with the ouer-seeing of that *sublime dicendi genus*, which walkes abroad for waſt paper in each seruing mans pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamiſts barbarisme; so shoulde the opposite comparison of *Puritie*, expell the infection of absurditie; and their ouer-rackte Rhethorique, bee the Ironicall recreation of the Reader. But so farre discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperienſt punies from this prescription, that a tale of Ihon a Brainfords will, and the vnluckie furmentie, wil be as soon interteined into their libraries, as the beſt poeme that euer *Tasso* eternisht: which being the effect of an vndescerning iudgement, makes drosse as valuable as gold, and losse as welcome as gaine, the Glow-worme mentioned in *Æsops* fables, namelie the apes follie, to be miſtaken for fire, when as God wot poore soules, they haue nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweate, and (to bring it to our english prouerbe) their labour for their trauaile. Wherein I can but resemble them to the Panther, who is so greedie of mens excrements; that if they be hangd vp in a vessell higher than his reach, he sooner killeth himselfe with the ouer-ſtretching of his windlesse bodie, than he wil cease from his intended enterprise. Oft haue I obserued what I now set downe; a secular wit that hath liued all daies of his life by what

doo you lacke, to bee more iudiciall in matters of conceit, than our quadrant crepundios, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of euerie one they meete: yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting, as the moſt poysonous *Pasquil*, anie durtie mouthed *Martin*, or *Momus* euer composed, is gathered vp with greedinesse before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deereſt though they smell of the friplers lauander halfe a yeere after: for I know not how the minde of the meaneſt is fedde with this follie, that they impute singularitie, to him that slanders priuelie, and count it a great peece of arte in an inkhorne man, in anie tapſterlie tearmes whatsoeuer, to oppose his superiours to enuie. I will not denie but in scholler-like matters of controuersie, a quicker ſtile may passe as commendable; and that a quippe to an asse is as good as a goad to an oxe: but when an irregular idiot, that was vp to the eares in diuinitie, before euer he met with *probabile* in the Vniuersitie, shall leaue *pro et contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct Common weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magiſtrate before he came to *Cambridge*, it is no meruaile if euery alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned vpside down; since the childe beats his father, and the asse whippes his maſter. But leaſt I might seeme with these night crowes, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I'le turne backe to my firſt text, of ſtudies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a cõmon practise now a daies amongſt a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of Art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede;

yet English *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches. But ô griefe! *tempus edax rerum*, what's that will last alwaies? The sea exhaled by droppes will in continuance be drie, and *Seneca* let bloud line by line and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage: which makes his famisht followers to imitate the Kidde in *Æsop*, who enamored with the Foxes new fangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation; and these men renowncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein how poorelie they haue plodded, (as those that are neither prouenzall men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles,) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue trauailed in that tongue, discerne by their twopenie pamphlets: and no meruaile though their home-born mediocritie be such in this matter; for what can be hoped of those, that thrust *Elisium* into hell, and haue not learned so long as they haue liued in the spheares, the iust measure of the Horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, and other while for recreation after their candle stuffe, hauing starched their beardes most curiouslie, to make a peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, and spend two or three howers in turning ouer French *Doudie*, where they attract more infection in one minute, than they can do eloquence all dayes of their life, by conuersing with anie Authors of like argument. But least in this declamatorie vaine, I should condemne all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import,

that haue laboured with credit in this laudable kinde of Translation; In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged Father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke Writers, in the roabes of the auncient *Romaines*; in whose traces, *Philip Melancthon*, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and manie other reuerent Germaines insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and merueilouslie inriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation beeing transported into *England*, euerie priuate Scholler, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to vaunt their smattering of Latine, in English Impressions. But amongst others in that Age, Sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance did seuer it selfe from all equalls, although Sir *Thomas Moore* with his Comicall wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not Knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tythe of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitefull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie tearmed *Colona diducta*, from the Suburbes of *Saint Iohns*. In which

extraordinarie conception, *vno partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir *Ihon Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally traded in al tongues, Sir *Ihon Mason*, Doctor *Watson*, *Redman*, *Aschame*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkington:* all which, haue either by their priuate readings, or publique workes, repurged the errors of Artes, expelde from their puritie, and set before our eyes, a more perfect Methode of Studie. But howe ill their preceptes haue prospered with our idle Age, that leaue the fountaines of sciences, to follow the riuers of Knowledge, their ouer-fraught Studies, with trifling Compendiaries maie testifie: for I knowe not howe it comes to passe, by the doating practise of our Diuinitie dunces, that striue to make their Pupills pulpet men, before they are reconciled to *Priscian:* but those yeares, which shoulde bee employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes; and well too, they maye haue so much Catechisme vacation, to rake vp a little refuse Philosophie. And heere could I enter into a large fielde of inuectiue, against our abiect abbreuiations of Artes, were it not growen to a newe fashion amongst our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in euerie manuarie action: in so much, that the *Pater noster*, which was woont to fill a sheete of paper, is written in the compasse of a pennie: whereupon one merelie affirmed, that prouerb to be deriued, *No pennie, no pater noster*; which their nice curtalling, puts me in mind of the custome of the *Scythians*, who if they be at any time distressed with famin, take in their girdles shorter, and swaddle themselues streighter, to the intent no *vacuum* beeing left in their intrayles, hunger should not so much tirannnize ouer their stomacks; euen so these men oppresst with a greater penurie of Art, do pound their capacitie in bar-

ren Compendiums, and bound their base humors, in the beggerly ſtraites of a hungry Analysis, leaſt longing after that *infinitum* which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compasse, they sooner yeeld vp their youth to deſtinie, than their heart to vnderſtanding. How is it then, such bungling practitioners in principles, shuld euer profite the Common wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logique or Dialogue Latine, than appertains to the literall conſtruction of either; neuerthelesse it is daily apparant to our domeſticall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in the trade of glose or translations, as those that are more vnlearned than ignorance, and lesse conceiuing than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, though some of them haue set their names to their simplicitie. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maſter *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued eſteeme, who firſt beate the path to that perfection which our beſt Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tullie* did *Græca cum Latinis*. Neither was Maſter *Turbeuile* the worſt of his time, although in translating he attributed too much to the necessitie of rime. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his induſtrious toile in Englishing *Ouids Metamorphosis*, besides manie other exquisite editions of Diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. Maſter *Phaer* likewise is not to be forgot in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whose heauĕly verse had it not bin blemisht by his hautie thoghts *England* might haue long insulted in his wit, and *corrigat qui poteſt* haue been subscribed to his

workes. But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master *Stanihursts* praise, would that *Phaer* shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his ragged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus

Then did he make, heauens vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing

Which strange language of the firmament neuer subiect before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of to any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasonical huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master *France* by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeuors. But I knowe not how, their ouer timerous cowardise, hath stoode in awe of enuie, that no man since him, durst imitate any of the worste, of those Romane wonders in english, which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie, are verie many, or that the number of good Poets, are very small: and in

trueth, (Maſter *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almoſt any of late dayes that hath shewed himselfe singular in any special Latine Poëm, whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets. I will not say but wee had a *Haddon* whose pen would haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Carre*, that came as nere him, as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Tho. Newton* with his *Leyland*, and *Gabriell Haruey*, with two or three other, is almoſt all the ſtore, that is left vs at this hower. Epitaphers, and position Poets haue wee more than a good many, that swarme like Crowes to a dead carcas, but flie like Swallows in the VVinter, from any continuate subiect of witte. The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue, from the vpſtart discipline, of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetrie impietie; whose error, although the necessitie of Philosophie might confute, which lies couched moſt closely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it, as a disputatiue plea to diuines, than set it downe as a determinate position, in my vnexperienſt opinion. But how euer their dissentious iudgements, should decree in their afternoone sessions of *an sit*, the priuat trueth, of my discouered Creede in this controuersie is this, that as that beaſt, was thought scarce worthie to bee sacrifised, to the Ægiptian *Epaphus*, who had not some or other blacke spotte on his skinne: so I deeme him farre vnworthie of the name of a scholler, and so consequentlie, to sacrifice his endeuors to art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in a parte and here peraduenture, some desperate quipper, will canuaze my proposed comparison *plus vltra*, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke

pot; which makes our Poets vndermeale Muses so mutinous, as euerie ſtanzo they pen after dinner, is full poynted with a ſtabbe. Which their dagger drunkennesse, although it might be excused, with *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may, with that prouerbiall *fœcundi calices*, that might wel haue been doore keeper, to the kanne of *Silenus*, when nodding on his Asse trapt with iuie, hee made his moiſt nosecloth, the pausing intermedium, twixt euerie nappe. Let frugale scholares, and fine fingerd nouices, take their drinke by the ownce, and their wine by the halpeworthes, but it is for a Poet, to examine the pottle pottes, and gage the bottome of whole gallons; *qui bene vult ποίειν, debet ante πίνειν.* A pot of blew burning ale, with a fierie flaming toſt, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Pernassus* top: without the which, in vaine may they crie; ô thou my muse inspire mee with some pen, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice, to rouze her foorth her denne. Pardon me Gentlemen, though somewhat merely I glaunce, at their imoderate follie, who affirme that no man can write with conceit, except he take counsell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my ſtile againſt all, since I doo knowe the moderation of many Gentlemen of that ſtudie, to be so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well seene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroade vnrewarded, in the mouthes of vngratefull monſters, no doubte but the remembrance, of *Mœcenas* liberalitie, extended to *Maro*, and men of like qualitie, would haue lefte no memorie to that prouerb of pouertie, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.* Tut saies our English Italians, the fineſt witts our Climate sends

foorth, are but drie braind doltes, in comparison of other countries: whome if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of *Petrache*, *Tasso*, *Celiano*, with an infinite number of others; to whome if I should oppose *Chaucer*, *Lidgate*, *Gower*, with such like, that liued vnder the tirranie of ignorance, I do think their beſt louers, would bee much discontented, with the collation of contraries, if I should write ouer al their heads, Haile fellow well met. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three, haue vaunted their meeters, with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudeſt *Ariosto*, did his verse in Italian. What should I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our grauer Nobilitie, are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choyce of words, than euer tragick *Tasso* could attaine too: but as for paſtorall Poëmes, I will not make the comparison, leaſt our countrimens credit should bee discountenanſt by the contention, who although they cannot fare, with such inferior facilitie, yet I knowe would carrie the bucklers full easilie, from all forreine brauers, if their *subiectum circa quod*, should sauor of any thing haughtie: and should the challenge of deepe conceit, be intruded by any forreiner, to bring our english wits, to the tutchſtone of Arte, I would preferre, diuine Maſter *Spencer*, the miracle of wit to bandie line for line for my life, in the honor of *England*, gainſt *Spaine*, *France*, *Italie*, and all the worlde. Neither is he, the only swallow of our summer, (although *Apollo*, if his *Tripos* were vp again would pronounce him his *Socrates*) but he being forborne, there are extant about *London*, many moſt able men, to reuiue Poetrie, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in *Platos*, so in Puritanes common wealth; as for example *Mathew Roydon*, *Thom-*

as Atchelow and *George Peele*, the first of whome, as hee hath shewed himselfe singular, in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued *Astrophel*, besides many other most absolute comicke inuentions (made more publique by euerie mans praise, than they can bee by my speache) so the second, hath more than once or twise manifested, his deepe witted, schollership in places of credit; and for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, and *primus verborum Artifex:* whose first encrease, the Arraignement of *Paris*, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundrie other sweete Gentlemen I know, that haue vaunted their pens in priuate deuices, and trickt vp a companie of taffata fooles with their feathers, whose beautie if our Poets had not peecte with the supply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntill this time vp and downe the countrey with the King of *Fairies*, and dinde euerie daie at the pease porredge ordinarie with *Delphrigus*. But *Tolossa* hath forgot that it was sometime sackt, and beggers that euer they caried their fardles on footback: and in truth no meruaile, when as the deserued reputation of one *Roscius*, is of force to inrich a rabble of counterfets; yet let subiects for all their insolence, dedicate a *De profundis* euerie morning to the preseruation of their *Cæsar*, least their encreasing indignities returne them ere long to their iugling to mediocrity, and they bewaile in weeping blankes the wane of their Monarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her forenamed professors, so it hath not beene any whit disparaged by

William Warners absolute *Albions*. And heere Authoritie hath a full point: in whose reuerence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters, and Poets, that make a patrimonie of *In speech* and more then a younger brothers inheritance of their *Abcie*. Reade fauourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made Art bankerout of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging vp and downe the Countrey. It may be, my *Anatomie* of *Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in Surgerie, wherein the diseases of Arte more merrily discouered may make our maimed Poets out together their blankes vnto the building of an Hospitall.

If you chance to meete it in *Paules*, shaped in a new suite of similitudes, as if like the eloquent apprentice of *Plutarch*, it were propped at seuen yeeres end in double apparell, thinke his master hath fulfilled couenants, and onely cancelled the Indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it: if not, what rests, but that I be excluded from your courtesie, like *Apocrypha* from your Bibles?

How euer, yours euer,
Thomas Nash.

In laudem Authoris,
Distichon amoris.

DELICIOUS words, the life of wanton wit,
That doo enspire our soules with sweete content;
Why haue your father Hermes *thought it fit*
My eyes should surfet by my hearts consent?

Full twentie Summers haue I fading seene,
And twentie Floras *in their golden guise:*
Yet neuer viewd I such a pleasant Greene
As this, whose garnisht gleades, compare denies.

Of all the flowers a Lillie *once I lou'd,*
Whose labouring beautie brancht it selfe abroade;
But now old age his glorie hath remoud,
And Greener obiectes are my eyes aboade.

No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippes *euer springing wells*
Doo moyst the meades with bubling melodie;
And makes me muse, what more in Delos *dwelles;*

There feedes our Menaphons *celestiall Muse,*
There makes his pipe his pastorall reporte;
Which strained now a note aboue his vse,
Foretels, he'le nere more chaunt of Choas *sporte.*

Reade all that list, and reade till you mislike;
Condemne who can, so enuie be no iudge:
No reede can swell more higher, lesse it shrike.
Robin *thou hast done well, care not who grudge.*

HENRIE VPCHEAR Gentleman.

Thomas Brabine Gent.

in praise of the Author.

COME foorth you witts that vaunt the pompe of speach,
And ſtriue to thunder from a Stage-mans throate:
View Menaphon *a note beyond your reach;*
Whose sight will make your drumming descant doate:
Players auant, you know not to delight;
Welcome sweete Shepheard, worth a Schollers sight.

Smirna *is drie, and* Helicon *exhal'd,*
Caballian *founts haue left their springing sourse,*
Parnassus *with his Lawrell ſtands appal'd;*
And yet His *Muse keepes on her wonted course:*
Wonted said I? I wrong his paines too much,
Since that his pen before brought foorth none such.

One writes of loue, and wanders in the aire;
Another ſtands on tearmes of trees and ſtones:
When heauens compare yeeldes but the praise of faire,
And chriſtall can describe but flesh and bones:
Yet countrey swaynes, whose thoughts are faith and troth,
Will shape sweete words of wooll and russet cloth.

Mongſt whom if I my Tityrus *should chuse,*
Whose warbling tunes might wanton out my woes;
To none more oftner would my solace vse,
Than to his Paſtoralls their mortall foes.
Sweete verse, sweete prose, how haue you pleasde my vaine?
Be thou ſtill Greene, *whiles others glorie waine.*

FINIS.

Arcadia.

The reports of the Shepheards.

AFTER that the wrath of mightie *Ioue*, had wrapt *Arcadia* with noysome peſtilence, in so much that the ayre yeelding preiudiciall sauors, seemd to be peremptory in some fatall resolution, *Democles* soueraigne and King of that famous Continent pitying the sinister accidents of his people, being a man as iuſt in his censures as royall in his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his country, as the continuance of his diadem, thinking that vnpeopled Cities were Corasiues to Princes consciences, that the ſtrength of his subiects was the sinnews of his dominions, and that euery crowne, muſt conteyne a care, not onely to winne honour by forrayne conqueſts, but in mainteining dignitie with ciuill and domeſtical insights: *Democles* grounding his arguments vpon these premisses, coueting to be counted *Pater Patriæ*, calling a Parliament together, whether all his Nobilitie incited by summons made their repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lordes to passè vnto *Delphos*, at *Apollos* Oracle to heare the fatall sentence, either of their future miserie or present remedie. They hauing their charge, poſting from *Arcadia* to the *Tripos* where *Pithia* sate, the sacred Nymph that deliuered out *Apollos Dylonimas*, offering as their manner is their orizons and presents, as wel to intreate by deuotion, as to perswade by boũtie, they had returned from *Apollo* this doome.

When Neptune *riding on the Southerne seas*
shall from the bosome of his Lemman yeeld
*Th'*arcadian *wonder, men and Gods to please:*
Plentie in pride shall march amidſt the field,
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne,
And with their fawchens hew their foemen downe.

When Lambes haue Lions for their sureſt guide,
*and Planets reſt vpon th'*arcadian *hills:*
When swelling seas haue neither ebbe nor tide,
When equall bankes the Ocean margine fills.
Then looke Arcadians *for a happie time,*
And sweete content within your troubled Clyme.

No sooner had *Pithia* deliuered this scroll to the Lordes of *Arcadie*, but they departed and brought it to *Democles*, who causing the oracle to be read amongſt his diſtressed commons, found the *Delphian* censure more full of doubts to amaze, than fraught with hope to comfort; thinking rather that the angrie God sent a peremptorie presage of ruine, thã a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of remedie: yet loath to haue his carefull subiects fall into the balefull laborinth of despaire, *Democles* began to discourse vnto them, that the interpreters of *Apollos* secretes, were not the conceipts of humane reason, but the successe of long expected euents; that Comets did portend at the firſt blaze, but tooke effect in the dated bosome of the deſtinies; that oracles were foretold at the *Delphian* Caue, but were shapte out and finished in the Counsell house. With such perswasiue arguments *Democles* appeased the distressed thoughtes of his doubtful countrimen, and com-

manded by proclamation that no man should prie into the quiddities of *Apollos* answere, leaſt sundrie censures of his diuine secrecie, shoulde trouble *Arcadia* with some sodaine mutinie. The King thus smoothing the heate of his cares, reſted a melancholy man in his Courts; hiding vnder his head the double faced figure of *Ianus*, as well to cleare the skies of other men's conceiptes with smiles, as to furnish out his owne dũps with thoughts. But as other beaſts leuell their lookes at the countenance of the Lion, and birdes make wing as the Eagle flyes: so *Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis:* the people were measured by the minde of the souereigne, and what ſtormes soeuer they smoothed in priuate conceipt, yet they made haye, and cried holiday in outward appearance: insomuch that euerie man repaired to his owne home, and fell either vnto pleasures or labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus *Arcadia* reſted in a silent quiet, *Menaphon* the Kings Shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of *Arcadie*, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their countrey youngſters, walking solitarie downe to the shore, to see if any of his ewes and lambes were ſtraggled downe to the ſtrond to brouse on sea iuie, wherfore they take speciall delight to feede; he found his flockes grazing vpon the Promontorie Mountaines hardlie: whereon reſting himselfe on a hill that ouer-peered the great *Mediterraneum*, noting how *Phœbus* fetched his *Laualtos* on the purple Plaines of *Neptunus*, as if he had meant to haue courted *Thetis* in the royaltie of his roabes: the Dolphines (the sweete conceipters of Musicke) fetcht their carreers on the calmed waues, as if *Arion* had touched the ſtringes of his siluer sounding inſtrument: the Mermaides

thrusting their heades from the bosome of *Amphitrite*, sate on the mounting bankes of *Neptune*, drying their waterie tresses in the Sunne beames. *Æolus* forbare to throwe abroad his gustes on the slumbering browes of the Sea-God, as giuing *Triton* leaue to pleasure his Queene with desired melodie, and *Proteus* libertie to followe his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of *Arcadie* to see if the Continent were as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, sawe the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birdes that chaunted on their braunches not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable *Zephirus*. Seeing thus the accord of the Land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nimphs, he began to consider how *Venus* was feigned by the Poets to spring of the froathe of the Seas; which draue him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of Loue: that as if *Luna* were his load-starre, had euerie minute ebbes and tides, sometime ouerflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious look lightened from the eyes of a fauorable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward Mistresse. *Menaphon* in this browne studie, calling to minde certaine Aphorismes that *Anacreon* had pend downe as principles of loues follies, being as deepe an enemie to fancie, as *Narcissus* was to affection, began thus to scoffe at *Venus* Deitie.

Menaphon thy mindes fauours, are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughtes higher than thy birth, and thy priuate conceipt better than thy publique esteeme. Thou art a shepheard *Menaphon*, who in feeding of thy flockes findest out natures secrecie, and in preuenting thy lambes preiudice conceiptest the Astronom-

icall motions of the heauens: holding thy sheep-walkes to yeeld as great Philosophie, as the Ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou counteſt labour as the *Indians* doo their *Chriſocolla* wherwith they trie euerie mettall, and thou examine euerie action. Content sitteth in thy minde as *Neptune* in his Sea-throne, who with his trident mace appeaseth euerie ſtorme. When thou seeſt the heauens frowne thou thinkeſt on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in minde of grace: the summers glorie tels thee of youths vanitie, the winters parched leaues of ages declining weaknes. Thus in a myrour thou measureſt thy deedes with equall and considerate motions, and by being a shepheard findeſt that which Kings wãt in their royalties. Enuie ouerlooketh thee, renting with the windes the Pine trees of *Ida*, when the *Affrick* shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempeſtes. Thine eyes are vaylde with content that thou canſt not gaze so high as ambition: and for loue, and with that in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue *Menaphon*, why of all follies that euer Poets fained, or men euer faulted with, this foolish imagination of loue is the greateſt: *Venus* forsooth for her wanton escapes muſt be a Goddesse, and her baſtard a Deitie: *Cupide* muſt be yong and euer a boy to prooue that loue is fond and witlesse, wings to make him inconſtant, and arrowes whereby to shew him feareful: blinde (or all were not worth a pinne) to prooue that *Cupides* leuell is both without aime and reason: thus is the God, and such are his Votaries. As soone as our shepheards of *Arcadie* settle themselues to fancie, and weare the characters of *Venus* ſtampte in their foreheads, ſtraight their attire muſt bee quaint, their lookes full of amours, as their Gods quiuer is full of arrowes;

their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their Mistres fauours or her frownes: sighes must flie as figures of their thoughts, and euerie wrinckle must be tempred with a passion: thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take viewe of their Mistres beautie. She as one obseruant vnto *Venus* principles, first tieth loue in her tresses, and wraps affection in the tramels of her haire; snaring our swains in her locks as *Mars* in the net, holding in her forhead Fortunes Calender, either to assigne dismal influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinckle appeare in her brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nought but dolefull Madrigalls of sorrowe; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatal to our kinde hearted louers; if she seeme coy, then poemes of death mounted vppon deepe drawne sighes, flie from their master to sue for some fauour, alledging how death at the least may date his miserie: to be briefe, as vppon the shoares of *Lapanthe* the winds continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is fancies seate variable and inconstant. If louers sorrowes then be like *Sisiphus* turmoyles, and their fauours like honnie bought with gall; let poore *Menaphon* then liue at labour, and make esteeme of *Venus* as of *Mars* his concubine; and as the *Cimbrians* hold their idols in account but in euerie tempest, so make *Cupide* a God, but whẽ thou art ouerpained with passions, and that *Menaphon* wil neuer loue, for as long as thou temperest thy handes with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loues. And in this Satyricall humor smiling at his owne con-

ceipts, hee tooke his pipe in his hand, and betweene euerie report of his inſtrument sung a *ſtanzo* to this effect.

Menaphons Song.

Some say Loue
Foolish Loue
Doth rule and gouerne all the Gods,
I say Loue,
Inconſtant Loue
Sets mens senses farre at ods.
Some sweare Loue
Smooth'd face Loue
Is sweeteſt sweete that men can haue:
I say Loue,
Sower Loue
Makes vertue yeeld as beauties slaue.
A bitter sweete, a follie worſt of all
That forceth wisedome to be follies thrall.
Loue is sweete.
Wherein sweete?
In fading pleasures that doo paine.
Beautie sweete.
Is that sweete
That yeeldeth sorrow for a gaine?
If Loues sweete,
Heerein sweete
That minutes ioyes are monthlie woes.
Tis not sweete,
That is sweete
Nowhere, but where repentance growes.
Then loue who list if beautie be so sower:
Labour for me, Loue reſt in Princes bower.

Menaphon hauing ended his roundelay, rising vp, thinking to passe from the mountaine downe to the valley, caſting his eye to the sea side, espied certain fragments of a broken ship floating vpon the waues, and sundrie persons driuen vpon the shore with a calme, walking all wet and weary vpon the sands, wondring at this ſtrange sight he ſtood amazed; yet desirous to see the euent of this accident, he shrowded himself to reſt vnespied til he might perceiue what would happen: at laſt he might descrie it was a woman holding a childe in her armes, and an olde man directing her as it were her guide. These three (as diſtressed wrackes) preserued by some further forepoynting fate, coueted to clime the moũtaine, the better to vse the fauor of the Sunne, to drie their drenched apparaile; at laſt crawled vp where poore *Menaphon* lay close, and reſting them vnder a bush, the old man did nothing but sende out sighes, and the woman ceased not from ſtreaming foorth riuolets of teares, that hung on her cheekes like the droppes of pearled deaw vppon the riches of *Flora*. The poore babe was the touch-ſtone of his mothers passions; for when he smiled and lay laughing in hir lappe, were her heart neuer so deeply ouercharged with her present sorrowes; yet kissing the pretie infant, shee lightened out smiles from those cheekes, that were furrowed with continual sources of teares: but if he cried, then sighes as smokes, and sobbes as thundercracks, foreranne those showers, that with redoubled diſtresse diſtilled from her eyes: thus with pretie inconſtant passions trimming vp her babie, and at laſt to lull him a sleepe, she warbled out of her wofull breaſt this dittie.

Sephestias song to her childe.

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee,
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
Mothers wagge, pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him so,
When he left his pretie boy,
Last his sorowe, first his ioy.
Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one anothers place supplies:
Thus he grieud in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his hart,
When he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.
Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept;
Mother cride, babie lept:
More he crowde, more we cride;
Nature could not sorowe hide.
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse:
For he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorowe, fathers ioy.
Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.

With this lullaby the babie fell a sleepe, and *Sephestia* laying it vpon the greene grasse couered it with a mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap she fell a fresh to poure foorth abundaunce of plaintes, which *Lamedon* the old man espying, although in his face appeared the mappe of discontent, and in euerie wrinckle was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheere vp *Sephestia*, shrowding his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in this manner.

Sephestia, thou seest no Phisick preuailes against the gaze of the Basiliskes, no charme against the sting of the *Tarantula*, no preuention to diuert the decree of the Fates, nor no meanes to recall backe the balefull hurt of Fortune: Incurable sores are without *Auicens* Aphorismes, and therefore no salue for them but patience. Then my *Sephestia* sith thy fal is high, and fortune low; thy sorrowes great, and thy hope little: seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all thy rest vppon this, *Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris.* Chaunce is like *Ianus* double faced, as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at his deadest ebbe returns to a full tide; when the Eagle meanes to soare highest, hee raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with fortune who in her highest extreames is most vnconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearfull, then looke for a calme; when she beates thee with nettle, then thinke she will strewe thee with roses; when shee is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigall *Sephestia*. Thus are the arrowes of Fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird *Halcione*, that changeth colours with the Moone, which howsoeuer she shootes them pierce not so deepe but they may

bee cured. But *Sephestia* thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painfull fortunes of the countrey, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from *Maximus Sephestia*, who for thee hath suffered so many disfauours, as either discontent or death can affoord. What of all this, is not hope the daughter of time? Haue not starres their fauourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition? Is there not a *Iupiter* as there is a *Saturne*? Cannot the influence of smiling *Venus*, stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of *Mars*? I tell thee *Sephestia*, *Iuno* foldeth in her brows the volumes of the Destinies; whom melancholie *Saturne* deposeth from a Crowne, she mildlie aduanceth to a Diadem: then feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the sonne: let the vnkindnesse of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of *Maximus* be supplied with the presence of his pretie babe, who beeing too young for Fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughs at Fortune: learne by him *Sephestia* to vse patience, which is like the balme in the Vale of *Iehosaphat*, that findeth no wound so deepe, but it cureth: thou seest alreadie Fortune begins to change her view, for after the great storme that rent our shippe, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore; the mercie of *Neptune* was more than the enuie of *Æolus*, and the discurtesie of thy father is proportioned with the fauour of the Gods. Thus *Sephestia* being copartner of thy miserie, yet do I seeke to allay thy martyrdome: beeing sicke to my selfe, yet do I play the Phisition to thee, wishing thou maist beare thy sorrowes with as much content, as I brooke my misfortunes with patience. As hee was readie to goe forwarde with his

perswasiue argument, *Sephestia* fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender eyes with teares, made this replie.

Sweete *Lamedon*, once partner of my royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreame distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle pearketh not on barren trees, Doues delight not in foule cottages, the Lyon frequents no putrified haunts, friends followe not after pouertie, nor hath sinister chance anie drugges from the Phisitians, *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes:* and yet *Lamedon* the misfortune of *Sephestia* abridgeth not our olde contracted amitie, thou temperest her exyle with thy banishment, and she sayling to *Styx*, thou ferriest ouer to *Phlegeton*: then *Lamedon*, saying as *Andromache* sayd to *Hector Tu Dominus*, *tu vir*, *tu mihi frater eris*. Thy aged yeres shalbe the calender of my fortunes, and thy gray haires the Paralells of mine actions. If *Lamedon* perswade *Sephestia* to content, *Portia* shall not exceede *Sephestia* in patience; if he will her to keepe a low sayle, she will vayle al her sheete; if to forget her loues, shee will quench them with labours; if to accuse *Venus* as a foe, I wil hate *Cupide* as an enemie: and seeing the Destinies haue driuen thee from a crowne, I will rest satisfied with the Countrey, placing all my delights in honouring thee, and nursing vp my pretie wanton. I will imagine a small cotage to a spacious pallaice, and thinke as great quiet in a russet coate, as in royall habilliments: *Sephestia Lamedon* will not scorne with *Iuno* to turne hir self into the shape of *Semeles* nurse, but vnknowne rest carelesse of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shal be the ende of my thoughts, the smiles of my sonne shall bee the nourishment of my hart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my yeres; euerie laughter that leapes from

his lookes, shall be the holiday of my conceiptes, and euerie teare, shal furnish out my greeues, and his fathers funerals. I haue heard them say *Lamedon*, that the loweſt shrubbes feele the leaſt tempeſts, that in the valleis of *Affrica* is heard no thunder, that in countrey roomes is greateſt reſt, and in little wealth the leaſt disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like to the hearbe *Synara*, that when it bloometh moſt gorgeous, then it blaſteth: *Aulica vita splendida miseria*, Courts haue golden dreames, but cotages sweet slumbres: then *Lamedon* will I disguise my self, with my cloathes I will change my thoughts; for being poorelie attired I will be meanelie minded, and measure my actions by my present eſtate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the babe awakte and cride, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullabie.

All this while *Menaphon* sate amongſt the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious obiect of her face, hee noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured *Hiacinth* of *Arcadia*, her browes to the mountaine snowes that lie on the hils, her eyes to the gray gliſter of *Titans* gorgeous mantle, her alabaſter necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teares to pearle, her face to borders of Lillies interseamed with Roses: to be briefe our shepheard *Menaphon* that heeretofore was an Atheiſt to loue, and as the *Thessalian* of *Bacchus*, so hee a contemner of *Venus*, was nowe by the wylie shaft of *Cupid* so intangled in the perfection and beauteous excellence of *Sepheſtia*; as now he swore no beningne Planet but *Venus*, no God but *Cupide*, no exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his newe affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bridle his new cõ-

ceaued amors, but watching when they shoulde depart, perceiuing by the geſtures of the olde man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman, that they were diſtreſt, thought to offer anie helpe that laie within the compasse of his abilitie. As thus he mused in his new passions, *Lamedon* and *Sepheſtia* rose vp, and resolued to take their course which way the winde blew: passing so downe the mountaine to goe seeke out some towne, at laſt they pacing softlie on, *Lamedon* espied *Menaphon*: desirous therefore to know the course of the countrey, hee saluted him thus.

Shepheard, for so farre thy attire warrants me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imports: if diſtressed persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas haue fauored, (if we may count it fauour to liue and want) may without offence craue so farre ayde as to know some place where to reſt our wearie and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall be paid, and you haue for recompence such thankes as Fortunes outlawes may yeeld to their fauourers. *Menaphon* hearing him speak so grauelie, but not fitting his eare to his eye, ſtood ſtaring ſtill on *Sepheſtias* face, which shee perceiuing, flashed out such a blush frõ her alablaſter cheeks that they lookt like the ruddie gates of the Morning: this sweete bashfulnesse amazing *Menaphon*, at laſt hee began thus to answere.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title thã your eſtates merit: Fortunes frownes are Princes fortunes, and Kings are subiect to chance and deſtinie. Mishap is to be salued with pitie, not scorne: and we that are Fortunes darlings, are bounde to relieue them that are diſtreſt: therefore follow me, and you shal haue such succour, as a shepheard

may affoord. *Lamedon* and *Sephestia* were passing glad, and *Menaphon* led the way, not content onelie to feed his sight with the beautie of his new Mistres, but thought also to inferre some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voyce were as melodious, as her face beautiful, hee therefore prosecuted his prattle thus. Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting vpon the *Arcadian* Promontorie with your babie on your lappe, and this olde father by; I thought I had seene *Venus* with *Cupide* on her knee courted by *Anchises* of *Troy*: the excellence of your looks could discouer no lesse than *Mars* his paramour, and the beautie of the childe as much as the dignitie of her wanton: at last perceiuing by your teares and your childs shrikes, that ye were passengers distrest, I lent you sighes to partake your sorrowes, and luke warme drops to signifie how I pitie ouercharged persons, in lieu whereof let mee craue your name, countrey, and parentage. *Sephestia* seeing by the shepheards passionate lookes, that theswaine was halfe in loue, replyed thus; Curteous shepheard, if my blubbered cheekes did look like *Venus* at a blush, it was when the wofull Goddesse wept for her faire *Adonis*, my boye is no *Cupide* but the sonne of care, Fortunes fondling in his youth, to bee I hope her darling in his age: in that your lookes saw our griefe, and your thoughts pitied our woes, our tõgues shal giue thanks (the bountie of sorrowes tenants) and our hearts praye that the Gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you fauourable to vs. My name is *Samela*, my countrey *Cipres*, my parentage meane, the wife of a poore Gentleman nowe deceased: how we arriued heere by shipwrack, gentle shepheard inquire not, least it be tedious for thee to heare it, and a double griefe for mee to rehearse it. The shepheard not

daring displease his Mistres, as hauing loues threates hanging on her lippes, he conueighed them home to his house: as soone as they were arriued there, he began at the dore to entertain them thus. Faire Mistres the flower of all our Nymphes that liue heere in *Arcadia*, this is my cotage wherein I liue content, and your lodging, where (please it you) ye may rest quiet. I haue not rich cloathes of *Ægypt* to couer the walls, nor store of place to discouer anie wealth; for shepheards vse neither to be proud nor couetous: you shall find heere cheese and milke for dainties, and wooll for cloathing; in euerie corner of the house Content sitting smiling, and tempering euerie homelie thing with a welcome: this if ye can brooke and accept of, (as Gods allow the meanest hospitalitie) ye shall haue such welcome and fare as *Philemon* and *Baucis* gaue to *Iupiter*. *Sephestia* thankt him heartelie, and going into his house found what he promist: after that they had sate a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where *Sephestia* fedde well, as one whom the sea had made hungrie, and *Lamedon* so plide his teeth, that all supper he spake not one word: after they had taken their repast, *Menaphon* seeing they were wearie, and that sleepe chimed on to rest, he let them see their lodging, and so gaue them the good night. *Lamedon* on his flocke bedde, and *Sephestia* on her countrey couch were so wearie, that they slept well: but *Menaphon*, poore *Menaphon* neither asked his swaynes for his sheepe, nor tooke his mole-spade on his necke to see his pastures; but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distresse, and ouerwhelmed with a multitude of vncouth cares, he sate like the pictures that *Perseus* tourned with his *Gorgons* head into stones. His sister *Carmela* kept his house, (for so

was the Countrey wench called) and shee seeing her brother sit so malcontented, ſtept to her cupboorde and fetcht a little beaten spice in an olde bladder, she sparde no euening milke, but went amongſt the cream bowles, and made him a posset. But alas, Loue had so lockt vp the shepheards ſtomacke, that none would down with *Menaphon*: *Carmela* seeing her brother refuse his spicte drinke, thought all was not well, and therefore sate downe and wept; to be short, she blubbered and he sightht, and his men that came in and sawe their maſter with a kercher on his head mournde; so that amongſt these swaines there was such melodie, that *Menaphon* tooke his bow and arrowes and went to bedde: where caſting himselfe, he thought to haue beguiled his passions with some sweete slumbers. But Loue that smiled at his newe interteined champion, sitting on his beddes head, prickt him forward with new desires; charging *Morpheus*, *Phobetor*, and *Icolon* the Gods of sleepe, to present vnto his closed eies the singular beautie and rare perfections of *Samela*: (for so will we now call her) in that the *Idea* of her excellence, forſt him to breath out scalding sighes smothered within the fornace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

I had thought *Menaphon*, that he which weareth the bay leafe had been free from lightening, and the Eagles penne a preseruatiue againſt thunder; that labour had been enemie to loue, and the eschewing of idlenesse an *Antidote* againſt fancie: but I see by proofe there is no adamant so harde, but the blood of a Goate will make soft; no fort so wel defenced, but ſtrong batterie will enter; nor anie hart so pliant to reſtlesse labours, but inchantments of loue will ouercome. Vnfortunate *Menaphon*, that a late thoughtſt *Venus* a ſtrumpet and her

sonne a baſtard, now muſt thou offer incense at her shrine, and sweare *Cupide* no lesse than a God: thou haſt reason *Menaphon*; for hee that liues without loue, liues without life; presuming as *Narcissus* to hate all, and beeing like him at length despised of all. Can there bee a sweeter blisse than beautie, a greater heauen than her heauenly perfections that is miſtres of thy thoughts? If the sparkle of her eyes appeare in the night, the ſtarres blush at her brightnesse: if her haire glister in the daye, *Phœbus* puts off his wreath of diamonds, as ouercome with the shine of her tresses; if she walke in the fields, *Flora* seeing her face, bids al her glorious flowers close themselues, as being by her beautie disgraced; if her alabaſter necke appeere, then *Hiems* couereth his snowe, as surpassed in whitenesse. To be shorte *Menaphon*, if *Samela* had appeared in *Ida*, *Iuno* for maieſtie, *Pallas* for wisedome, and *Venus* for beautie had let my *Samela* haue the supremacie: why shouldeſt thou not then loue, and thinke there is no life to loue, seeing the end of loue is the possession of such a heauenly Paragon? But what of this *Menaphon* haſt thou anie hope to enioy her person, she is a widdow, true, but too high for thy fortunes ; she is in diſtresse, ah *Menaphon*, if thou haſt anie sparke of comfort, this muſt set thy hope on fire. Want is the load ſtone of affection, diſtresse forceth deeper than Fortunes frownes, and such as are poore will rather loue than want reliefe, fortunes frownes are whetſtones to fancie: and as the horse ſtarteth at the spurre, so loue is prickt forward with diſtresse. *Samela* is shipwrackt, *Menaphon* relieues her; she wants, he supplies with wealth; he sues for loue, either muſt she grant, or buy deniall with perpetuall repentance. In this hope reſted the poore shep-

hearde, and with that *Menaphon* laide head downe the pillow and toke a sounnd nappe, sleeping out fancie, with a good slumber.

As soone as the sunne appeared the shepheard got him vp, and fed fat with this hope, went merely with his men to the foldes, and there letting foorth his sheepe, after that hee had appointed where they should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, hauing supt il the last night went roundly to his breakfast: by that time he had ended his *desiune*, *Lamedon* was gotten vp, and so was *Samela*. Against their rising *Carmela* had showen her cookerie, and *Menaphon* tired in his russet iacket, his redde sleeues of chamlet, his blew bonnet, and his round slop of countrey cloth, bestirred him, as euerie ioynt had been set to a sundrie office. *Samela* no sooner came out of her chamber, but *Menaphon* as one that claimed pitie for his passions, bad her good morrow with a firme louers looke: *Samela* knowing the fowle by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceiued that *Cupide* had caught the poore shepheard in his net, and vnles he sought quickly to break out of the snare would make him a tame foole: faire lookes she gaue him, and with a smiling sorow discouered how she grieued at his misfortune, and yet fauoured him. Well, to breakfast they went *Lamedon* and *Samela* fed hard, but *Menaphon* like the *Argiue* in the Date gardens of *Arabia*, liued with the contemplation of his Mistres beautie: the Salamander liueth not without the fire, the Herring from the water, the Mole from the earth, nor the Cameleon from the aire, nor coulde *Menaphon* liue from the sight of his *Samela*; whose breath was perfumed aire, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dallie, whose heart the

earthlie Paradice wherein hee desired to ingraffe the essence of his loue and affection: thus did the poore shepheard bathe in a kinde of blisse, whiles his eye feeding on his mistres face, did surfet with the excellencie of her perfection. So long he gazde, that at length breakfast was ended, and he desirous to doo her anie seruice, first put her childe to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds; thinking with the sight of his flockes to inueigle her, whose minde had rather haue chosen anie misfortune, than haue deined her eyes on the face and feature of so lowe a peasant. Well, abroad they went, *Menaphon* with his sheephooke fringed with cruell, to signifie he was chiefe of the swaynes, *Lamedon* and *Samela* after: plodding thus ouer the greene fields, at last they came to the mountains where *Menaphōs* flockes grazed, and there he discoursed vnto *Samela* thus; I tell thee faire Nymph, these Plaines that thou seest stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to *Menaphon*: there growes the cintfoyle, and the hyacinth, the cowsloppe, the primrose, and the violet, which my flockes shall spare for flowers to make thee garlands, the milke of my ewes shall be meate for thy pretie wanton, the wool of the fat weathers that seemes as fine as the fleece that *Iason* fet from *Colchos*, shall serue to make *Samela* webbes withall; the mountaine tops shall be thy mornings walke, and the shadie valleies thy euenings arbour: as much as *Menaphon* owes shall be at *Samelas* command, if she like to liue with *Menaphon*. This was spoken with such deepe effects, that *Samela* could scarce keepe her from smiling, yet she couered her conceipt with a sorrowful countenance, which *Menaphon* espying, to make her merrie, and rather for his own aduantage, seeing *Lamedon* was a sleepe, tooke her

by the hand and sate downe, and pulling foorth his pipe, began after some melodie to carroll out this roundelay.

Menaphons roundelay.

When tender ewes brought home with euening Sunne
Wend to their foldes,
And to their holdes
The shepheards trugde when light of day is done.
Vpon a tree
The Eagle Ioues *faire bird did pearch,*
There reſteth hee.
A little flie his harbor then did search,
And did presume (though others laught thereat)
To pearch where as the princelie Eagle sat.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke her royall wings;
And chargde the Flie
From thence to hie:
Afraid in haſt the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe
Fearfull to pearke him by the Eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poſt of Ganimede *replide;*
Vassaile auant or with my wings you die,
Iſt fit an Eagle seate him with a Flie?

The Flie craude pitie, ſtill the Eagle frownde,
The sillie Flie
Readie to die
Disgracte, displacte, fell groueling to the ground.

The Eagle sawe
And with a royall minde said to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meaneſt creature die;
Then seate thee heere: the ioyfull Flie vp flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

As soone as *Menaphon* had ended this roundelay, turning to *Samela*, after a countrey blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion; What thinke you *Samela* of the Eagle for this royall deede? That he falsified the olde Prouerbe *Aquila non capit muscas*. But I meane *Samela* are you not in opinion, that the Eagle giues inſtance of a princelie resolution, in preferring the safetie of a Flie before the credit of her royall Maieſtie? I thinke *Menaphon* that high minds are the shelters of pouertie, and Kings seates are couerts for diſtressed persons; that the Eagle in shrowding the Flie did well, but a little forgot her honour. But how thinke you *Samela*, is not this proportion to be obserued in loue? I gesse no, for the Flie did it not for loue, but for succour. Hath loue then respect of circumſtance? Els it is not loue, but luſt; for where the parties haue no simpathie of Eſtates, there can no firme loue be fixed; discord is reputed the mother of diuision, and in nature this is an vnrefuted principle, that it falteth which faileth in vniformitie. He that grafteth Iillyflowers vpon the Nettle marreth the smell; who coueteth to tie the Lambe and the Lion in one tedder maketh a brawle; equall fortunes are loues fauourites, and therefore shoulde fancie bee always limitted by Geometricall proportion; leaſt if young matching with olde, fire and froſt fall at a combate: and if rich with poore there happe manie daungerous and brauing

obiections. *Menaphon* halfe nipte in the pate with this replie, yet like at all souldier ſtoode to his tackling, and made this aunswere; Suppose gentle *Samela*, that a man of meane eſtate, whome disdainefull Fortune had abased, intending to make hir power prodigall in his misfortunes, being feathered with *Cupides* bolt, were snared in the beautie of a Queene, should he rather die than discouer his amors? If Queens (quoth she) were of my mind, I had rather die, thã perish in baser fortunes. *Venus* loued *Vulcan* replied *Menaphon*: truth quoth *Samela*, but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a God. *Phaon* enioyed *Sapho* he a Ferriman that liued by his hands thrift, she a Princesse that fate inueſted with a diadem. The more fortunate quoth *Samela* was he in his honours, and she the lesse famous in her honeſtie. To leaue these inſtances replied *Menaphon*, (for loue had made him hardie) I sweete *Samela* inferre these presupposed premisses, to discouer the basenesse of my mean birth, and yet the deepnesse of my affection, who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the moũtains of *Arcadie*, like the gliſter of the Sunne vpon the toplesse Promontorie of *Sicilia*, was so snared with your beautie, and so inueigled with the excellẽce of that perfection that exceedeth all excellencie, that loue entring my desire, hath mainteined himselfe by force; that vnlesse sweete *Samela* grant me fauour of her loue, and play the princelie Eagle, I shall with the poore Flie perish in my Fortunes: he concluded this period with a deepe sigh, and *Samela* grieuing at this follie of the Shephearde, gaue him mildelie this aunswere.

Menaphon my diſtressed haps are the resolutions of the Deſtinies, and the wrongs of my youth, are the fore-

runners of my woes in age; my natiue home is my worſt nurserie, and my friends denie that which ſtrangers preiudiciallie grant: I arriued in *Arcady* shipwrackt, and *Menaphon* fauouring my sorrowes hath affoorded me succours, for which *Samela* reſts bound, and will prooue thankfull: as for loue, knowe that *Venus* ſtandeth on the Tortoys, as shewing that Loue creepeth on by degrees; that affection is like the Snayle, which ſtealeth to the top of the lance by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer anie sees it augment, the Sonne shadowes, but the motion is not seene; loue like those should enter into the eye, and by long gradations passe into the heart; *Cupid* hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare high to auoyd base thoughts. The Topace being throwne into the fire burneth ſtraight, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth; ſtrawe is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze; and loue that is caught in a moment, is loſt in a minute: giue me leaue then *Menaphon* firſt to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to minde my husbands late funeralls, then if the Fates haue assigned I shall fancie, I will account of thee before anie shepheard in *Arcadie*. This conclusion of *Samela* draue *Menaphon* into such an extasie for ioy, that he ſtood as a man metamorphozed; at laſt calling his senses together, hee tolde her he reſted satisfied with her answere, and therupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing *Thetis* receaues from her choyceſt lemman. At this *Lamedon* awakte, otherwise *Menaphon* no doubt had replied, but breaking off their talk they went to view their paſtures, and so passing downe to the place where the sheepe grazed, they searched the shepheards bagges, and so emptied their bottles as *Samela* meruailed at such an vncouth banquet: at laſt they returned

home, *Menaphon* glorying in the hope of his successe, interteining *Samela* ſtill with such courtesie, that shee finding such cõtent in the cotage, began to despise the honors of the Court. Reſting thus in house with the shepheard, to auoide tedious conceipts she framed her selfe so to countrey labours, that she oft times would lead the flocks to the fieldes her selfe, and being dreſt in homelie attire, she seemd like *Oenone* that was amorous of *Paris*. As she thus often traced alongſt the Plaines, she was noted amongſt the shepheardes of one *Doron* next neighbour to *Menaphon*, who entered into the consideration of her beautie, and made report of it to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted nought in the fields but of the new shepheardesse. One daye amongſt the reſt, it chaunced that *Doron* sitting in parley with another countrey companion of his, amidſt other tattle, they prattled of the beautie of *Samela*. Haſt thou seene her quoth *Melicertus*, (for so was his friend called) I quoth *Doron* and sigtht to see her, not that I was in loue, but that I greeued shee shuld be in loue with such a one as *Menaphon*. What mauner of woman is shee quoth *Melicertus*? As well as I can answered *Doron* I will make description of her.

Dorons description of *Samela*.

Like to Diana *in her Summer weede*
Girt with a crimson roabe of brighteſt die,
goes faire Samela.
Whiter than be the flockes that ſtraggling feede,
When washt by Arethusa *faint they lie:*
is faire Samela.

As faire Aurora *in her morning gray*
Deckt with the ruddie gliſter of her loue,
is faire Samela.
Like louelie Thetis *on a calmed day,*
When as her brightnesse Neptunes *fancie moue,*
shines faire Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie ſtreames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breaſts are yuorie
of faire Samela.
Her cheekes like rose and lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebonie:
Thus faire Samela.
Passeth faire Venus *in her braueſt hiew,*
And Iuno *in the shew of maieſtie,*
for she'is Samela.
Pallas *in wit, all three if you well view,*
For beautie, wit, and matchlesse dignitie
yeeld to Samela.

Thou haſt quoth *Melicertus* made such a description, as if *Priamus* young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish Paramour. Me thinkes the *Idea* of her person represents it selfe an obiect to my fantasie, and that I see in the discouerie of her excellence, the rare beauties of: and with that he broke off abruptlie with such a deepe sigh, as it seemed his heart should haue broken; sitting as the *Lapithes* when they gazed on *Medusa*. *Doron* meruailing at this sodayne euent, was halfe afraid, as if some appoplexie had aſtonied his senses, so that cheering vp his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sodaine conceipt. *Melicertus* no niggarde in discouerie of his fortunes, began thus. I tell thee *Doron* before I kept sheepe in *Arcadie*, I was

a Shepheard else where, so famous for my flockes, as *Menaphon* for his foldes; beloued of the Nymphes, as hee likte of the Countrey Damzells; coueting in my loues to vse *Cupids* wings, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were borne to base fortunes. The Hobbie catcheth no pray, vnlesse she mount beyonde her marke, the Palme tree beareth moſt bowes where it groweth higheſt, and Loue is moſt fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I fixte mine eye on a Nymph, whose parentage was great, but her beautie farre more excellent, her birth was by manie degrees greater than mine, and my woorth by manie discents lesse than hers: yet knowing *Venus* loued *Adonis*, and *Luna Endymion*, that *Cupide* had boltes feathered with the plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the pennes of an Eagle, I attempted and courted her, I found her lookes lightening disdaine, and her forhead to conteine fauours for others, and frownes for me: when I alledged faith, she croſt me with *Æneas*, when loyaltie, she tolde me of *Iason*; whẽ I swore conſtancie, shee queſtioned me of *Demophoon*; when I craued a finall resolution to my fatall passions, shee filde her browes full of wrinckles, and her eyes full of furie, turned her backe, and shooke me off with a *Non placet*. Thus in loues I loſt loues, and for her loue had loſt all, had not when I neere despaired the clemencie of some curteous ſtarre, or rather the verie excellence of my Miſtres fauours salued my halfe despairing maladie: for shee seeing that I helde a supersticious opinion of loue, in honouring him for a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceipt of Poetrie, that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, and the baseſt fortune to inhance my fortune by

falsing my loues to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gentlie came to the fiſt, and granted me those fauours shee might affoord, or my thoughts desire: with this he ceaſt and fell againe to his sighes, which *Doron* noting, answered thus. If (my good *Melicertus*) thou didſt enioy thy loues, what is the occasion thou beginneſt with sighes, and endeſt with passions. Ah *Doron* there endes my ioyes, for no sooner had I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophees of my fortunes fell like the hearbes in *Syria*, that flourish in the morne, and fade before night; or like vnto the flie *Tyryma*, that taketh life and leaueth it all in one day. So my *Doron* did it fare with me, for I had no sooner enioyed my loue, but the heauens enuious a shepheard should haue the fruition of such a heauenly Paragon, sent vnreuocable Fates to depriue me of her life, and shee is dead: dead *Doron*, to her, to my selfe, to all, but not to my memorie, for so deepe were the characters ſtamped in my inwarde senses, that obliuion can neuer race out the forme of her excellence. And with that he ſtart vp, seeking to fall out of those dumpes with Musique, (for he plaid on his pipe certaine sonets he had contriued in praise of the countrey wenches) but plaine *Doron* as plaine as a packſtaffe, desired him to sound a roundelay, and he would sing a song, which he carolled to this effect.

Dorons Iigge.

Through the shrubbes as I can cracke,
For my Lambes little ones,
Mongſt many pretie ones,
Nimphes I meane, whose haire was blacke
As the crow:
Like the snow

Her face and browes shinde I weene:
I saw a little one,
A bonny prety one,
As bright, buxsome and as sheene
As was shee,
On hir knee
That lulld the God, whose arrowes warmes
Such merry little ones,
Such faire fac'd prety ones,
As dally in Loues chiefeſt harmes,
Such was mine:
Whose gray eyne
Made me loue. I gan to woo
This sweete little one,
This bonny pretie one.
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bad;
Be not sad,
Wooe no more I am thine owne,
Thy deareſt little one,
Thy trueſt pretie one:
Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
As behoues
Shepheards loues.

How like you this Dittie of mine owne deuising, quoth *Doron?* As well as my musique replied *Melicertus*; for if *Pan* and I ſtriue, *Midas* being Iudge, and should happe to giue me the garland, I doubt not but his Asses eares should be doubled: but *Doron* so long we dispute of loue, and forget our labours, that both our flockes shall be vnfolded, and tomorrow our merrie meeting hindered. Thats true quoth *Doron*, for there will be all

the shepheards Daughters and countrey Damzels, and amongſt them feare not but *Menaphon* will bring his faire Shepheardesse, there *Melicertus* shalt thou see her that will amate all our moodes, and amaze thee, and therefore good *Melicertus* let vs be going. With this prattle away they went to their foldes, where we leaue them, and returne to *Menaphon*, who triumphing in the hope of his new loues, caused *Samela* to tricke her vp in her countrey attire, and make her selfe braue againſt the meeting: she that thought, to be coye were to discouer her thoughts, dreſt her selfe vp in *Carmelas* russet cassocke, and that so quaintly, as if *Venus* in a countrey peticoate had thought to wanton it with her louely *Adonis*. The morow came, and away they went, but *Lamedon* was left behinde to keep the house. At the houre appointed, *Menaphon*, *Carmela* and *Samela* came, when all the reſt were readie making merie. As soone as word was brought, that *Menaphon* came with his newe Mistres, all the companie began to murmur, and euery man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an obiect: but *Pesana* a heardsmans daughter of the same parish, that long had loued *Menaphon*, and he had filled her browes with frownes, her eyes with furie, and her heart with griefe; yet coueting in so open an assemblie, as well as shee coulde to hide a pad in the ſtraw, she expected as others did the arriuall of her newe corriuall: who at that inſtant came with *Menaphon* into the house. No sooner was she entred the Parlour, but her eyes gaue such a shine, and her face such a brightnesse, that they ſtood gazing on this Goddesse; and shee vnacquainted, seeing her selfe among so manie vnknowen swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermilion blush, that the countrey maides themselues fel in loue with his faire Nimph, and

could not blame *Menaphon* for being ouer the shooes with such a beautifull creature. *Doron* iogde *Melicertus* on the elbowe, and so awakte him out of a dreame, for he was deeply drownd in the contemplation of her excellencie; sending out vollies of sighs in remembrance of his old loue, as thus hee sate meditating on her fauour, how much she resembled her that death had depriued him off: well her welcome was great of all the companie, and for that she was a ſtranger they graced her to make her the miſtres of the Feaſt. *Menaphon* seeing *Samela* thus honoured, conceiued no smal content in the aduancing of his Miſtres, being passing ioconde and pleasant with the reſt of the companie, insomuch that euerie one perceiued howe the poore swayne fedde vppon the dignities of his Miſtres graces. *Pesana* noting this began to lowre, and *Carmela* winking vpon her fellowes, answered her frownes with a smile, which doubled her griefe; for womens paines are more pinching if they be girded with a frumpe, than if they be galled with a mischiefe. Whiles thus there was banding of such lookes, as euerie one imported as much as an *impreso*, *Samela* willing to see the fashion of these countrey yong frowes, caſt her eyes abroad, and in viewing euerie face, at laſt her eyes glaunced on the lookes of *Melicertus*; whose countenance resembled so vnto her dead Lord, that as a woman aſtonied she ſtood ſtaring on his face, but ashamed to gaze vppon a ſtranger, she made reſtraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from one particular obiect, she sent it abroad to make generall suruey of their countrey demeanours. But amidſt all this gazing, he that had seene poore *Menaphon*, how infected with a iealous furie, he ſtared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should feede or

ſurfet on his Miſtres beautie: if they glaunſt, he thought ſtraight they would be riualls in his loues; if they flatlie lookt, then they were deepely snared in affection; if they once smiled on her, they had receyued some glance from *Samela* that made them so malepart; if she laught, she likte; and at that he began to frowne: thus sate poore *Menaphon* all dinner while pained with a thousande iealous passions, keeping his teeth garders of his ſtomacke, and his eyes watchmen of his loues, but *Melicertus* halfe impatientof his new conceiued thoughts, determined to trie how the Damzell was brought vp, and whether she was as wise as beautifull, hee therefore began to breake silence thus.

The Orgies which the *Bacchanals* kept in *Thessaly*, the Feaſts which the melancholy *Saturniſts* foũded in *Danuby*, were neuer so quatted with silence, but on their feſtiual daies they did frolicke amongſt themselues with manie pleasaunt parlies: were it no a shame then that we of *Arcadie*, famous for the beautie of our Nymphes, and the amorous roundelaies of our shepheards, shoulde disgrace *Pans* holiday with such melancholy dumpes: curteous countrey Swaines shake off this sobrietie, and seeing we haue in our companie Damzels both beautifull and wise, let vs interteine them with prattle, to trie our wittes, and tire our time; to this they all agreed with a *plaudite*. Then quoth *Melicertus*; by your leaue since I was first in motion, I will be first in queſtion, and therefore new come shepheardesse firſt to you: at this *Samela* blusht, and he began thus.

Faire Damzel, when *Næreus* chatted with *Iuno*, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to plesure the Goddesse than to ratifie his owne presumption: if I Miſtres be ouerbold, forgiue me; I queſtion not to

offend, but to set time free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepheardesse tell me, if you should bee transformed through the anger of the Gods, into some shape; what creature would you reason to be in forme? *Samela* blushing that she was the first that was boorded, yet gathered vp her crums, and desirous to shew her pregnaunt wit, (as the wisest women be euer tickled with self loue) made him this answere.

Gentle shepheard, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy; least the one feele the weight of a scoffe, the other the fall of a frumpe: pithie questions are mindes whetstones, and by discoursing in iest, manie doubts are deciphered in earnest: therefore you haue forestalled me in crauing pardon, when you haue no neede to feele anie grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question; *Daphne* I remember was turned to a bay tree, *Niobe* to a flint, *Lampetia* and her sisters to flowers, and sundrie Virgins to sundrie shapes according to their merites; but if my wish might serue for a Metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheepe. A sheepe, and why so Mistres? I reason thus quoth *Samela*, my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my food the pleasant Plaines of *Arcadie* and the wealthie riches of *Flora*, my drinke the coole streames that flowe from the concaue Promontorie of this Continent, my aire should bee cleere, my walkes spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there none shepheard be my better premisses to conclude my replie than these? But haue you no other allegations to confirme your resolution? Yes sir quoth she, and farre greater. Then the law of our first motion quoth hee commands you to repeate them. Farre be it answered *Samela* that I should not doo of free will anie thing that this pleasant companie com-

mands: therefore thus; Were I a sheepe, I should bee garded from the foldes with iollie Swaines, such as was *Lunas* Loue on the hills of *Latmos*; their pipes sounding like the melodie of *Mercurie*, when he lulld asleepe *Argus*: but more, when the Damzells tracing along the Plaines, should with their eyes like Sunne bright beames, drawe on lookes to gaze on such sparkling Planets: then wearie with foode, shoulde I lye and looke on their beauties, as on the spotted wealthe of the richeſt Firmament; I should liſten to their sweete layes, more sweete than the Sea-borne *Syrens*: thus feeding on the delicacie of their features, I should like the *Tyrian* heyfer fall in loue with *Agenors* darling. I but quoth *Melicertus*, those faire facde Damzells oft draw foorth the kindeſt sheepe to the shambles. And what of that sir aunswered *Samela*, would not a sheepe so long fed with beautie, die for loue. If he die (quoth *Pesana*) it is more kindnes in beaſts, than conſtancie in men: for they die for loue, when larkes die with leekes. If they be so wise quoth *Menaphon*, they shew but their mother witts; for what sparkes they haue of inconſtancie, they drawe from their female foſterers, as the Sea dooth ebbes and tides from the Moone. So be it sir answered *Pesana*, then no doubt your mother was made of a Weathercocke, that brought foorth such a wauering companion: for you maſter *Menaphon* measure your looks by minutes and your loues are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eie, but they vanish. It is then quoth *Menaphon* because mine eye is a foolish Iudge, and chooseth too baselie: which when my heart censures of, it caſts away as refuse. Twere beſt thẽ said *Pesana*, to discharge such vniuſt Iudges of ther seates, and to set your eares hearers of your loue pleas. If they fault quoth

Melicertus, euerie market towne hath a remedie, or els there is neuer a Baker neere by seauen miles. Stay curteous Shepheards quoth *Samela*, these ieſtes are too broade before, they are cynicall like *Diogenes* quippes, that had large feathers and sharpe heads, it little fits in this companie to bandie taunts of loue, seeing you are vnwedded and these all maidens addicted to chaſtitie. You speake well as a Patronesse of our credite quoth *Pesana*, for indeede we be virgins, and addicted to virginitie. Now quoth *Menaphon* that you haue got a virgin in your mouth you wil neuer leaue chaunting that word, till you prooue your selfe either a Veſtall or a Sybill. Suppose she were a Veſtall quoth *Melicertus*, I had almoſt said a virgine (but God forbidde I had made such a doubtfull supposition) shee might carrie water with Amulia in a siue: for amongſt all the reſt of the virgins we read of none but her that wrought such a miracle. *Pesana* hearing how pleasantly *Melicertus* plaid with her nose, thought to giue him as great a bone to gnaw vppon, which she caſt in his teeth thus briefelie.

I remember sir that *Epicurus* measured euerie mans diet by his owne principles; *Abradas* the great *Macedonian* Pirate, thought euerie one had a letter of Marte, that bare sayles in the Ocean; none came to knocke at *Diogenes* tub but was supposed a Cinick; and fancie a late hath so tied you to his vanities, that you will thinke *Veſta* a flat figured conceipt of Poetrie. *Samela* perceiuing these blowes woulde growe to deepe wounds, broke off their talke with this prety digression. Gentlemen, to end this ſtrife, I praye you let vs heare the opinion of *Doron*, for all this while neither he nor *Carmela* haue vttered one word, but sate as Censers of our pleas; twere necessarie he tolde vs how his heart came thus on

his halfepenie. *Doron* hearing *Samela* thus pleasaunt, made presentlie this blunt replie; I was faire Mistres in a solempne doubt with my selfe, whether in beeing a sheepe, you would be a Ram or an Ewe? An Ewe no doubt quoth *Samela*, for hornes are the heauiest burden that the head can beare. As *Doron* was readie to replie, came in sodainly to this parley foure or fiue olde shepheards, who broke off their prattle, that from that they fel to drinking: and so after some parley of their flocks, euerie one departed to their own home where they talked of the exquisite perfection of *Samela*, especially *Melicertus*, who gotten to his owne cotage, and lyen downe in his couch by himselfe, began to ruminate on *Samelas* shape.

Ah *Melicertus*, what an obiect fortune this day brought to thy eyes, presenting a strange *Idæa* to thy sight, as appeared to *Achilles* of his dead friend *Patroclus*, tresses of gold like the tramels of *Sephestias* lockes, a face fairer than *Venus*, such was *Sephestia*; her eye paints her out *Sephestia*, her voyce sounds her out *Sephestia*, she seemeth none but *Sephestia*: but seing she is dead, and there liueth not such another *Sephestia*, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe same or another *Sephestia*. In this hope *Melicertus* fel to his slumber, but *Samela* was not so content: for shee began thus to muse with her selfe; May this *Melicertus* be a shepheard? or can a countrie cotage affoord such perfection? doth this coast bring forth such excellence? then happie are the virgins shall haue such suters, and the wiues such pleasing husbands; but his face is not inchacte with anie rusticke proportion, his browes containe the characters of nobilitie, and his lookes in shepheards weeds are Lordlie, his voyce pleasing, his wit full of

gentrie: weigh all these equallie, and consider *Samela* is it not thy *Maximus?* Fond foole away with these suppositions; could the dreaming of *Andromache* call *Hector* from his graue? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas? Tush ſtoop not to such vanities: hee is dead, and therefore grieue not thy memorie with the imagination of his new reuiue, for there hath been but one *Hippolitus* found to be *Virbius*, twise a man, to salue *Samela* than this suppose; if they court thee with hyacinth, interteine them with roses; if he send thee a lambe, present him an eawe; if he wooe, he wooed; and for no other reason, but, hee is like *Maximius*. Thus she reſted, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope except *Pesana*, who fettred with the feature of her beſt beloued *Menaphon* sate cursing *Cupide* as a partiall Deitie, that would make more daye light in the Firmament than one Sunne, more rainebowes in the heauen than one *Iris*, and more loues in one heart than one settled passion: manie praiers she made to *Venus* for reuenge, manie vowes to *Cupide*, manie orizons to *Hymæneus*, if shee might possesse the type of her desires. Well poore soule, howsoeuer she was paid, she smothered all with patience, and thought to braue loue with seeming not to loue; and thus she daily droue out the time with labour, and looking to her heard, hearing euerie day by *Doron* who was her kinsman, what successe *Menaphon* had in his loues. Thus Fates and Fortune dallying a dolefull Cataſtrophe, to make a more pleasing Epitazis, it fell out amongſt them thus. *Melicertus* going to the fields, as he was wont to doo with his flockes, droue to graze as neere the swaines of *Menaphon* as he might, to haue a view of his new enterteined Miſtres; who, according to his ex-

pectation came thether euerie day. *Melicertus* esteeming her to bee some Farmers daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her: yet at length calling to rembrance her rare wit discouered in her last discourses, finding opportunitie to giue her both bal and racket, seeing the coast was cleere, and that none but *Samela* and he were in the field, he left his flocke in the valley, and stept vnto her, and saluted her thus.

Mistres of al eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, soueraigne of all such as *Venus* hath allowed for louers, *Oenones* ouermatch, *Arcadies* comet, beauties second comfort; all haile: seeing you sit like *Iuno* when shee first watchte her white heyfer on the *Lincen* downes, as bright as siluer *Phœbe* mounted on the high top of the ruddie element, I was by a strange attractiue force drawne, as the adamant draweth the yron, or the ieat the straw, to visite your sweete selfe in the shade, and affoord you such companie as a poore swaine may yeeld without offence; which if you shall vouch to deigne of, I shall be as glad of such accepted seruice, as Paris first was of his best beloued Paramour. *Samela* looking on the shepheardes face, and seeing his vtterance full of broken sighes, thought to bee pleasant with her shepheard thus. *Arcadies Apollo*, whose brightnesse draws euerie eye to turne as the *Heliotropion* doth after her load; fairest of the shepheards, the Nimphes sweetest obiect, womens wrong, in wronging manie with ones due; welcome, and so welcome, as we vouchsafe of your seruice, admitte of your companie, as of him that is the grace of al companies; and if we durst vpon any light pardon, woulde venter to request you shew vs a cast of your cunning. *Samela* made this replie, because she heard him so superfine, as if *Ephœbus* had

learnd him to refine his mother tongue, wherefore thought he had done it of an inkhorne desire to be eloquent; and *Melicertus* thinking that *Samela* had learnd with *Lucilla* in *Athens* to anotamize wit, and speake none but *Similes*, imagined she smoothed her talke to be thought like *Sapho Phaos* Paramour. Thus deceiued either in others suppositions, *Samela* followed her sute thus; I know that *Priamus* wanton could not be without flockes of Nymphes to follow him in the Vale of *Ida*, beautie hath legions to attende her excellence if the shepheard be true; if like *Narcissus* you wrap not your face in the cloude of disdaine, you cannot but haue some rare Paragon to your Miſtres, whome I woulde haue you in some sonnet describe. *Ioues* laſt loue, if *Ioue* coulde get from *Iuno*, my pipe shal presume and I aduenture with my voice to set out my Miſtres fauour for your excellence to censure of, and therefore thus. Yet *Melicertus* for that hee had a farther reach, would not make anie clownish description, chanted it thus cunningly.

Melicertus description of his Miſtres.

Tune on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
And midſt thy oaten harmonie recount
How faire she is that makes thy musicke mount,
And euerie ſtring of thy hearts harpe to moue.

Shall I compare her forme vnto the spheare
Whence Sun-bright Venus *vaunts her siluer shine?*
Ah more than that by iuſt compare is thine,
Whose Chriſtall lookes the cloudie heauens doo cleare.

How oft haue I descending Titan *seene*
His burning lockes couch in the Sea-queenes lap,
And beauteous Thetis *his red bodie wrap*
In watrie roabes, as he her Lord had been.

When as my Nimph impatient of the night
Bad bright Atræus *with his traine giue place,*
Whiles she led foorth the day with her faire face,
And lent each ſtarre a more than Delian *light.*

Not Ioue *or Nature should they both agree*
To make a woman of the Firmament,
Of his mixt puritie could not inuent
A Skie borne forme so beautifull as she.

When *Melicertus* had ended this roundelay in prayse of his Miſtres, *Samela* perceiued by his description, that either some better Poet than himselfe had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled: wherefore to trie him thoroughly, and to see what snake laye hidden vnder the grasse, she followed the chase in this manner.

Melicertus, might not a ſtraunger craue your Miſtres name. At this the shepheard blusht, and made no reply. How now quoth *Samela*, what is she meane that you shame, or so high as you fear to bewray the souereign of your thoughts? Stand not in doubt man, for be she base, I reade that mightie *Tamberlaine* after his wife *Zenocrate* (the worlds faire eye) paſt out of the Theater of this mortall life, he chose ſtigmaticall trulls to please his humorous fancie. Be she a princesse, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a high minde to venter for a Queene: then gentle shepheard tell me thy

Miſtres name. *Melicertus* hearing his goddesse speake so fauourably, breathed out this sodaine replie; Too high *Samela*, and therefore I feare with the *Syrian* Wolues to barke againſt the Moone, or with them of *Scyrum* to shoot againſt the ſtarres; in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with wofull repenting *Icarus*: no sooner did mine eye glance vpon her beautie, but as if loue and fate had sate to forge my fatall disquiet, they trapte mee within her lookes, and haling her *Idæa* through the passage of my sight, placde it so deeply in the center of my heart, as maugre al my ſtudious indeuour it ſtill and euer will keepe reſtlesse possession: noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and feare of her too high born parentage, although painfully fettered, yet haue I ſtill feared to dare so haute an attempt to so braue a personage; leaſt she offensiue at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion broken with an abrubt passion, could not so satisfie *Samela* but she would bee further inquisitiue. At laſt after manie queſtions, he answered thus; seeing *Samela* I consume my selfe, and displease you; to hazarde for the salue that maye cure my malady, and satisfie your queſtion, know it is the beauteous *Samela*. Be there more of that name in *Arcady* beside my selfe quoth she. I know not qd *Melicertus*, but wer there a million, onely you are *Melicertus Samela*. But of a million quoth she, I cannot be *Melicertus Samela*, for loue hath but one arrowe of desire in his quiuer, but one ſtring to his bow, and in choyce but one aime of affection. Haue ye alreadie quoth *Melicertus* set your reſt vpõ some higher personage? No quoth *Samela*, I meane by your selfe, for I haue hearde that your fancie is linked alreadie to a beautiful shepherdesse in

Arcadie. At this the pore swaine tainted his cheeks with a vermillion die, yet thinking to carrie out the matter with a ieſt, he ſtood to his tackling thus; Whosoeuer *Samela* descanted of that loue, tolde you a *Canterbury* tale; some propheticall full mouth that as he were a Coblers eldeſt sonne, would by the laſte tell where anothers shooe wrings, but his sowterly aime was iuſt leuell, in thinking euerie looke was loue, or euerie faire worde a pawne of loyaltie. Then quoth *Samela* taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your glaunces to be fancies, nor your greateſt proteſtation any assurance of deepe affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, thinke you haue prooued your selfe a tall souldier to continue so long at batterie, and that I am a fauorable foe that haue continued so long a parley; but I charge you by the loue you owe your deereſt Mistres, not to say any more as touching loue for this time. If *Samela* quoth hee, thou hadſt enioyned me as *Iuno* did to *Hercules*, moſt daungerous labours, I would haue discouered my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this, that as I begunne with a Sonnet, so I may ende with a Madrigale. Content *Melicertus* quoth she, for none more than I loue Musique. Vpon this replie the shepheard proud folowed this Dittie.

Melicertus Madrigale.

What are my sheepe without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gaine my Loue?
My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood.
My life is loſt vnlesse I grace approue.
No flower that saplesse thriues:
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne dooth lowre for woe,
Then woe mine eyes vnlesse they beautie see:
My Sunne Samelaes *eyes, by whom I know*
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart reuiues
Than to imbrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,
Our humors by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes *eyes fedde by my weeping sight,*
Insues my paine or ioyes by smile, or lower.
So wends the source of loue.
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes cleare to your ioy beholde her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lies,
Without them evry hope his succour misses.
Oh how I loue to prooue
Wheretoo this solace tends.

Scarce had the shepheard ended this Madrigale, but *Samela* began to frowne, saying he had broken promise. *Melicertus* alledged if he had vttred any passion, twas sung, not said. Thus these Louers in a humorous descant of their prattle espied a farre off olde *Lamedon* and *Menaphon* comming towards them; wherevpon kissing in conceipt, and parting with interchaunged glaunces, *Melicertus* stole to his sheepe, and *Samela* sate her downe making of nets to catche birds. At last *Lamedon* and her Loue came, and after manie gracious lookes, and much good parley, helpte her home with her sheepe, and put them in the folds. But leauing these amorous shep-

heardes busie in their loues, let vs retourne at length to the pretie babie *Samelas* childe, whom *Menaphõ* had put to nurse in the countrey. This infant being by Nature beautifull, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle expreſt to the eyes of the gazers such glorious presages of his approching fortunes, as if another *Alcides* (the arme-ſtrong darling of the doubled night) by wraſtling with snakes in his swadling cloutes, should prophecie to the world the approching wonders of his prowesse; so did his fierie looks reflect terror to the weake beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God twise born like vnto the *Thracian Bacchus*, forsaking his heauen borne Deitie, shoulde delude our eyes with the alternate forme of his infancie. Fiue yeres had full runne their monthly reuolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner cõtracted familiar acquaintance, but ſtraight he was chosen Lord of the May game, king of their sports, and ringleader of their reuils; insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance mounted in his kingly maieſtie, and imitating honorable iuſtice in his gamesom exercise of discipline, with teares of ioy took vp these propheticall termes; well doo I see, where God and Fate hath vowed felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expel prosperitie. *Pleusidippus* thou art young, thy lookes high, and thy thoughtes hautie; souereigntie is seated in thy eyes, and honour in thy heart; I feare this fire will haue his flame, and then am I vndone in thee my sonne; my countrey life (sweete countrey life) in thy proud soaring hopes, despoyled and disroabed of the disguised aray of his reſt, muſt returne russet weedes to the foldes where I lefte my feares, and haſt to the court my hell, there to inueſt me

in my wonted cares. How now *Samela*, wilt thou be a *Sybil* of mishap to thy selfe? the angrie heauens that haue eternisht thy exile, haue eſtablisht thy content in *Arcadie*. My content in *Arcadie*, that may not be no longer than my *Pleusidippus* ſtaies in *Arcadie*, which I haue cause to feare, for the whelps of the Lion are no longer harmlesse than when they are whelpes, and babes no longer to be awed, than while they are babes. I but nature, and therewith she pawsed, being interrupted by a tumult of boies, that by yong *Pleusidippus* command fell vpon one of their fellowes, and beate him moſt cruelly for playing false playe at nine holes: which she espying through her lattise window, could not chose but smile aboue measure. But when she saw him in his childish termes condemne one to death for despising the authoritie bequeathed him by the reſt of the boyes, then she bethought her of the Persian *Cyrus* that deposed his Grandfather *Aſtyages*, whose vse it was at like age to imitate maieſtie in like manner. In this diſtraction of thoughts she had not long time ſtaid, but *Lamedon* and *Menaphon* calde her awaye to accompany them to the foldes, whiles *Pleusidippus* haſting to the execution of iuſtice, dismissed his boyish session till their next meeting: where how imperiouslie he behaued himselfe in punishing misorders amongeſt his equals, in vsing more than ieſting iuſtice towards his vntamed copesmates, I referre it to the Annuals of the *Arcadians* that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument. In this sort did *Pleusidippus* draw foorth his infancie, till on a time walking to the shore, where hee with his mother were wrackt, to gather cockles and pebble ſtones, as children are wont: there arriued on the ſtrond a *Theſſalian* Pirate named *Eurilachus*, who after he had for-

raged in the *Arcadian* confines, driuing before him a large bootie of beaſts to his ships espied this pretie infant; when gazing on his face as wanton *Ioue* gazed on *Phrygian Ganimede* in the fields of *Ida*, hee exhaled into his eyes such deepe impression of his perfection, as that his thought neuer thirſted so much after any pray, as this pretie *Pleusidippus* possession: but determining firſt to assay him by curtesie before hee assayled him with rigour, he began to trie his wit after this manner. My little childe, whence art thou, where wert thou borne, whats thy name, and wherefore wandreſt thou thus all alone on the shoare. I pray ye what are you sir quoth *Pleusidippus*, that deale thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some runne away. Wilt thou not tell me then who was thy father? Said he, Good sir, if ye will needes knowe goe aske that of my mother. Hath said wel my Lord quoth *Romanio* who was one of his especiall associates, for wise are the children in these dayes that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begotten in Dogge daies, when their mothers are franticke with loue, and yong men furious for luſt. Besides, who knows not, that these *Arcadians* are giuen to take the benefit of euerie Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginitie to *Venus*, though they haue but a bush of nettles for their bedde; and sure this boy is but some shepheards baſtard at the moſt, howsoeuer his wanton face importeth more than appeerance. *Pleusidippus* eyes at this speach resolued into fire, and his face into purple, with a more than common courage in children of his yeares and ſtature, gaue him the lie roundly in this replie; Pesant, the baſtard in thy face, for I am a Gentleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a Kowe in proportion, thou wouldſt neuer haue so much

empayred thy honeſtie, as to derogate from my honor. Look not in my face but leuel at my heart by this that thou seeſt, and therewith let driue at him with such pebble ſtones as hee had in his hat, insomuch that *Romanio* was driuen to his heeles, to shun this sodaine haile shot, and *Eurilochus* resolued into a laughter, and in tearmes of admiration moſt highly extolled so exceeding magnanimitie in so little a bodie; which how auaileable it prooued to the confirmation of his fancie, that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine, that haue noted the imbecilitie of that age, and the vnresiſted furie of men at armes. Sufficeth at this inſtant to vnfolde (all other circumſtance of praise laid apart) that *Eurilochus* being farre in loue with his extraordinarie lineaments, awaited no farther parley, but willed his men perforce to hoyse him a shipboord, intending as soone as euer he arriued in *Thessaly*, by sending him to the Courte as a present, to make his peace with his Lord and Maſter *Agenor*, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirate throughout all his dominions. Neither swarued hee one whit from his purpose, for no sooner had he caſt anker in the Port of *Hadrionopolis*, but he arraied him in choyce silkes and *Tyrian* purple, and so sent him as a prize to the King of that Country, who walking as then in his summer garden with his Queen the beauteous *Eriphila*, fell to discourse (as one well seene in Philosophie) of hearbes and flowers, as the fauour or colour did occasion; and hauing spent sometime in disputing their medicinable properties, his Ladie reaching him a Marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merely. I meruaile the Poets that were so prodigall in painting the amorous affection of the Sunne to his Hyacinth, did neuer ob-

serue the relation of loue twixt him and the Marigold: it shoulde either seeme they were loath to incurre the displeasure of women, by propounding it in the way of comparison any seruile imitation for head ſtrong wiues, that loue no precepts lesse, than those pertaining vnto duty; or that that flower not so vsual in their gardens as ours; in her vnacquainted name did obscure the honour of her amors to *Apollo*; to whose motions reducing the methode of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaues, as he riseth and setteth. Well did you foreſtall my exception quoth *Eriphila*, in terming it a seruile imitation; for were the condition of a wife so slauish as your similitude would inferre, I had as leaue be your page as your spouse, your dogge as your darling. Not so sweete wife answered *Agenor*, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the Marigold resembleth the Sunne both in colour and forme, so each mans wife ought euerie way to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile, when she sees him disposed to mirth; and contrariwise her eyes to teares, he being surcharged with melancholy: and as the Marigold displaieth the orient ornaments of her beautie to the resplendant viewe of none but her louer *Hyperion*, so ought not a woman of modeſtie lay open the allurements of her face to anie but her espoused pheere; in whose absence like the Marigold in the absence of the Sunne, she ought to shut vp her dores, and solemnize continuall night, till her husband her sunne making a happie return, vnsealeth her silence with the ioy of his sight. Beleeue me, but if all flowers (quoth *Eriphila*) affoord such influence of eloquence to our aduerse orators, Ile exempt them all from my smell, for feare they be all planted to poy-

son. Ofte haue I heard (replied *Agenor*) our cunning Phisitions conclude, that one poyson is harmelesse to another; which if it be so, there is no cause why a thistle should feare to be stung of a nettle. I can tell you sir, you best were beware, least in wading too farre in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle. If I do quoth *Agenor*, it is no more, but my gardeners shall plucke it vp by the rootes, and throw it ouer the wal as a weed. To end this iest that els would issue to a iarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a hyacinth (quoth *Eriphila*) so cunningly dropped with bloud, as if Nature had intermedled with the Heralds arte to emblazon a bleeding heart. It is the flower into the which Poets doo faigne *Venus* dying *Adonis* to be turnd, a faire boy but passing infortunate. Was it possible quoth *Eriphila*, that euer Nature should bee so bounteous to a boy, to giue him a face in despite of women so faire: faine would I see such an obiect, and then would I defie beautie, for imparting our excellencie to any inferiour abiect. In saying these words (as if Fortune meant to present her fancie with his desired felicitie) *Romanio* conducted by one of the Lords came with yong *Pleusidippus* in his hand into the priuie garden: where discoursing vnto the king the intent of *Eurilochus* in presenting him with such an inestimable Iewell, the manner of his taking in the Strond of *Arcadie*, with other circumstance of vowed alleageance; all which being gratefully accepted of *Agenor*, he sealed their seuerall pardons, and so gaue them leaue to depart. But when he had throughly obserued euerie perfection of yong *Pleusidippus*, he burst into these tearmes of passion; Had sea-borne *Pontia* then an appliable eare in our idlenesse, that to testifie hir eternall deitie, she

should send vs a second *Adonis* to delude our senses? What euer may deserue the name of faire haue I seen before, beautie haue I beheld in his brighest orb, but neuer set eye on immortalitie before this houre. *Eriphila* likewise in no lesse extasie, seeing her eyes to dazle with the reflexe of his beautie, and hir cheekes tainted with a blush of disgrace by too too much gazing on his face, said; that eyther the Sunne had lefte his bower to beguile their eyes with a borrowed shape (which could not keepe in his brightnesse) or *Cupide* dismounted from his mothers lappe, left his bow and quiuer at randon, to outbraue the *Thessalian* dames in their beautie. In this contrarietie of thoughts, being all plunged welnigh in a speachlesse astonishment, the faire childe *Pleusidippus* not vsed to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence by calling for his victualls, as one whose emptie stomack since his comming from sea, was not ouercloyed with delicates, whereat *Agenor* reuiued from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inwrapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage as the Pirates ignorance could not vnfold; but he being able to tel no more than this, that his mother was a shepheardesse, and his owne name *Pleusidippus*, cut off all their further interrogatories by calling after his childish manner againe for his dinner. Whereupon *Agenor* commanding him to be had in, and vsed in euerie respect as the childe of a Prince, began in his solitarie walke by his countenance to calculate his Natiuitie, and measure his birth by his beautie, contracting him in thought heyre to his kingdome of *Thessaly*, and husbande to his daughter, before he knewe whence the childe descended, or who was his father.

But leauing yong *Pleusidippus* thus spending his

youth in the *Thessalian* Court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foſter-father as *Agenor*; returne wee where we lefte backe vnto *Arcadie*, and meete his Mother the faire *Samela* returning from the foldes: who hauing discoursed by the way as she came home to *Lamedon* and *Menaphon* what shee late sawe and obserued in her sonne, they both conioyned their iudgements to this conclusion, that hee was doubtles borne to some greater fortunes than the sheepcoates could containe, and therefore it behooued her to further his Deſtinies with some good and liberall education, and not to detaine him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withſtood: but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannising so Lorldlie ouer the boies, leaſt the neighbor shepheards might happely intrude the name of iniurie on them being ſtrangers for his insulting ouer their children. With this determination came she home, and calling for *Pleusidippus* according to their former counsaile, he would in no wise be found. Thereupon enquirie was made amongeſt all the shepheards, diligent search in euerie village, but ſtil the moſt careffulleſt poſt returned with *Non eſt inuentus*. Which *Samela* hearing, thinking she had vtterly loſt him whome Fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her vnreſt; Dissembling heauens, where is your happinesse? vnconſtant times, what are your triumphes? haue you therefore hethertoo fed me with honie, that you might at laſt poyson me with gall? Haue you fatted mee so long with *Sardenian* smiles, that like the wracke of the *Syrens*, I might perrish in your wiles? Curſt that I was to affie in your curtesie, curſt that am to taſte of your crueltie. O *Pleusidippus*, liueſt thou, or art thou dead? No thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolkes, dead

to *Cipres*, dead to *Arcadie*, dead to thy mother *Samela*; and with thee dies the worlds wonder, thy kinsfolkes comfort, *Cipres* soule, *Arcadies* hopes, thy mothers honours. Was this the prophecie of thy souereigntie, to yeeld vp thy life to death so vntimely? wretched was I of al women to bring thee foorth to this infancie. O cruel *Themis* that didst reuolue such vneuitable fate; hard harted death to prosecute me with such hate. Haue wee therefore escapte the furie of the seas, to perish on the land? was it not inough that we were exiled from higher prosperitie, but we must all of vs thus sodainly be ouerwhelmed with the ouerflowe of a second aduersitie? my husband and thy father to be swalowed in the furie of the surge, and now thou to bee (and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of teares, as stopt the passage of her plaints, and made her seeme a more than second *Niobe*, bewailing her seauen fold sorrow vnder the forme of a weeping Flint.) *Menaphon* who had ouer heard her all this while, as one that sought opportunitie to plead his vnrest, perceiuing her in that extremitie of agonie for hir sons supposed losse, stept to hir presently, and cheerde hir vp in these tearmes; Faire shepheardesse, might the teares of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisedome to bewaile what weeping might recall; but since such anguish is fruitelesse, and these plainings bootlesse; comfort your self with the hope of the liuing, and omit the teares for the dead. Why quoth *Samela* how is it possible a woman should loose him without griefe, whom she hath conceiued with sorrow: he was sweete *Menaphon*, the diuided halfe of my essence, soule to my ioyes, and life to my delights; as beauteous in his birth, as is our bright bow-bearing God, that played the shepheard awhile for loue, amid-

deſt our pleasant *Arcadian* Downes. What ere hee was in beautie quoth *Menaphon*, proceeded from your bountie; who may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause you shuld so much grieue to see your firſt worke defacde, that of a newe molde can forme a farre better than euer he was. Ah *Menaphon*, nere more may his like proceede from my loynes; I tell thee he made the chamber bright with his beautie when he was born, and chacte the night with the golden rayes that gleamed from his lookes: nere more may I bee the mother of such a sonne. Yes *Samela* (quoth the frolicke shephearde) thinke not but if thou wilt liſt to my loues, I will enrich thee with as faire increase as euer he was. Alas pore swaine said she, thou hopeſt in vaine, since another muſt reape what thou haſt sowne, and gather into his barnes what thou haſt scattered in the furrowe. Another reape what I haue sowen: therwith he scracht his head where it icht not, and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot fuſtian fumes he vttred these words of furie; Strumpet of *Greece*, repaieſt thou my loue with this lauish ingratitude? haue I therefore with my plentie supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldſt procure my wo? did I relieue thee in diſtresse, to wound me in thy welfare with disdaine? deceitfull woman (and therewith hee swore a holiday oath, by *Pan* the God of the Shepheards) either returne loue for loue, or I will turne thee forth of doores to scrape vp thy crummes where thou canſt; and make thee pitied for thy pouertie, that earſt while wert honoured in euerie mans eye through the supportance of thy beautie. Belike then quoth *Samela*, when you intertained me into your house, you did it not in regarde of the lawes of hospitalitie, but onely with

this policie to quench the flames of your fancie: then sir haue I miſtooke your honeſtie, and am lesse indebted to your courtesie. Nay I thought no lesse said *Menaphon*, when your ſtraggling eye at our laſt meeting would be gadding throughout euerie corner of our companie, that you would proue such a kinde kiſtrell; but if you will needes bee ſtarting, Ile serue yee thereafter I warrant you: then see which of our beardlesse yongſters will take ye in, when I haue caſt you foorth. Those quoth shee that countenance *Menaphon* and his pelfe, and are better able than your selfe: but howsoeuer I finde their fauour, I henceforth defie you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flũg away into the next chamber, where her vncle *Lamedon* laye a sleepe; to whome complaining of *Menaphons* discurtesies, he straight inuented this remedie; there was a shepheard called *Moron* (brother to *Doron*) that not long before died of a surfet, whose house and flocke beeing set to sale after his decease, he bought them both foorthwith for *Samela* with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeaft her maugre the furie of *Menaphon*; who when hee saw she was able to support her ſtate without his purse, became sicke for anger, and spent whole Eclogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfortlesse on his bedde he would complaine him to the windes of his woes, in these or such like woords; Forlorne, and forsooke since Phisicke dooth loathe thee; despaire be thy death, Loue is a God and despiseth thee a man; Fortune blinde, and can not beholde thy desertes: die, die, fonde *Menaphon*, that vngratefully haſt abandoned thy Miſtresse. And therewith ſtretching himselfe vppon his bedde, as thinking to haue slept, hee was reſtrained by cares that exiled all reſt from his eyes:

whereuppon taking his pipe in his hande, twixte playing and singing hee playned him thus.

Menaphons Song in his bedde.

You restlesse cares companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in folds of endlesse woes:
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Loue and Fortune proues my equall foes.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies:
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne;
Mourne times and houres since bale inuades my bowre:
Curse euerie tongue the place where I was borne,
Curse euerie thonght the life which makes me lowre.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my laies.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?
Framde not desire my face to front disdaine?
I was; she did: but now one silly maime
Makes me to droope as he whom loue hath slaine.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet liuing to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pitie at her shrine,
Whose fierie eyes exhale my vitall breath,
And make my flockes with parching heate to pine.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my layes.

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse
That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme,
And makes perpetuall summer where shee is;
Whiles I doo crie oretooke with enuies ſtorme,
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies:
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

No sooner had *Menaphon* ended this dittie, but *Pesana* hearing that he was lately falne sicke, and that *Samela* and hee were at mortall iarres; thinking now to make hay while the Sunne shinde, and take opportunitie by his forelockes, comming into his chamber vnder pretence to visite him, fell into these tearmes; Why how now *Menaphon*, hath your newe change driuen you to a night cap? Beleeue me this is the ſtrangeſt effect of loue that euer I saw, to freeze so quicklye the heart it set on fire so lately. Why maye it not bee a burning feuer as well quoth *Menaphon* blushing? Nay that can not be said *Pesana*, since you shake for cold, not swelt for heat. Why if it be so it is long of cold interteinment. Why quoth *Pesana*, hath your hot intertainment cooled your courage? No, but her vndeserued hate quite hindered my conqueſt. You knowe quoth *Pesana* where you might haue been let in long ere this, without either assalt or anie such battrie. With this the shephearde was mute and *Pesana* ashamed: but at length regathering his spirites to bewray his martyrdome, and make his olde Miſtresse some new musicke, he ſtrained foorth this dittie.

Faire fields proud Floras *vaunt, why is't you smile*
when as I languish?
You golden meads, why ſtriue you to beguile
my weeping anguish?

I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring:
why doo you spring thus?
What will not Boreas *tempeſts wrathfull king*
take some pitie on vs?
And send foorth Winter in hir ruſtie weede,
to waite my bemonings;
Whiles I diſtreſt doo tune my countrey reede
vnto my gronings.
But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euerie power
haue with her conspired
To turne my blissefull sweetes to balefull sower,
since fond I desired
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire:
ay me vnhappie.
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hirs the cruell cause
of this ſtrange torment:
Wherefore no time my banning praiers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue quoth *Pesana*, for all she hath let you flie like a Hawke that hath loſt hir tyre; yet you meane to follow sute and seruice, though you get but a handfull of smoake to the bargaine. Not so quoth *Menaphon*, but perhaps I seek to returne an ill bargaine as deare as I bought it. If you doo so, you are wiser than this kercher dooth shew you quoth *Pesana*. Much idle prattle to this purpose had *Menaphō* with *Pesana* in his sicknesse, and long it was not, but that with good diet and warme broths, (and especially by her carefull attendance) hee began to gather vp his crummes, and liſten by litle and litle to the loue he late scorned. Leaue we them

to their equall desires, as surfetting either of others societie; and let vs looke back to *Thessaly*, where *Samelaes* ſtripling (now growne vp to the age of sixteene yeres) flourisht in honour and feates of armes aboue all the Knights of the Court, insomuch that the eccho of his Fame, was the onely newes talkt on throughout euerie towne in *Greece*: but *Olympia* the Miſtres of his prowesse, (for so was the Kings daughter named) was she that moſt of all exalted in the farre renowmed reports of his martiall perfections, to whose praise hee did consecrate al his indeuours, to whose exquisite forme he did dedicate all his aduentures. But hell-borne Fame, the eldeſt daughter of *Erinnis*, enuying the felicitie of these two famous Louers, dismounted eftsoones from hir brasse sounding buildings, and vnburdened hir selfe of hir secrets in the presence of yong *Pleusidippus*, among whose catalogue she had not forgot to discouer, the incomparable beautie of the *Arcadian* shepheardesse; whereof the young Prince no sooner had receiued an inckling, but he ſtood vpon thornes til he had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore on a time sitting with his Miſtresse at supper, when for table talke it was debated amongſt them, what Countrey bredde the moſt accomplisht Dames for all thiugs? After ſtraungers and others had deliuered vp their opinions without parcialitie, one amongſt them all who had been in *Arcadie*, gaue vp his verdit thus freely; Gentlewomen (quoth hee) bee it no disgrace for the Moone to ſtoope to the Sunne, for the ſtarres to giue place when *Titan* appeares; then I hope neither the *Thessalians* will be moued, nor the *Grecians* agrieued, if I make *Apollos Arcadie* beauties *Meridian*. Neither wil I proceede heerein as our Philosophicall Poets are wont, that muſter euerie mooouer in

the Zodiacke, euerie fixed ſtarre in the firmament, euerie elementall worde of arte in an Almanacke, to prooue that Countrey for beautie moſt Canonicall where their Miſtresse abideth; when as God wot, had they but learned of *Appelles*, *Ne sutor vltra crepidam*, they wold not haue aspired aboue their birth, or talkt beyond their sowterly bringing vp. Our *Arcadian* Nimphs are faire and beautifull, though not begotten of the Suns bright rayes; whose eyes vant loues armorie to the viewe, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth in ſteed of a Firmament: viewe but this counterfeite (and therewithall hee shewed the picture of *Samela*) and see if it be not of force to draw the Sunne from his spheare, or the Moone from hir circle to gaze as the one did on the beautie of *Daphne*, or al night contemplate as the other on the forme of *Endymion*, *Pleusidippus* who al this while heard his tale with attentiue patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glory of this resplendant face, but as a man alreadie inſtalled in eternitie, he exclaimed thus abruptly, O *Arcadie*, *Arcadie* ſtorehouse of Nimphs, and nurserie of beautie. At which words *Olympia* ſtarting vp suddenly, as if she a second *Iuno*, had taken hir *Ioue* in bed with *Alcmena*: and ouercaſting the chamber with a frown that was able to mãtle the world with an eternall night, she made passage to her choller in these termes of contempt; Beardlesse vpſtart of I know not whence, haue the fauours of my bounty (not thy desert) entred thee so deeply in ouerweening presumption, that thou shouldſt be the formoſt in derogation of our dignitie, and blaspheming of my beautie? I tell thee recreant, I scorne thy clownish *Arcady* with his inferiour comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue anie created constitution. *Pleusidippns* vpon this speach ſtood

plunged in a great perplexitie whether he should excuse himselfe mildly, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuel to his humor thã the former, he begun thus to rowze vp his furie; Disdainful dame that vpbraideſt me with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish, know that although my parents and progenie are enuied by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renown that make my Eagle minded thoughts to mount, the heauẽly fire imprisoned in the pannicles of my creſt, inciting me to more deeds of honor, than ſtout *Perseus* effected with his fauchon in the fields of *Hesperia*, assertaineth my soule I was the sonne of no coward, but a Gentleman: but since my inequalitie of parentage, is such an eye sore to thy enuie, holde take thy fauors, (and therewith he threw her her gloue) and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toyes; for I will to *Arcadie* in despite of thee and thine affinitie, there either to seeke out mischance, or a new Miſtres. With this in a great rage he rose from the boord, and would have mounted himselfe to depart in that mood, had not the Lords and gentlemen there present disswaded him from such an vnaduised enterprise. Neither was this vnkindnesse kept so secret, but it came to the Kings eare as he was new rise from dinner; who for the loue he bare to *Pleusidippus* whome hee had honoured with Knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, tooke paines to goe to the chamber where they were; and finding his daughter in ſtraunge manner perplexed with the thought of *Pleusidippus* departure, her eyes red, and her cheekes all to be blubbered with her iealous teares, he tooke her vp in this manner. Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the obiect of your eie, as you might haue euerie way loued and honoured

as the Lord of your life, and not haue controlled as the slaue of your luſte. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should diſtaine him with your taunts; peeuish girle, I aduise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy vnreuerent tearmes, or I will disclaime the loue of a Father, and deale by thee no more as a daughter. *Olympia* who alreadie had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these words more vnkindly than all her former bitternesse, which she disgeſted but sowerly; neuertheleſse making necessitie the present times beſt pollicie, shee humbled her selfe as shee might with modeſtie, and desired the beſt interpretation of what was paſt: *Pleusidippus* whose courteous inclination coulde not withſtand this submission, in sign of reconcilement gaue her a *ſtoccado des labies:* yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to *Arcadie*; whereat *Olympia* (although she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) helde her peace, and determined to beſtowe vppon him a remembrance, whereby he might bee brought to thinke vppon her in his absence; which was the deuise of a bleeding heart floting in the sea, waues curiouslie ſtampt in golde, with this *Motto* about it, *Portum aut mortem*; alluding as it seemed to the deuise in his shield, wherein (because he was taken vp by *Eurilochus* on the shore) was cunningly drawne in a field argent, the sea waues with *Venus* sitting on the top, in token that his affection was alreadie fettered. Here holde this said she my sweet *Pleusidippus*, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in *Arcadie* it may be euer in thine eye; so shall these droppes of ruth that paint out a painfull trueth, withdraw thy fancie from attracting ſtrange beautie: which said, the teares gusht

from her eyes, and good *Agenors* likewise, who gaue him nothing so much in charge, as to make haſt of his returne. *Pleusidippus* although he could haue bin content to haue done the like for companie, yet he had such a minde on his iourney, that he broke off such ceremonies, and haſted a shipboord; and in a Barke bounde for *Arcadie*, hauing the winde fauourable made a short cut, so that in a daye and nights sayling, he arriued on the shore adioyning to the Promontorie wher he, his mother, and his vnckle *Lamedon* were firſt wrackt.

Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that came with him alongſt the sea side, to seeke out some town or village where to refresh themselues; and let vs awhile to the Court of *Democles* where our Historie began: who hauing committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husbande *Maximius*, and *Lamedon* his vnckle without oare or mariner to the furie of the merciles waues, determined to leaue the succession of his kingdome to vncertaine chance: for his Queene with *Sepheſtiaes* losse (whõ she deemed to be dead) tooke such thought, that within short time after she died. *Democles* as carelesse of all weathers, spent his time Epicure-like in all kinde of pleasures that either art or expence might affoord; so that for his dissolute life he seemed another *Heliogabalus*, deriuing his securitie from that grounded tranquilitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heauen but Arcadie*. Hauing spent manie yeares in this varietie of vanitie, Fame determining to applye her selfe to his fancie, sounded in his eares the singular beautie of his daughter *Samela*; he, although he were an olde colte, yet had not caſt all his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the brute of beeing sicke of a grieuous appoplexie, ſteale from his Court secretly

in the disguise of a shepheard, to come and seek out *Samela;* who not a little proud of hir new flocke, liude more contented than if she had been Queene of *Arcadie*; and *Melicertus* ioying not a little that shee was parted from *Menaphon*, vsed euerie day to visite her without dread, and courte her in such shepheards tearmes as he had; which howe they pleased her I leaue to you to imagine, when as not long after she vowed mariage to him solemnly in presence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized till the Prophecie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this Historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience; yet hoping that the Oracle was not vttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) bee accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessitie, and await the vtmost of his destinie. But *Pleusidippus*, who by this time had perfected his pollicies, exchaunging his garments with one of the heardgroomes of *Menaphon*, tracing ouer the Plaines in the habit of a Shepheard, chanced to meete with *Democles* as he was new come into those quarters; whom mistaking for an olde shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the Sheepecoates, at last he askt him if he knew *Samelas* sheepfold; who answering doubtfully vnto all alike, made him halfe angrie: and had not *Samela* past by at that instant to fill her bottle at a spring neere the foote of the Promontorie, he should lyke inough haue had first hansell of our new Shepheards sheepe-hooke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancie, that he thought report a partiall spreader of her praises, and fame too base to talke of such formes. *Samela* espying this faire shepheard so farre ouer-gone in his gazing, stept to him, and

askt him if he knew her that hee so ouerlookt her. Pardon me faire shepheardesse (quoth *Pleusidippus*) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle sighted but gaze on the Sunne the first time I see it. And truely I cannot chuse but compare you to one of *Æsops* Apes, that finding a Gloworme in the night, tooke it for fire; and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sunne. Indeede it maye be mine eyes made opposite to such an obiect may faile in their office, hauing their lights rebated by such brightnesse. Nay not vnlike quoth *Samela*, for els out of doubt you would see your way better. Why quoth *Pleusidippus* I cannot go out of the way, when I meete such glistering Goddesses in my way. How now sir *Paris*, are you out of your Arithmeticke, I thinke you haue lost your witts with your eyes, that mistake *Arcadie* for Ida, and a Shepheardesse for a Goddes. How euer it please you (quoth *Pleusidippus*) to derogate from my prowesse by the title of *Paris*, know that I am not so farre out of my Arithmetick, but that by Multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning, or bee as good as a cypher to fill vp a place at the worst hand; for my wit sufficeth be it neuer so simple to proue both *re* and *voce* that there can be no *vacuum in rerum natura*, and mine eyes (or else they deceiue me) will enter so farre in arte, as *niger est contrarius albo*, and teach mee how to discerne twixt blacke and white. Much other circumstaunce of prattle passed betweene them, which the *Arcadian* Records doo not shew, nor I remember; sufficeth he pleaded loue, and was repulst: which droue him into such a cholar, that meeting his supposed shepheard, (who lying vnder a bush, had all this while ouer heard them) he entred into such termes of indignation, as *Ioue* shaking his earthquaking haire,

when he sate in consultation of *Licaon*. Wherefore *Democles* perceiuing *Pleusidippus* repulſt, who was euery way gracde with the ornaments of Nature, began to caſt his bad peniworths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinckles; except hee should lay his crowne at her feete, and tell her he was King of *Arcadia*; which in Cõmon wealths respectes, seeming not commodious, he thought to turne a new leafe, and make this yong shepheard the meanes to perfect his purpose. Hee had not farre from that place a ſtrong Caſtle, which was inhabited as then by none but tilsmen and heardgroomes: thether did he perswade *Pleusidippus* to carrie her perforce, and effect that by cõſtraint, that he could not atchieue by intreatie; who liſtning not a little to this counsaile, that was neuer platted for his aduantage, presently put in practise what he of late gaue in precepts, and waiting till the euening that *Samela* should fold hir sheep, hauing giuen his men the watch word, maugre al the shepheards adioyning he mounted her behind him; and being by *Democles* directed to the Caſtle, he made such hauocke among the ſtubborne heardsmen, that wil they nill they, he was Lord of the Caſtle. Yet might not all this preuaile with *Samela*, who conſtant to her olde shephearde, would not interteine anie new loue; which made *Pleusidippus* thinke all his haruеſt loſt in the reaping, and blemisht al his delights with a mournful drooping. But *Democles* that lookt for a mountaine of golde in a Mole hill, finding her all alone, began to discourse his loue in more ample mauner thã euer *Pleusidippus*, telling her how he was a King, what his reuenewes were, what power he had to aduance her; with many other proud vaunts of his wealth, and prodigal termes of his treasure. *Samela* hearing the name of a King, and perceiuing him to be

hir Father, ſtoode amazed like *Medusaes* Metamorphosis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighes, began to thinke how iniurious fortune was to her showen in such an inceſtuous father. But he hot spurred in his purpose, gaue hir no time to deliberate, but required either a quicke consent, or a present deniall. She tolde him, that the Shepheard *Melicertus* was alreadie intitled in the intereſt of hir beautie, wherefore it was in vain what he or anie other could plead in the way of perswasion. He thereupon entring into a large field of the basenesse of Shepheards, and royalties of Kings, with manie other assembled arguments of delight, that would haue fetcht *Venus* from her sphere to disport: but *Samela* whose mouth could disgeſt no other meate saue onely hir sweete *Melicertus*, ashamed so long to holde parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage, and there after her wonted manner bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles plunged thus in a Laborinth of restles passions, seeing *Melicertus* figure was so deepely printed in the center of her thoughts, as neither the resolution of his fancie, his Metamorphosis from a King to a traueler, Crownes, Kingdomes, preferments, (battries that soone ouerthrowe the fortresse of womens fantasies) when *Democles* I saye, saw that none of these colde remooue *Samela*; hearing that the *Arcadian* shepheardes were in a vprore for the losse of their beautiful shepheardesse, his hot loue changing to a bird of coye disdaine; he intended by some reuenge, either to obtaine his loue, or satisfie his hate: whereupon throughly resolued, he ſtole away secretly in his shepheards apparaile, and got him down to the Plaines; where he found all the swains in a mutinie about the recouerie of their

beautifull Paragon. *Democles* ſtepping amongſt the route, demanded the cause of their controuersie. Marie sir quoth *Doron* bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone. How meane you that sir, quoth he? We had answered *Doron*, an Eaw amongſt our Ramms, whose fleece was as white as the haires that grow on father *Boreas* chinne, or as the dangling deawlap of the siluer Bull, her front curled like to the *Erimanthian* Boare, and spangled like the wooſted ſtockings of *Saturne*, her face like *Mars* treading vpon the milke white cloudes: beleeue me shepheard, her eyes were like the fierie torches tilting againſt the Moone: this paragon, this none such, this Eaw, this Miſtres of our flockes, was by a wily Foxe ſtolne from our foldes; for which these shepheards assemble themselues, to recouer so wealthie a prize. What is he quoth *Menaphō* that *Doron* is in such debate with? Fellowe canſt thou tell vs anie newes of the faire shepheardesse, that the Knight of *Thessaly* hath carried away from her fellow Nymphes. *Democles* thinking to take opportunitie by the forhead: and seeing Time had feathered his bolte, willing to assaye as hee might to hit the marke, began thus.

Shepheardes, you see my profession is your trade, and although my wandring fortunes be not like your home borne fauours; yet were I in the groues of *Thessalian Tempe*, as I am in the plaines of *Arcadie*, the swaines would giue mee as manie due honors, as they present you here with submisse reuerence. Beautie that drew *Apollo* from heauen to playe the shepheard, that fetcht *Ioue* from heauen to bear the shape of a Bul for *Agenors* daughter, the excellence of such a Metaphusicall vertue, I meane shepheard the fame of your faire *Samela*, houering in the eares of euerie man as a miracle

of nature, brought me from *Thessaly* to feede mine eyes with *Arcadies* wonder: ſtepping alongſt the shoare to come to some sheepecoate where my wearie limmes might haue reſt, Loue that for my labors thought to lead me to fancies pauilion, was my conduct to a caſtle, where a *Thessalian* knight lyes in holde, the Portcullis was let downe, the bridge drawen, the Court of garde kept, thether I went; and for by my tongue I was known to be a *Thessalian*, I was enterteined and lodged: the Knight whose yeares are young, and valure matchlesse, holding in his armes a Ladie more beautifull thã Loues Queene, all blubbered with teares, asked me manie queſtions, which as I might I replide vnto: but while he talkt, mine eye surfetting with such excellence, was detained vpon the glorious shew of such a wonderfull obiect; I demanded what she was of the ſtanders by, and they said she was the faire shepheardesse whome the Knight had taken from the swaines of *Arcadie*, and woulde carrie with the firſt winde that serued into *Thessaly:* This shepheards I knowe, and grieue that thus your loues should be ouermatcht with Fortune, and your affections pulde backe by contrarietie of Deſtinie. *Melicertus* hearing this, the firę sparkling out of his eyes began thus; I tell thee shephearde, if Fates with their forepointing pencels did pen down, or Fortune with her deepeſt varietie resolue, or Loue with his greateſt power determine to depriue *Arcadie* of the beautifull *Samela*, we would with our blood signe downe such spels on the Plaines, that either our Gods should summon her to *Elizium*, or shee reſt with vs quiet and fortunate: thou seeſt the shepheardes are vp in armes to reuenge, onely it reſts who shall haue the honour and principalitie of the field. What needs that queſtiõ quoth *Menaphon*, am

not I the Kings shepheard, and chiefe of all the bordering swaines of *Arcadie*. I grant quoth *Melicertus*, but am not I a Gentleman, though tirde in shepheardes skincoate; superiour to thee in birth, though equall nowe in profession. Well from words they had falne to blowes, had not the shepheards parted them; and for the auoyding of farther troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eclogs make description of their loue, and *Democles*, for he was a ſtranger, to sit Censor, and who beſt could decipher his Miſtres perfection, should be made Generall of the reſt. *Menaphon* and *Melicertus* condescended to this motion, and *Democles* sitting as Iudge, the reſt of the shepheards ſtanding as witnesses of this combat *Menaphon* began thus.

Menaphons Eclogue.

Too weake the wit, too slender is the braine
That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue;
Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)
Can tell the sweete, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that haue been prentice to the griefe,
Like to the cunning sea-man from a farre,
By gesse will talke the beautie of that ſtarre,
Whose influence muſt yeeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glorie of my deare,
With reuerence and lowlie bent of knee,
Attend and marke what her perfections bee:
For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Hir lockes are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
That Iason *with his* Gretian *mates atchiude,*
As pure as golde, yet not from golde deriude;
As full of sweetes, as sweete of sweetes is full.

Her browes are pretie tables of conceate,
Where Loue his records of delight dooth quoate,
On them her dallying lockes doo daily floate
As Loue full oft dooth feede vpon the baite.

Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the pureſt lights
That animate the Sunne, or cheere the day,
In whom the shining Sun-beames brightly play
Whiles fancie dooth on them diuine delights.

Hir cheekes like ripened lillies ſteept in wine,
Or faire pomegranade kernels washt in milke,
Or snow white threds in nets of crimson silke,
Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline.

Her lips are roses ouerwasht with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus *flower:*
No froſt their faire, no winde doth waſt their power,
But by her breath her beauties doo renew.

Hir chriſtall chin like to the pureſt molde,
Enchac'de with daintie daysies soft and white,
Where fancies faire pauilion once is pight,
Where as imbrac'de his beauties he doth holde.

Hir necke like to an yuorie shining tower
Where through with azure veynes sweete Nectar runnes,
Or like the downe of Swannes where Senesse *woons,*
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

Hir pappes are like faire apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe:
They neuer vaile their faire through winters frowne,
But from their sweetes Loue suckt his summer time.

Hir bodie beauties beſt eſteemed bowre,
Delicious, comely, daintie, without ſtaine:
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my paine.
Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.

Hir maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure;
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O bleſt is he may bring such beauties vnder,
Or search by sute the secrets ofthat treasure.

Deuourd in thought, how wanders my deuice,
What reſts behind I muſt deuine vpon?
Who talkes the beſt, can say but fairer none:
Few words well coucht doo moſt content the wise.

All you that heare; let not my sillie ſtile
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say
Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way
Whereby my woes and cares I doo beguile.

Selde speaketh Loue, but sighs his secret paines;
Teares are his truce-men, words doo make him tremble.
How sweete is loue to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and lookes, till they haue reapt the gaines,

Alonely I am plaine, and what I say
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
Sweete Censors take my silly worſt for well:
My faith is firme, though homely be my laye.

After the haples *Menaphon* had in this homely discourse shadowed his heauenly delight; the shepheard *Melicertus* after some pause began in this sort.

Melicertus Eclogue.

What neede compare where sweete exceedes compare?
Who drawes his thoughts of loue from senselesse things,
Their pompe and greateſt glories doth impaire,
And mounts Loues heauen with ouer leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes and flowers, the foolish spoyles of earth,
Flouds, mettalls, colours, dalliance of the eye:
These shew conceipt is ſtaind with too much dearth:
Such abſtract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taſte of Loue
Deriues his essence from no earthlie toy;
A weake conceipt his power cannot approue,
For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

Be whiſt, be ſtill, be silent Censers now;
My fellow swaine has tolde a pretie tale
Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemne the tearmes; for they are ſtale.

Apollo *when my Miſtres firſt was borne*
Cut off his lockes, and left them on hir head,
And said; I plant these wires in Natures scorne,
Whose beauties shall appeare when Time is dead.

From foorth the Chriſtall heauen when she was made,
The puritie thereof did taint hir brow:
On which the gliſtering Sunne that sought the shade
Gan set, and there his glories doth auow.

Those eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describde,
Were those that earſt the Chaos did reforme:
To whom the heauen their beauties haue ascribde,
That fashion life in man, in beaſt, in worme.

When firſt hir faire delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora *brought hir blush, the Moone hir white:*
Both so combinde as passed Natures thought,
Compilde those pretie orbes of sweete delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips hir lips the Corall drew:
On them doth fancy sleepe, and euerie day
Doth swallow ioy such sweete delights to view.

Whilome while Venus *Sonne did seeke a bowre*
To sport with Psiches *his desired deare,*
He chose her chinne; and from that happie stowre
He neuer ſtints in glorie to appeare.

Desires and Ioyes that long had serued Loue,
Besought a Holde where pretie eyes might woo them:
Loue made her necke, and for their beſt behoue
Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoo them.

Once Venus *dreamt vpon two pretie things,*
Hir thoughts they were affections chiefeſt neaſts:
She suckt and sightht, and bathde hir in the springs,
And when she wakt they were my Miſtres breaſts.

Once Cupide *sought a holde to couch his kisses,*
And found the bodie of my beſt beloude.
Wherein he closde the beautie of his blisses,
And from that bower can neuer be remoude.

The Graces earſt, when Alcidelian *springs*
Were waxen drie, perhaps did finde hir fountaine
Within the vale of blisse, where Cupides *wings*
Doo shield the Nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

No more fond man: things infinite I see
Brooke no dimension: Hell a foolish speech;
For endles things may neuer talked be.
Then let me liue to honor and beseech.

Sweete Natures pompe, if my deficient phraze
Hath ſtaind thy glories by too little skill,
Yeeld pardon though mine eye that long did gaze,
Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine
Your liſtning eares with dallyance of my tongue:
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine;
My paine too olde, although my yeers be yong.

As soone as *Melicertus* had ended this Eclogue, they expected the doome of *Democles*, who hearing the sweete description, wherein *Melicertus* described his Miſtres, wondered that such rare conceipts could bee harboured vnder a shepheards gray cloathing, at laſt he made this aunswere.

Arcadian Swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempred with sweete loues, whose mindes aspyre not, whose thoughts brooke no enuie; onely as riualls in affection, you are friendly emulators in honeſt fancie: sith fortune (as enemie to your quiet) hath reft you of your fayre shepheardesse, (the worlds wonder, and *Arcadies* miracle) and one of you as champion muſt

lead the reſt to reuenge, both desirous to shew your valour as your forwardnesse in affections, and yet (as I said) one to be sole chieftaine of the traine, I award to *Melicertus* that honor (as to him that hath moſt curiously portrayed out his Miſtres excellencie) to beare the sole rule and supremacie. At this *Menaphon* grudged, and *Melicertus* was in an extasie for ioy; so that gathering all his forces together of ſtout headſtrong clownes, amounting to the number of some two hundred, he apparailed himselfe in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his Miſtres, in his shield he had figured the waues of the sea, *Venus* sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched *Melicertus* forward with olde *Democles* the supposed shepheard till they came to the caſtle, where *Pleusidippus* and his faire *Samela* were resident. As soone as they came there, *Melicertus* begirt the Caſtle with such a siege, as so manie sheepish Caualiers could furnish: which when he had done, summoning them in the Caſtle to parley, the yong Knight ſtept vpon the walls, and seeing such a crue of base companions, with Iackets and ruſtie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus.

Why, what ſtraunge Metamorphosis is this? Are the Plaines of *Arcadie*, whilome filled with labourers, now ouerlaide with launces? Are sheepe transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore shepheards, into a worthie troope of resolute champions? No doubt, either *Pan* meanes to playe the God of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of *Cadmus*. Nowe I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended ende of your ſtratagems: the shepheards haue a madding humor like the *Greekes* to seek for the recouerie of *Helena*; so you for the regain-

ing of your faire *Samela*. Heere she is Shepheards, and I a *Priam* to defende hir with resistance of a ten yeares siege; yet for I were loath to haue my Castle sackte like *Troy*, I pray you tell me which is *Agamemnon?*

Melicertus hearing the youth speake thus proudly, hauing the sparkes of honor fresh vnder the cinders of pouertie, incited with loue and valor (two things to animate the most dastard *Thersites* to enter combate against *Hercules*) answered thus.

Vnknowen yongster of *Thessaly*, if the feare of thy hardie deedes, were like the Diapason of thy threates, wee woulde thinke the Castle of longer siege, than either our ages would permit, or our valour aduenture: but where the shelfe is most shallowe, there the water breakes most high; emptie vessells haue the highest sounds, hollowe rockes the loudest ecchoes, and pratling gloriosers, the smallest performaunce of courage; for proofe whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of faire *Samela*, one of her vowed Shepheards is come for the safetie of hir sweete selfe to challenge thee to single combat; if thou ouercome me, thou shalt freelie passe with the shepheardesse to *Thessaly*; if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feele the burthen of thy rashnesse, and *Samela* the sweetnesse of her libertie. *Pleusidippus* meruailed at the resolution of the shepheard ; but when *Democles* heard how if hee wonne, she should be transported into *Thessaly*, a world of sorowes tombled in his discontented braine, that he hammered in his head many meanes to stay the faire *Samela*; for when *Pleusidippus* in a great choller was readie to throwe downe his gantlet, and to accept of the combat, *Democles* stepped vp and spoke thus: Worthie mirrors of resolued magnanimitie, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes,

and whose valour more than your reuenewes, knowe that Bitches that puppie in haſt bring foorth blind whelpes; that there is no herbe sooner sprong vp than the Spattarmia, nor sooner fadeth; that fruits too soone ripe are quickly rotten; that deedes done in haſt are repented at leisure: then braue men, in so weightie a cause, and for the conqueſt of so excellent a Paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrell, but like *Fabius* of *Rome* vse delay in such dangerous exploytes, when honor sits on wreaths of Lawrell to giue the victor his garland: deferre it some three daies, and then in solemne manner end the combat. To this good motion not onely *Pleusidippus* and *Melicertus* agreed, but all the companie were consenting, and vpon pledges of truce being giuen, they reſted. But *Democles* seeing in couerte he could not conquer, and that in despairing loues, secrecie was no salue, he dispatched letters to the Nobilitie of his court, with ſtraight charge that they should bee in that place within three dayes with tenne thousand ſtrong. This newes no sooner came to the Generall of his Forces, but leuying so many approoued souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place *Democles* in his letters had prescribed; and there ioyfully interteined by the King, they were placde in ambush readie when the signall should be giuen to issue out of the place, and performe their Souereignes command. Well, the third day being come, no sooner did Titan arise from the watrie Couche of his Lemman, but these two champions were readie in the liſtes, accompanied with the route of all the *Arcadian* shepheards, and olde *Democles* whom they had appoynted for one of the Iudges. *Pleusidippus* seeing *Melicertus* aduãce on his shield the waues of the sea with a *Venus* sitting vppon them, mer-

uailed what the shepheard should be that gaue his armes, and *Melicertus* was as much amazed to see a ſtrange *Thessalian* Knight vant his armes without difference; yet being so fraught with direfull reuenge, as they scorned to salute each other so much as with threates, they fell toughly to blowes. *Samela* ſtanding on top of the turret, and viewing the combate; the poore Ladie grieuing that for her cause such a ſtratageme should arise in *Arcadie*, her countenance ful of sorrow, and flouds of teares falling from her eyes, she began to breath out this passion.

Vnfortunate *Samela* born to mishaps, and forepointed to ſiniſter fortunes, whose bloomes were ripened by mischance, and whose fruite is like to wither with despaire; in thy youth sate discontent pruning her selfe on thy forhead, now in thine age sorrow hides her selfe amongſt the wrinckles of thy face: thus art thou infortunate in thy Prime, and crossed with cõtrarie accidents in thy Autumne; as haplesse as *Helena* to haue the burden of warres laid on the wings of thy beautie. And who muſt be the champion? whose sword muſt pearce the helme of thine enemie? whose bloud muſt purchase the freedome of *Samela*, but *Melicertus*? If he conquer, then *Samela* triumphs, as if she had been chiefe victor in the *Olympiades*; if he loose, euerie drop falling from his wounds into the center of my thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me the ende of my loues, my life, and my libertie. As ſtill shee was about to goe forwarde in hir passion, the trumpet sounded and they fell to fight in such furious sorte, as the *Arcadians* and *Democles* himselfe wondered to see the courage of the Shepheard, that tied the Knight to such a sore taske. *Pleusidippus* likewise feeling an extraordinarie kinde of

force, and seeing with what courage the Knight of the shepheards fought, beganne to coniecture diuersly of the waues, and to feare the euent of the combate. On the contrarie parte, *Melicertus* halfe wearied with the heauie blowes of *Pleusidippus*, ſtoode in a maze howe so yong a wagge should be so expert in his weapon. Thus debating diuersly in their seueral thoughts, at length being both wearie, they ſtepte backe, and leaning on their swordes tooke breath, gazing each vpon other. At laſt *Pleusidippus* burſt into these speaches.

Shepheard in life, though now a Gentleman in armour, if thy degree be better, I glorie I am not disgracde with the combate: tell me, how dareſt thou so farre wrong mee, as to weare mine Armes vpon thy shield?

Princockes (quoth *Melicertus*) thou lieſt, they bee mine owne, and thou contrarie to the Lawe of Armes beareſt my Creaſt without difference, in which quarrell, seeing it concernes mine honour, I will reuenge it as farre as my loues; and with that he gaue such a charging blowe at *Pleusidippus* healme, that hee had almoſt ouerturned him: *Pleusidippus* lefte not the blowe vnrequitted, but doubled his force; insomuch that the hazard of the battaile was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. *Democles* seeing his time, that both of them were sore weakened, gaue the watchword, and the ambush leapt out, slaughtered manie of the shepheards, put the reſt to flight, tooke the two champions prisoners, and sacking the Caſtle, carried them and the faire *Samela* to his Court: letting the Shepheardesse haue her libertie, but putting *Melicertus* and *Pleusidippus* into a deepe and darke dungeon.

Where leauing these passionate Louers in this *Cata-*

strophe, againe to *Doron* the homely blunt Shephearde; who hauing been long enamoured of *Carmela*, much good wooing paſt betwixte them, and yet little speeding; at laſt, both of them met hard by the Promontorie of *Arcadie*, shee leading foorth her Sheepe, and hee going to see his newe yeand Lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such countrey glaunces as they coulde, they geerde one at another louingly. At laſt *Doron* manfully begun thus.

Carmela by my troth God morrow, tis as daintie to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of sweete milke in Iuly: you are proude such a house doue of late, or rather so good a Huswife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons; the Church-yeard may ſtand long inough ere you will come to looke on it, and the Piper may begge for euerie pennie he gets out of your pursse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some ſtout Ruffler, and yet poore folkes, such a I am, muſt be content with porredge: and with that, turning his backe, he smiled in his sleeue to see howe kindely hee had giuen her the bobbe: which *Carmela* seeing, she thought to be euen with him thus.

Indeede *Doron* you saye well, it is long since wee met, and our house is a Grange house with you: but we haue tyed vp the great Dogge, and when you come you shall haue greene rushes you are such a ſtraunger: but tis no matter; soone hot soone colde, hee that mingles himselfe with drasse, the hogges will eate him: and she that layes her loue on an vnkinde man, shall finde sorrowe inough to eate hir soppes withall. And with that *Carmela* was so full ſtomackt that she wept.

Doron to shewe himselfe a naturall young man, gaue her a few kinde kisses to comfort her, and sware that she

was the woman he loued beſt in the whole worlde, and for proofe quoth he, thou shalt heare what I will praise: and you quoth she, what I will performe. And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eclogues.

Dorons Eclogue ioynd with Carmelas.

Sit downe Carmela *here are cubbs for kings,*
Slowes blacke as ieat, or like my Chriſtmas shooes,
Sweete Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
Sit downe Carmela *let me kisse thy toes.*

Carmela.

Ah Doron, *ah my heart, thou art as white,*
As is my mothers Calfe or brinded Cow,
Thine eyes are like the slow wormes in the night,
Thine haires resemble thickeſt of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine,
Thy sweate vpon thy face dooth oft appeare
Like to my mothers fat and Kitchin gaine.

Ah leaue my toe and kisse my lippes my loue,
My lippes and thine, for I haue giuen it thee:
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foote ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela *deare, euen as the golden ball*
That Venus *got, such are thy goodly eyes,*
When cherries iuice is iumbled therewithall,
Thy breath is like the ſteeme of apple pies.

Thy lippes resemble two Cowcumbers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tuskes of fatteſt swine,
Thy speach is like the thunder in the aire:
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron *what thing dooth mooue this wishing griefe.*

Doron.

Tis Loue Carmela *ah tis cruell Loue.*
That like a slaue, and caitiffe villaine thiefe,
Hath cut my throate of ioy for thy behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne?

Doron.

In faith I know not where.
But I haue had much talking of his dart.
Ay me poore man, with manie a trampling teare,
I feele him wound the forehearse of my heart,

What doo I loue? O no, I doo but talke.
What shall I die for loue? O no, not so.
What am I dead? O no my tongue dooth walke.
Come kisse Carmela, *and confound my woe.*

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seale the sweete indentures of delight:
Before I breake my vowe the Gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darkesome night.

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks
I crosse thy browes from euerie shepheards kisse.
Heigh hoe how glad am I to touch thy lockes,
My frolicke heart euen now a free man is,

Carmela.

I thanke you Doron, *and will thinke on you,*
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you.
I seale your charter pattent with my thummes,
Come kisse and part for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eclogue betwixte *Doron* and *Carmela*: which Gentlemen if it be ſtufft with pretie Similes and farre fetcht Metaphores; thinke the poore Countrey Louers knewe no further comparisons, than came within compasse of their Countrey Logicke. Well, twas a good worlde when such simplicitie was vsed, sayes the olde women of our time, when a ring of a rush woulde tye as much Loue together as a Gimmon of golde: but Gentlemen since wee haue talkte of Loue so long, you shall giue me leaue to shewe my opinion of that foolish fancie thus.

Sonetto.

What thing is Loue? It is a power diuine
That raines in vs: or else a wreakefull law
That doomes our mindes to beautie to encline:
It is a ſtarre whose influence dooth draw
Our hearts to Loue dissembling of his might,
Till he be maſter of our hearts and sight.
Loue is a discord and a ſtrange diuorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power
As madde with reason we admit that force,
Which wit or labour, neuer may deuoure,
It is a will that brooketh no consent:
It would refuse, yet neuer may repent.
Loue's a desire, which for to waite a time,
Dooth loose an age of yeeres, and so doth passe
As dooth the shadow seuerd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was.
Leauing behinde nought but repentant thoughts
Of daies ill spent, for that which profits noughts.
Its now a peace, and then a sodaine warre,
A hope consumde before it is conceiude,
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,
And he that gaines is moſt of all deceiude:
It is a secret hidden and not knowne,
Which one may better feele than write vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdite in this *Sonetto*, now will I returne to *Doron* and *Carmela*, who not seeing her mother come, fell againe to a few homely kisses, and thus it was.

After they had thus amorously ended their Eclogues, they plighted faith and troth; and *Carmela* verie brisk-

lye wiping her mouth with a white apron sealed it with a kisse, which *Doron* taking merueilous kindly, after a little playing loath to depart, they both went about their businesse. Leauing them therefore to their businesse, again to *Democles;* who seeing no intreaties would serue to perswade *Samela* to loue, neither the hope of the *Arcadian* Crowne, nor the title of a Queene, lastly assayed with frownes and threates, but all in vaine: for *Samela* first restrained by nature in that he was her Father, and secondly by loue in that *Melicertus* lay imprisoned onely for her sake, stoode still so stiffe to her tackling, that *Democles* chaunging loue into hate, resolued to reuenge that with death, which no meanes els might satisfie: so that to colour his frauds withall, he gaue *Samela* free license to visite *Melicertus*: which she had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the gailor confederate to his treacherie, accuseth her of adulterie: wherevpon without further witnesse they both were condemned to dye. These two louers knowing themselues guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were ioyfull to ende their loues with their liues, and so to conclude all in a fatall and finall content of mindes and passions. But *Democles* set free *Pleusidippus*, as afraide the King of *Thessaly* would reuenge the wrong of his Knight, intertaining him with sumptuous banquets, as befitted so braue and worthie a Gentleman. The day came prefixed wherein these parties should die; *Samela* was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that she would not reueale either vnto *Democles* or *Melicertus* what she was; and *Melicertus* rather chose to die with his *Samela*, than once to name himself *Maximius*. Both thus resolued, were brought to the place of execution; and *Pleusidippus* sitting on a scaffolde with

Democles, seeing *Samela* come forth like the blush of the morning, felt an vncouth passion in his mind, and nature began to enter combate with his thoughtes; not loue but reuerence, not fancie but feare began to assaile him, that he turnd to the King, and sayd: Is it not pitie *Democles*, such diuine beautie should be wrapt in cinders: No quoth *Democles*, where the anger of a King muſt be satisfied. At this answere *Pleusidippus* wrapt his face in his cloake and wept, and all the assiſtants grieued to see so faire a creature subiect to the violent rage of fortune. Well *Democles* commaunded the deathsman to doo his deuoyre; who kneeling downe and crauing pardon, readie to giue *Melicertus* the fatall ſtroake, there ſtept out an olde woman attired like a Prophetesse, who cried out; Villaine hold thy hand, thou wrongeſt the daughter of a King. *Democles* hearing the outcrie, and seeing that at that word the people begun to mutinie and murmur, demanded the olde woman what she meant? Now quoth she, *Democles* is the *Delphian* oracle performed; *Neptune* hath yeelded vp the worlds wonder, and that is young *Pleusidippus* nephew to thee, and sonne to faire *Sepheſtia*, who heere ſtandeth vnder the name of *Samela*, caſt vpon the Promontorie of *Arcadie* with her yong sonne, where shee as a shepheardesse hath liude in labours tempred with loues; her son playing on the shore, was conveyed by certaine Pirates into *Thessaly*, where (when as he was supposed euerie waye to be dead) doing deedes of chiualrie, he fulfilled the prophecie: your highnesse giuing the Lyon, were guid vnto the lambs in dissembling your selfe a shepheard: planets reſting vpon the hills, was the picture of *Venus* vpon their creſts: and the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combate twixte the father

and the sonne, that gaue the waues of the seas in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equall victorie. For know *Democles* this *Melicertus* is *Maximius*, twice betrothed to *Sephestia*, and Father to yong *Pleusidippus*: nowe therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happie time wherein *Arcadie* shal rest in peace. At this, the people gaue a great shout, and the olde woman vanisht. *Democles* as a man rauisht with an extasie of sodaine ioye, sate still, and stared on the face of *Sephestia*: *Pleusidippus* in all dutie leapt from his seate, and went and couered his mother with his roabe, crauing pardon for the fondnesse of his incestuous affection: and kneeling at his fathers feete submisse in that he had drawen his sword, and sought his life that first in this world gaue him life. *Maximius* first looked on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face that it was *Sephestia*, fell about her necke, and both of them weping in the bosome of their sonne shed teares for ioye to see him so braue a Gentleman. *Democles* all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter reuiued, whom so cruelly for the loue of *Maximius* he had banisht out his confines, *Maximius* in safetie, and the childe a matchles paragon of approued chiualrie, he leapt from his seate, and imbraced them all with teares, crauing pardon of *Maximius* and *Sephestia*: and to shew that the outward obiect of his watrie eies, had a sympathie with the inward passion of his hart, he impald the head of his yong neuew *Pleusidippus* with the crowne and diadem of *Arcadie*: and for that his brother *Lamedon* had in all distresse not lefte his daughter *Sephestia*, he toke the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe vnto him, and made him Duke in *Arcady*. The successe of this forere-

hearsed Catastrophe growing so comicall, they all concluded after the Festiuall solemnizing of the Coronation (which was made famous with the excellent deedes of manie worthie Caualiers) to passe into *Thessaly*, to contract the mariage twixt *Pleusidippus*, and the daughter of the *Thessalian* King. Which newes spred thorough *Arcadie* as a wonder, that at last it came to *Menaphons* eares; who hearing the high parentage of his supposed *Samela*, seeing his passions were too aspiring, and that with the *Syrian* wolues he barkt against the Moone, he lefte such lettice as were too fine for his lips, and courted his old loue *Pesana*, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest there should be left any thing vnperfect in this pastorall accident, *Doron* smudgde himselfe vp, and iumpde a marriage with his old friend *Carmela*.

FINIS.

A Margarite of America

By T. Lodge

Printed for *Iohn Busbie*, and are to be *ſold in S. Dunſtons church-yard in* Fleet-ſtreet, at the little ſhop *next Cliffords Inne.*
1595

To the noble, learned and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Russell, *T.L. wisheth affluence on earth, and felicitie in heauen.*

MADAM, your deep and considerate iudgement your admired honor and happy readings haue drawne me to present this labor of mine to your gracious hands, and fauorable patronage: wherein, though you shall find nothing to admire; yet doubt I not but you may meet many things that deserue cherishing. Touching the subiect, though of it selfe it seeme historicall yet if it please you like our English *Sapho*, to look into that which I haue slenderly written, I doubt not but that your memory shal acquaint you with my diligence, and my diligence may deserue your applause. Touching the place where I wrote this, it was in those straits christned by *Magelan*; in which place to the southward many wonderous Isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagõnes withdrew my senses; briefly, many bitter and extreme frosts at midsummer continually clothe and clad the discomfortable mountaines; so that as there was great wonder in the place wherein I writ this, so likewise might it be maruelled, that in such scantie fare, such causes of feare, so mightie discouragements, and many crosses, I should deserue or eternize anything. Yet what I haue done (good Madame) iudge and hope this felicitie from my pen, that whilst the memorie thereof shal liue in any age, your charitie,

learning, nobilitie and vertues shall be eternized. *Oppian* writing to *Theodosius* was as famous by the person to whome hee consecrated his ſtudy, as fortunate in his labours, which as yet are not maſtered by obliuion; so hope I (Madame) on the wing of your sacred name to be borne to the temple of Eternitie, where though enuie barke at me the Muses shall cherish, loue, and happie me. Thus hoping your Ladiship will supply my boldnesse with your bountie and affabilitie, I humbly kisse your moſt delicate handes, shutting vp my English duety vnder an Italian copie of humanitie and curtesie. From my house this 4. of Maie 1596.

Your Honors in all zeale,

T. LODGE.

¶ *To the Gentlemen Readers.*

GENTLEMEN, I am preuented in mine own hopes; in seconding thrifts forward desires. Som foure yeres since being at sea with *M. Candish* (whose memorie if I repent not, I lament not) it was my chance in the librarie of the Iesuits in *Sanctum* to find this historie in the Spanish tong, which as I read delighted me, and delighting me, wonne me, and winning me, made me write it. The place where I began my worke, was a ship, where many souldiers of good reckning finding diſturbed ſtomackes; it can not but ſtand with your discretions to pardon an vndiscreete and vnſtaied penne, for hands may vary where ſtomacks miscary. The time I wrote in, was when I had rather will to get my dinner, then to win my fame. The order I wrote in, was paſt order, where I rather obserued mens hãds leſt they should ſtrike me, then curious reason of men to condemne mee. In a worde, I wrote vnder hope rather the fish should eate both me writing, and my paper written, then fame should know me, hope should acquaint her with me, or any but miserie should heare mine ending. For those faults (gentlemen) escaped by the Printer, in not being acquainted with my hand, and the booke printed in my absence, I muſt craue you with fauour to iudge of, and with your wonted curteſies to correct; and according to Eccleſiaſtcall law, giue vs on our confession absolution: if you will not, remember this, that a countrie lasse for Ladies, may tell them they curle too much; and for Gentlemen, that they are vnfashioned by

their fashions. To be short, who liues in this world, let him wincke in the world; for either men prooue too blinde in seeing too litle, or too presumptuous in condemning that they shoulde not.

Yours T. Lodge.

¶A Margarite of America

For Ladies Delight, and Ladies Honour

THE blushing morning gan no sooner appeare from the desired bed of her old paramor, and remembring hir of hir *Cephalus*, watered the bosome of sweete floures with the christal of hir teares: but both the armies (awaked by the harmonie of the birds, that recorded their melody in euery bush, began to arme them in their tents, and speedily visit their trenches: Among the rest the two emperors (the one, *Protomachus* of *Mosco*, the other, *Artosogon* of *Cusco*) considering with themselves, the care Princes ought to haue that commaund multitudes; the prefixed houre of their fight alreadie arriued, sodainely armed themselues, commanding their corronels by sound of trumpet to draw out their companies into the plain: Then marched forth ech squadron, deaffing the aire with their cries, dimming the sunne with the reflexion of their costly curets, their high lookes promised happy forwardnes, and their haughtie hearts were portraied in their dreadlesse demeane. At the last embattailed in due order, the pikemen in a *Macedonian* phalanx, the horsemen in their out-wings, the shot as gards to the pikes, al as protectors of their colours, the fatall charge was sounded, and both the armies marched forward to incounter: (when sodainly an old man, whose sober lookes betokened his seuere thoughts, whose morneful garments, shadowed, his melancholie minde,) bearing the Image of the Gods, (whom he most honoured) betweene his armes, and the

homage a true subiect ought to haue in his heart, thrust himselfe betweene both the armies, when sending many sighes from his breast to famous pittie, and teares from his eies to moue compassion, he fixed both his hands on their knees (who were neerely encountered to enter combate) and began in their termes to perswade both the monarchs (whilst both the armies withdrew their weapons, to giue diligent attention to his words:) Stay your vnbridled furies, O you Princes, and let not the world say, that you who were borne to be the defenders of the monarchies, are (through your il-gouerned furies) become the destroyers of mankinde. Whereto tendeth this your vniust armes? if for your priuate grudges; oh how fond are you, that to reuenge your mislikes, are the murtherers of many innocents? If to enlarge your signiories; oh how vaine are you, that seek to attaine that with bloud, which you must keepe with care; that labor to sell that with stripes, which you haue bought with peace; that trauel to loose your own estates and signiories, for alitle name of souerainty? Heare me O you Princes (nay rather be aduised by me:) you haue spent huge treasures, made many widdowes, lost three yeares, and for what I pray you? for the right of one citie, the whole confines and reuenewes whereof is not sufficient to acquit for one moneth of your charges: O vnhappy *Mantinea*, the cause of such hartburning: O lawles name of seigniory, the occasion of such sorrows. Heare what *Plutarch* saith, Ye potentates, there is no warre that taketh head amongst men, but of vice: for either the loue of pleasure, either couetousnes, ambition or desire of rule, prouoketh the same. If this be true, as it is most certaine, why blush you not (Princes) to behold your owne follies? why reconcile you not to amend your

misdeedes? If you say there are more pleasures in *Mantinea*, then in your seueral countries, you detract from whole prouinces, to make proud one poore cittie: and if it were, what a vaine thing is it, that such as are in authority should purchase a priuate delight by publike danger? *Plato* being demanded why he praised the *Lydians* so much, and dispraised the *Lacedemonians* so highly, answered thus: If I commend the *Lydians*, it is for that they were neuer occupied but in tilling the field: and if I do reproue the *Lacedemonians*, it is because they knew nothing else but to conquer Realmes: so vertuous a thing hath it bin held by the learned to maintaine peace, and to shunne occasions of contention. If you will be held vertuous and monarchies (as I wish you should be) desire nothing to the domage of your common weales, leſt in satisfying your owne humors ye subuert your subiects happines. If for couetousnes ye hunt after conqueſts, how vaine are you, labouring like mad men to lay more ſtraw on your houses to burn them, and caſt more water on the sea to drowne it? Couetousnes is an affection that hath no end, an extreame that hath no meane, a profit full of preiudice. Wel said *Ariſtotle* in his Politikes, there is no extreme pouertie but that of couetousnes. If for ambitiõ, wel may ye weep with *Alexander*, to be laughed at, practise with *Zenos*, to repent with him: for in desiring beyond your reach, you fall besides your hopes. But if all these euills be growen to one head, if your incontinencie in desire, your excessiue thirſt after pleasure, your couetous longing after riches, your ambitious hunting after seignioritie, haue occasioned this warre; subdue these errors in your selues for your subiects sakes: and sith *Protomachus* hath one daughter, and no more to inherit

Mosco, and *Artosogon* one sonne and heire to suceede in the Empire of *Cusco*, let both these be ioyned together in happie matrimonie: so shall the cause of this different be quicklie decided, your selfe may roote out your ingrafted errors, your subiects enioy their desired peace, and finally, your Children shal haue greater cause to praise their fathers foresight, then to repent hereafter their vniuſt furie. Hereunto I coniure you, O you Princes, by these holy gods, whom you honour, by these hoarie haires which you should reuerence, leſt your subiects hereafter ruinated through your rashnes, haue rather occasion to curse you then commend you. In *Octauius Cæsars* time, each one thought himselfe fortunate to be borne vnder his emperie, and him happie that maintained his prouince in peace: so let it be said of you (good Princes) and leaue you such memorie to your succession: then shall I thinke my selfe happie in my perswasions, and you shall be famous to all poſteritie.

No sooner had he ended his oration, but both the emperors resolued, by his reasons, and pacified by the perswasions of their nobilitie (who after long debate and consultation, and cheare behoouefull) drew to an accord: wherein it was concluded, that *Arsadachus* the youthful heire of *Cusco* shoulde bee sent to the emperor of *Mosco*, where, (considering the worthines of his court) he shuld find fit companions, and apply himself to fancie, being continually in the presence of his faire *Margarita*: finally (after the decease of both the Princes) it was enacted that both *Mantinea* and the whole empire, should remaine to *Arsadachus*, and *Margarita* and their heires for euer. These articles thus concluded vpon, both the campes brake up; the braue knights who to-

fore time delighted in tossing of lances, now haue no other pleasure but in talking with faire Ladies, the souldiers sword, was changed to a husbandmans sithe; his gay Curets, to a grey frocke; the gates which beforetime were shut againſt foes, were now opened to all sorts as vnsuspected friends: Such libertie followeth peace, exempted from the tyranny of warre. *Artosogon* withdrew his folowers to his owne frontires, and returning to his court, made honourable prouision for his sonne *Arsadachus* to send him to *Moscouia*. *Protomachus* (after he had rewarded each souldier according to his desert) withdrew himselfe to the caſtel of that aged father, who had so faithfully councelled him, (yeelding him for rewarde the dukedome of *Volgradia*, the chiefeſt place of honor through all *Moscouy*) whither, as to the open theater of al delights, the nobility and ladies resorted, among the which the chiefeſt, faireſt, and chaſteſt *Margarita*, presented her selfe, reioycing at the happie reconcilement: where being resolued by hir father of y^e^ contract that was concluded upon, with blushes at firſt shewed hir modeſtie, and with obedience at laſt condescended to his minde. In this rare fortresse of *Arsinous* (scituate by a gratious and siluer floting riuer, inuironed with curious planted trees to miniſter shade, and sweete smelling floures, to recreate the sences; besides the curious knots, the daintie gardin plots, the rich tapeſtrie, the royall attendance) *Protomachus* found as euident signes of high spirit, as of huge expence: at the entrance, of his chamber (which had a prospect into a delicious garden in which al sorts of birds inclosed in a Cage of chriſtall recorded their harmonies, whilſt the gentle fall of a bubling fountaine seemed to yeeld a sweet and murmuring consent to their musicke) was

placed that sentence of *Drusius Germanicus* which he carried alwayes ingraued in his ring.

Illis eſt grauis fortuna quibus eſt repentina.

About the walles of the chamber in curious imagerie were the seuen sages of Greece, set forth with their seueral vertues, eloquently discouered in *Arabicke* verses: The bed appointed for the prince to reſt himselfe, was of blacke Ebonie enchased with Rubies, Diamons and Carbuncls, made in form of an arch, on which by degrees mans ſtate from infancie to his olde age was plainly depictured, and on the teſterne of the bed the whole contents of the same moſt sagelie deciphered in these verses.

Humanæ Miseriæ discursus.

O whereof boaſteth man, or by what reason
Is filthy clay so much ambitious?
Whose thoughts are vaine, and alter euery season,
Whose deedes are damned, base, and vitious,
Who in his cradle by his childish crying
Presageth his mishaps and sorrowes nying.

An infant firſt from nurces teat he sucketh
With nutriment corruption of his nature:
And from the roote of endlesse errour plucketh
That taſte of sinne that waites on euery creature,
And as his sinewes firme his sinne increaseth,
And but till death his sorrow neuer ceaseth.

In riper yeares when youthly courage raineth,
A winters blaſt of fortunes lowring changes,

A flattering hope wherein no truſt remaineth,
A fleeting loue his forward ioy eſtranges:
Atchiue he wealth, with waſtefull wo he bought it,
Let ſubſtance faile, he grieues, and yet he sought it.

In ſtaied yeares when as he seekes the gleanings
Of those his times in ſtudious Artes beſtowed,
In summe, he oft misconſtrueth wise-mens meanings,
Soiling the spring from whence his science flowed,
In all he gaines by perfect iudgement gained,
A hate of life that hath so long remained.

From height of throne to abiect wretchednesse,
From woonderous skill to seruile ignorance:
From court to cart, from rich to rechlesnesse,
The ioyes of life haue no continuance:
The king, the caitife wretch, the lay, the learned,
Their crowns, woes, wants, and wits with griefe haue erned.

The Iudgement seate hath brawles, honour is hated,
The souldiers life is dayly thrall to danger,
The marchants bag by tempeſts is abated,
His ſtocke ſtill serues for prey to euery ſtranger,
The scholler with his knowledge learnes repent,
Thus each eſtate in life hath discontent.

And in these trades and choice eſtates of liuing,
Youth ſteales on manly ſtate, and it on age,
And age with weakned limmes, and mind misgiuing,
With trembling tongue repenteth youthly rage,
And ere he full hath learnd his life to gouerne,
He dies, and dying doth to duſt returne.

His greateſt good is, to report the trouble
Which he in prime of youth hath ouerpaſſed,
How for his graines of good he reapt but ſtubble,
How loſt by loue, by follies hew disgraced,
Which whilſt he counts, his sonne perhaps attendeth,
And yet his dayes in selfe like follies endeth.

Thus mortall life on sodaine vanisheth,
All like a dreame, or as the shadow fleeteth,
When sunne his beame from subſtance banisheth,
Or like the snow at once that dries and fleeteth,
Or as the rainebow which by her condition
Liues by the Sunnes reflect and opposition.

Thus life in name is but a death in beeing,
A burthen to the soule by earth intangled:
Then put thou off that vaile that lets thy seeing,
O wretched man with many torments mangled,
Since neither childe, nor youth, nor ſtaid, nor aged,
The ſtormes of wretched life may be asswaged.

And with the Egyptian midſt thy delicates
Present the shape of death in euery member,
To make thee know the name of all eſtates:
And midſt thy pompe thy nying graue remember,
Which if thou doſt, thy pride shall be repressed,
Since none before he dies is perfect blessed.

Thus sumptuous was the lodging of *Protomachus*, but far more glorious the chamber of *Margarita* which seemed from the firſt day to be fashioned to her affections, for ouer the entrance of the doores was drawen and carued out of curious white marble, the faire god-

desse of chaſtitie blushing at the sodaine interception of *Acteon*, and her naked nymphes, who with the one hand, couering their owne secret pleasures with blushes, with the other caſt a beautifull vaile ouer their miſtresse daintie nakednes: the two pillers of the doore were beautified with the two *Cupids* of *Anacreon*, which well shaped modeſtie often seemed to whip leſt they should growe ouer wanton: no sooner was the inward beauties of the chamber discouered, but the worke wrought his wonder, and the wonder it selfe was equalled by the worke, for al the chaſte Ladies of the world, inchased out of siluer, looking through faire mirrours of chrisolites, carbuncles, saphires and greene Emeraults, fixed their eies on the picture of eternitie, which fixed on the toppes of a teſterne, seemed with a golden trumpet to applaud to them al: in the tapiſtrie (beutified with gold, and pearle) were the nine Muses curiously wrought, who from a thicket beheld amorous *Orpheus* making the trees leape through his laments, and as he warbled his songs the flouds of *Hebrus* ſtaied their sources; and the birds that beheld their comfort, began likewise to carrol. It was ſtrange to thinke, and more ſtrange to behold, in what order Art matched with nature, and how the lymning painter had almoſt exceeded nature in life, sauing that the beauteous faces wanted breath, to make them aliue, not cunning to proue them liuely. Thus was both the emperor and his daughter lodged, wanting neither delights of hunting, nor other princely plesures, to entertain them: so curious was the good olde man, in pleasing his emperor and maſter. But among al other courtly delights *Margarita* met not the leaſt, who in this caſtle found a companion to accompanie hir in life, and a chaſte maide to attend her in

loue, who (beside hir education, which was excellent, hir virtues such as equalled excellence, hir beuty so rare as exceeded both) was beloued by a noble lord of *Moscouy*, who for his singularities in poetry, and science in feats of arms, was rather the seignior, then second of al the empire. The enterchange of which affections was so conformable to the fancies of the princesse, that she, who was ordained to be the miracle of loue, learnd by them and their maners the true methode of the same: for when *Minecius* courted his *Philenia*, *Margarita* conceited her *Arsadachus*; and by perceiuing the true heart of the one, supposed the perfect habite of the other. If at any time cause of discourtesie grew betwixt *Philenia* and her friend, *Margarita* salued it, hoping by that means to sacrifice to Loue, to gratifie him in her fortunes, which were to succeede. How often would she make *Minecius* deserts excellent by her praise, and he his *Philenia* famous by his poetrie? It was a world to see in them, that when loue waxed warm, those louers waxed wittie, the one to command, the other to consent: if at any time *Minecius* wrote an amorous sonnet, *Margarita* should see it: and if at any time *Margarita* read a sonet she would commend it to satisfie *Philenia*, and in that *Arsinous* (the father through the good opinion of *Protomachus* the Emperour, thought not amisse of the marriage betweene his daughter and the *Moscouite*,) he rather furthered then frouned on their pastimes: and *Minecius* hauing achiued her father and intangled the daughter in fancie, sought all meanes possible to satisfie her delights; sometimes therefore under a pastorall habite he would hide him in the groues and woods where the Ladies were accustomed to walke, where recording a ruthful lay as they passed by; hee through his

harmonie, caused them beleeue that the tree tattled loue, and such was his method in his melancholy fancies, that his coate was accordant to his conceit, and his conceit the miracle of conceits: among the reſt these of no small regard, I haue thought good in this place to regiſter, which though but few in number are worthie the noting. Firſt being on a time melancholy by reson of some mislikes of his miſtris he wrote these sonets, in imitation of *Dolce* the Italian, and presented them in presence of the Princes *Margarita*, who highly commended them, ouer the top whereof he wrote this in great Roman letters.

PIETATI.

If so those flames I vent when as I sigh,
Amidſt these lowly vallies where I lie,
Might finde some meanes by swift addresse to flie
Vnto those Alpine toplesse mountaines high:

Thou shouldſt behold their Icie burthens thawe,
And crimson flowers adorne their naked backs,
Sweete roses should inrich their winter wracks,
Againſt the course of kind and natures lawe.

But you faire Ladie see the furious flame,
That through your will deſtroyes me beyond measure,
Yet in my paines me thinkes you take great pleasure,
Loth to redeeme or else redresse the fame:
Nor hath your heart compassion of mine illes,
More cold then snow, more hard then Alpine hils.

The other was this which seemed to be written with more vehemencie of spirit, and farre greater melan-

cholie, which in a shepheards habite, sitting vnder a Mirtle tree he had mornfully recorded in the presence of his mistresse.

PIETATI.

O desarts be you peopled by my plaints,
And let your plantes by my pure teares be watred,
And let the birds whom my sad mone acquaint,
To heare my hymnes haue harmonie in hatred.

Let all your sauage citizens refraine,
To haunt those bowers where I my woes bewray,
Let none but deepe dispaire with me remaine,
To haste my death when hope doth will me stay.

Let rocks remoue for feare they melt to heare me,
Let Eccho whist for dread shee die to answere:
So liuing thus where no delights come neere me,
My manie mones more moouing may appeare:
And in the depth of all when I am climing,
Let loue come by, see, sigh, and fall a crying.

This mourning passion pleased the ladies very highly, especially *Philenia*, who thought her selfe no little blessed to bee thus beloued: among the rest they gaue this that follows his deserued commendation; for being written in the desolate season of the yeare, and the desperate successe of his earnings, being so applied to his affects, and accordant with the yeares effects, (in my minde) deserueth no small good liking.

With Ganimede now ioines the shining sunne,
And through the world displaise his chiller flame,

Cold, frost, and snow, the meddowes, and the mountaines
Do wholie blend, the waters waxen Ice:
The meades want flowers, the trees haue parched leaues,
Such is the dolie season of the yeare.

And I in coldest season of the yeare,
Like to a naked man before the Sunne,
Whilest drought thus dwels in herbes and dried leaues,
Consume my selfe, and in affections flame
To cinders fall: ne helpes me frost or ice
That falles from off these Snow-clad cloudie mountains.

But when as shades new clothe againe the mountaines,
And daies wax long, and warmer is the yeare,
Then in my soule fierce loue congeales an Ice,
Which nor the force of fierce enflamed sunne
May thaw, nor may be moult with mightie flames,
Which frost doth make me quake like Aspen leaues.

Such time the windes are whist, and trembling leaues,
And beast grow mute reposing on the mountaines,
Then when aslaked beene the heauenly flames,
Both in the waine and prime tide of the yeare:
I watch, I warde, vntil the new sprung sunne,
And hope, and feare, and feele both cold and Ice.

But when againe her morrow-gathered Ice
The morne displaies, and frostieth drouping leaues,
And day renewes with rising of the sunne,
Then wailful forth I wend through vales and mountaines:
Ne other thought haue I day, moneth, and yeare,
But of my first the fatall inward flames.

Thus loue consumes me in his liuely flames,
Thus loue doth freeze me with his chillie Ice,
So that no time remaines me through the yeare
To make me blithe: ne are there any leaues:
Through al the trees that are vpon the mountaines,
That may conceale me from my sweetest sunne.

First shall the sunne be seene without his flame,
The wintred mountaines without frost or ice,
Leaues on the stones ere I content one yeare.

This written in an amorous and more plausible vaine (as that which most pleased the Ladies) and was not of least worth, I haue set downe last.

O curious Gem how I enuie each while,
To see thee play vpon my Ladies paps,
And heare those Orbes where Cupid layes his traps
From whence a gratious Aprill still doth smile.

And now thou plaist thee in that Garden gentill,
Twixt golden fruite and neere her heart receiuest
Thy rest, and all her secret thoughts conceiuest
Vnder a vaile faire, white, diuine, and subtill.

Ye gentle pearles where ere did nature make you?
Or whether in Indian shoares you found your mould,
Or in those lands where spices serue for fuell:
Oh if I might from out your essence take you,
And turne my selfe to shape what ere I would,
How gladly would I be my Ladies Iewell?

Many such like were deuised by *Minecius*, and allowed by *Philenia*, thorow which, Loue, that had newe

burgend his wings, began to flie, and being shut in close embers, brake out to open fire: so that like the *Alcatras* that scenteth farre, *Philenia* consented to yeeld him fauour who sought it, knowing that his wit like the rose being more sweet in the bud then in the floure would beſt fit her: and as the hearb *Ephemerus* that hath in his spring a sweete and purple floure, but beeing of tenne dayes growth conceiueth nothing of beauty, but is replenished with barrennesse, so course of time woulde change him; she made choice of him, since in that eſtate of life wherein he then liued, was fashioned to all pleasures, and disfurnished of no perfection, she knew him moſt meeteſt to enioy hir beautie, and moſt accordant to possesse her marriage bed.

But leaue we *Philenia* delighted in her *Minecius*, *Margarita* applauding them both, *Protomachus* conuersing with *Arsinous*, and the whole courtely traine of *Mosco* liuing in their content; and let vs haue an eie to *Cusco* and the emperour thereof, who no sooner arrived in this court, but like the good gardner, knowing his time to plant; like the fortunate husband well trained to yoake and plough, learned of *Trifolium*, who lifteth vp her leaues againſt tempeſt; and the emet, who by her prouision and trauel foretelleth a showre and trouble that followeth, thought good (hauing beene taught by experience to take the opportunitie, knowing that princes and monarchs mindes are moſt subiect to alterations, according to the humours of their counsailes) to send his sonne *Arsadachus* to *Mosco*: whereupon furnishing him with princely attendance and great treasures, he set him forward on his way, and at his laſt farewel, tooke his leaue of him in this fatherly and kingly manner: My sonne, as thou art yoong in yeres, so haſt thou

yong thoughts, which if thou gouerne not with discretion, it will be the cause of thy deſtruction. Thou art leauing thy country for an other court, thy familiars, for new friends, where the leaſt mite of follie in thee, will shew a mountaine, the leaſt blemish, a great blot. Since therefore thine inclination is corrupt; and the faults which I smother, in that I am thy father, others will smite at, being thy foes: I will counsell thee to foresee before thou fall; and to haue regarde before thy ruine. Thou art borne a Prince, which being a benefit sent from heauen, is likewise an eſtate, subiect to all vnhappinesse; for, whereas much durt is, thither come many carrions: where high fortunes, many flatterers; where the huge cedar growes, the thiſtle springeth; where the foorde is deepeſt, the fish are plentieſt; and whereas soueraigntie is, there are many seducers. Be thou therefore warie like the Vnicorne, which, for feare she should taſte poison, toucheth with her horne, before she lap it with her lippe, so seeme thou, in faining credit to those, who meane to fawne on thee in thy error, to discouer them in their flights, as the fowle *Anthias* doth the Locuſt, and preuent them in their subtilties; as the fish *Nibias* doth the sea dragon. In chusing thy friends, learn of *Auguſtus* the Romane Emperour, who was ſtrange and scrupulous in accepting friends, but changelesse and resolute in keeping them. Chuse not such companions, I pray thee, as will be drunke with thee for good fellowshippe, and double with thee in thine affaires; but use such as the thriftier sort doe by their threede-bare coates, which being without wooll, they caſt off, as things vnfit for their wearing. And especially remember these short lessons, which the shortnesse of time maketh me vtter by a word, where indeede they

require a whole dayes worke; beware of ouer-truſt, leſt you commit the sweeteſt of your life to the credite of an vncertaine tongue. Vse all such courtiers as visit you, in like manner as Goldsmiths do their mettall, who trie it by the touchstone if it be forthall, and melt it in the fire, before they vouchsafe it the fashion; so doe thou, and if they be counterfeit, they will soone leaue thee; if faithfull, they will the more loue thee. Truſt not too much to the eare, for it beguileth many; nor to the tongue, for it bewitcheth more. Strive not with time in thy affaires, but take leasure; for a thing haſtily enterprised, is more haſtily repented. In your counsailes, beware of too much affection: and in your actions be not too prowd; for the one will proue your little regard of conscience; the other the corruption of your nature. And since thou art going into a forren court, and muſt follow the direction of a second father, whose fauour if thou keepe, thou maiſt hap to be moſt famous, looke to thy selfe; for as *Plato* saith; to be a king, and to raigne; to serue, and be in fauour; to fight, and overcome, are three impossible things, and are onely diſtributed by fortune, and diſturbed by her frowardnesse in following. Therefore (*Protomachus*) seeke in all things to follow his humour; for opinion is the chiefe ſtep to preferment: and to be thought well of by the Prince, is no small profit; and if so be thou wilt please him, doe him many seruices, and giue him few words. In thy speech be deliberate, without bashfulnesse: in thy behauiour courtly, without pride; in thy apparell princely without excesse; in thy reuenges bolde, but not too bloody; in thy loue be curteous, and not troublesome, and rather deserue a becke by bashfulnesse, then a checke by overboldnesse; for many which for good nurture haue by

Ladies at firſt beene ſtroakt with the hand, haue for their impudencie afterwardes bin kickt out with the heele, or at leaſtwise thruſt out by the head. Let it not be said of thee as it was of *Hanibal* among the Carthaginians, that thou neither giue that which thou promiſeſt to thy friends, neither keepeſt any couenant with thine enemies; leſt through the one thou be accompted without faith, through the other vnworthy life. Faine would I speake more (my sonne) but time suffereth me not: wherefore I pray thee by our gods, who gaue thee me, haue respect vnto my counsailes, leſt thou grieue me; for better is a sonne loſt in the cradle, then lewd and dissolute in the kingdome. This saide, the old Emperour *Artosogon* with piteous teares watered the cheekes of his corrupt sonne *Arsadachus*, and committing him to the conduct of his followers, and his presence to the hands of the chiefe peeres, he carefully (suspecting the worſt) returned to his court.

Arsadachus being thus deliuered of his father, fedde himselfe with his owne naturall follies; and as the bird *Lenca* flying toward the south foretelleth ſtormes; euen so his lewd thoughts aimed at nothing, but wickednesse were the euident signes of his ſiniſter behauiour: for being well shaped by nature, there was not any man more eſtranged from nurture; so that it was to be feared, that he should sooner want matter to execute his dishoneſt mind vpon, then a dishoneſt mind to execute any lewd matter: for among the traine appointed by his father to attend him, he took no delight but in those who were moſt lasciuious, who miniſtring the occasions, bred in him an earneſt desire to do ill. His crueltie he shadowed with a kind of courtly seueritie; his luſt vnder the title of loue; his treasons under the pretext of

true meaning: so like the faire lillie he cloaked his ſtincking scent with his white leafe; and like the bird *Acanthus* liuing among thornes, hee tooke no other pleasure then to conuerse among vnthrifts. The graue counsellers appointed him by his father he set light by: and like a second *Cataline* rather honoured him that did inuent newe mischiefe, then countenance those who did perswade him from his corrupt manners. From this so sowre a ſtocke what fruit may be expected but crabbes? from so lewd beginnings, how lamentable issues? At laſt, arriuing in *Mosco*, he was informed of the emperours being in the caſtle of *Arsinous*: whervpon addressing himselfe thither according to the mightinesse of his eſtate, he was by *Protomachus* entertained royally, who receiuing the presents of *Artosogon*, returned them backe, who brought them with high rewards, chusing among al the princely gentlemen of his court, those for to accompany *Arsadachus* who were vertuously disposed and wel indewed. Among the reſt *Minecius* was appointed chiefe, whom *Margarita* highly truſted by reason of the trial *Philenia* had made of him. But among all other subtile demeanours in Court, this one was moſt to be admired, that *Arsadachus* shoulde make signes of great deuotion toward *Margarita*, and deluded her with moſt hatefull doublenesse; it was wonderfull to see him counterfet sighes, to faine loue, dissemble teares, to worke treasons, vow much, performe little; in briefe, vow al faith, and performe nothing but falshoode. *Margarita* (poore princesse) thinking all that golde which glittered; the ſtone pretious, by reason of his faire foile; the water shallowe, by reason of his milde silence, truſted so long, vntil she perished in her truſt, wholy ignorant that loue is like the sea-ſtarre, which whatso-

euer it toucheth it burneth: for knowing the resolution of her father, the conclusion of the nobilitie, she beganne to ſtraine her thoughts to the higheſt reach, fancying euery motion, wincke, becke, and action of the Cuscan Prince, in such sort as that (aſſiſted by the vertuous, conſtant, and vnspotted simplicitie of her nature) she seemed not to suspect whateuer she saw, nor to count it wrong, howsoeuer shee endured. Among all other the counsellers of this yoong and vntoward heire (about that time the flame of his follie long time smothered, beganne to smoake, besides his owne countriemen, which were *Brasidas*, *Capaneus*, and other) there liued a great Prince in the court of *Protomachus*, who delighted rather to flatter then counsell, to feede corruptions then purge them, who had *Macheuils* prince in his bosome to giue inſtance, and mother *Nana* the Italian bawd in his pocket to shew his artificall villanies. This Thebion being in high account with the Emperour for his ripe wit, was quickely entertained by this vngracious Prince for his cunning wickednesse; who where *Arsadachus* was prone by nature to doe ill, neuer ceased to miniſter him an occasion of doing ill. For, perceiuing one day how with ouer-luſtful eies y^e^ yong prince beheld *Philenia*, egged him onward which had too sharp an edge, vsing old prouerbs to confirme his odious discourses and purposes: to be briefe, *Arsadachus* perceiuing *Philenia* and *Margarita* alwayes conuersant, resorted often to them, giuing the Emperours daughter the hand for a fashion, whileſt *Arsinous* darling had the heart for a fauour. And the better to cloke this corruption, he vsed *Minecius* with more then accuſtomed familiarity, seeming to be very importunate in his behalfe with *Philenia*, where indeede he only sought opportun-

itie to discouer his owne loue. Whereuppon beeing one day desired by *Minecius* to worke a reconcilement betweene him and his miſtresse, by reason he knew him to be both eloquent and learned; hee taking the occasion at a certaine feſtiuall, whileſt *Minecius* courted *Margarita*, to withdraw *Philenia* to a bay window in the caſtle, which ouerlooked the faire fieldes on euery side; where taking her by the hand he beganne thus:

Beautifull *Philenia*, if I knew you as secret as you are sage, I would discouer that to you in wordes, which I couer in my heart with sighes. If it bee loue, great prince, (saide *Philenia* little suspecting his treacherie) you may commend it to my eare, in that it is setled in this heart; as for silence, it is louers science, who are as curious to conceale, as cunning to conceiue: and as Hunters carrie the feather of an Egle againſt thunder, so louers beare the hearbe *Therbis* in their mouthes, which hath the vertue to ſtay the tongue from discourse whileſt it detaineth the heart with incredible pleasure. If it be so saide *Arsadachus*, blushing very vehemently (for natures sparkes of hope were not as yet altogether ruinated) I will holde Ladies weakenesse for worth, and disclose that secret which I thought to keep close. And what is that quoth *Philenia?* Loue saide *Arsadachus*, it is loue, and there hee pawsed. Loue, my Lord (quoth the Lady) why it is a passion full of pleasure, a god full of goodnes; and truſt me, *Margarita* hath of late dayes ſtollen him from his mother at *Paphos*, to make him her play-fellow in *Mosco*, she proineth his winges euerie day, and curleth his lockes euerie houre; if he crie, she ſtilles him vnder your name, if he be wanton, she charmes him, with thinking on you: since then she hath the sicknesse in her hand, that loueth you in her heart;

complaine not of loue since you command it. Here *Arsadachus* vnable to endure the heate of affection, or conceale the humour that reſtrained him, brake off hir discourse in this sort: Ah *Philenia*, if I did not hope, that as the hard oake nourisheth the soft silke-worme; the sharpe beech bringeth forth the sauourie ches-nut, the blacke *Bdellium* sweete gumme; so beautiful lookes concealed pittifull hearts, I would surffet in my sorrowes to the death, rather then satisfie thee in my discourse. But hoping of thy silence (*Philenia*) I wil disclose my minde: I loue *Philenia*; faire *Philenia*, I loue thee; as for *Margarita*, though she cherish beauty in her bosome, thou incloseſt him in thy beutie; she may haue his feathers, but thou his fancies; she may please him well, but thou onely appease him. You do speake Greeke *Arsadachus* (saide *Philenia*) I vnderſtand you not, I will paraphrase on it then (quoth the Prince) to make it plainer (for now occasion had emboldned him.) I come not to pleade a reconcilement for *Minecius*, as you suppose, but remorse for my selfe (sweete madam) on set purpose, for vpon you (faire madam) dependeth my life, in your handes conſiſteth my libertie; your lookes may deifie my delights; your loures dare me with discontents. I pray thee therefore, deere *Philenia*, by those chaſte eies (the earneſt of my happines) by this faire haire (the miniſter of all fauours) take compassion of *Arsadachus*, who being a prince, may preferre thee, and an emperour, wil loue thee: as for *Margarita*, let *Minecius* and her accord them, for onely I will make thee empresse, and she may make *Minecius* Emperour. *Philenia* vnable to indure his diuelish and damned assaults, flang from him with this bitter and sharpe answere: Did not my promise locke vppe these lippes (thou iniurious Prince) thy doublenes

shoulde be as well knowne in this Court as thy name; but since my promises haue made thee presumptuous, I will heereafter heare before I answere, and trie before I truſt. Is this the faith thou beareſt to *Margarita*? thy friendship thou voweſt to *Minecius*, to falsifie thy faith to one, and delude the truſt of the other? Hence, poisoned, because I abhorre thee; and if heereafter thou haunt me with these lewd and lecherous salutes, truſt me, the Emperour shall know thy treasons, and others shall bee reuenged on thee for thy treacheries. This saide, she thruſt into the company of other Ladies, leauing him altogether confused: yet being made confident, by reason of her promise, he withdrew himselfe to his chamber, where tossing his licentious limmes on his soft bed, he fed on his desperate determination, till *Thebion* and *Brasidas* (the one a Cuscan, and the other a Moscouian, both of his dissolute counsell) entred his chamber: who after they had sounded the cause of his sorrowes, and the manner of the disease, quickly ministred the methode of curing it: for the day of *Minecius* marriage being at hand, and the nuptiall feaſt ordained the Monday following: they seeing the grounded affection of the Prince, concluded this; by the death of *Minecius* to miniſter *Arsadachus* his remedie, the complot whereof they layde in this sort: that (where in Mosco it was accuſtomed, that such nobles as married yong heires in their fathers house, shoulde after the ioyning of hands conduct them to their owne caſtles, there to accomplish the feſtiualles;) *Arsadachus* and they his counsellers with the assiſtance of their followers should lie in wait in the woodes of Mesphos, by which *Minecius* and his bride should needly passe, where they might surprise *Philenia*, and murther *Minecius*.

Arsadachus too toward in all tyranny, no sooner conceiued the manner, then consented to the murther: and hauing a subtile and preuenting wit (and being very carefull howe to acquit himselfe of the matter) he asked *Thebion* how he should answere *Protomachus*. Tut said he, feare not that, for in the enterprise you shall be disguised, and *Brasidas* here your true counseller shall onely take the matter on him, and flee into Cusco, where your credit can countenance him against all iustice: for your selfe, fashion your minde for these few dayes to please *Margarita*, to appease *Philenia*, to further *Minecius*; seeme likewise discontented with your former motions, so shall you rid suspect in them, and be more readie in your selfe to effect; seeme now to be more deuout to the gods then euer, for this opinion of deuotion is a great step to performe any waighty action: for where we offer much to the gods who are most pure, our actions are least suspected; and reuenge is better performed in the Temple where wee pray, then in the field where wee fight: for the offender in that place trusteth sufficiently to his forces, wherein the defender presumeth too much on his deuotion. Tut the king that nipt *Acsculapius* by the beard, gaue instance to those that follow to gripe the enemie by the heart. But (mightie prince) I must ende with &c. *Arsadachus* knowing the cloth by the list, the bill by the *Item*, the steele by the marke, and the work by the words, with a smile commended that which was concluded; and thereupon hasted to Court, where finding *Margarita*, *Philenia*, and *Minecius* in the priuie garden, he counterfeiting maruellous melancholie, hauing his coate sutable to his conceit, presented both the Ladies with this melancholie, which *Minecius* ouerreading most highly commended.

My words, my thoughts, my vowes,
Haue soild, haue forſt, haue ſtainde,
My tongue, my heart, my browes.

My tongue, my heart, my browes,
Shall speake, shall thinke, shall smile,
Gainſt words, gainſt thoughts, gainſt vowes.

For words, for thoughts, for vowes,
Haue soiled, wrongde, and ſtained,
My tongue, my heart, my browes.

Whereon henceforth I sweare:
My words, my thoughts, my vowes,
So vaine, so vile, so bace,
Which brought, my tongue, heart, browes,
To ſhame, repulse, disgrace.

Shall euermore forbeare,
To tempt that brow, that heart, that tongue, so holy,
With vows, with thoughts, with words, of too great folly.

Margarita ouerreading this sonet, supposed it to be some melancholie report of his prettie wanton discourses with her, whereupon she spake thus: *Arsadachus* were I the prieſt to confesse you, you should haue but small pennance; since in loue (as *Philoſtratus* saith) *Cupid* dispenseth with an oth, and words are good weapons to winne women, but if either of these haue defaulted in you, blush not, they shall be borne withal, for as the Mole hath foure feete and no eies; so a louer may be borne withall, for one maiſtaking among a many ver-

tues: to be briefe as the Logicians say passion is no more but the effect of action, the one whereof I haue gathered in these lines, the other thou muſt shew in thy life: this said she ceased, and *Philenia* blushed. *Minecius* to cut off these mute melancholies of his miſtresse gaue the dagger a new haft, turning ouer the leafe to a second discourse, miniſtring *Arsadachus* by that meanes occasion to court *Margarita*, and himselfe opportunitie to pacifie *Philenia*, who by the carriage of her eie, shewed the discontent of her mind. In short words *Arsadachus* so behaued himselfe with his Miſtresse, that neither *Tiberius* for his eie, neither *Octauius* for his affabilitie, neither *Alexander* for his scarre, nor *Cicero* for his mole, were so much commended, and noted, as the yong Cuscan was for his behauior. Lord how demurely would he loooke, when he thought moſt deuillishly? how could he fashion himself to haunt there, where he did moſt hate? to smooth choler vnder colour of friendship? so that *Margarita*, laughed for ioy, to see his grauitie, *Minecius* admired to behold his demeanour; but *Philenia* miſtruſted his double and sinister subtilties. In a word, as the day succeedeth the night, and the shutting vp of the euening, is followed by the serenitie of the morning, so time passed, so long, til the present day aproched, wherein the marriage was to be solemnised: whereon the emperor (the more to dignifie the nuptials) countenanced the marriage with his presence. Thither likewise resembled the flower of the nobilitie and Ladies; among whom *Margarita* was not leaſt sumptuous, for on that day hir apparel was so admirable, hir cariage and behauior so execelent, that had the wiseſt *Cato* beheld her, he would haue in some parte dismissed his ſtoical seueritie: hir golden haires curled in rich

knots, and enterlaced with rich bands of diamonds and rubies, seemed to ſtaine *Apollos* golden bush; enuirond with hir wreath of chriſolites, her eies like pure carbuncles, seemed to smile on the roſes of her cheekes, which conſorted with the beautie of the lillie, made her beutie more excelent, her eies, briars like the net of *Vulcan*, polished out of refined threeds of fine ebonie, her alablaſter neck was encompassed with a coller of orient perle, which seemed to smile on her teeth when she opened her mouth, claiming of them some conſanguinitie; her bodie was apparrelled in a faire loose garment of greene damaske, cut vpon cloth of tissue, and in euerie cut, was inchased a moſt curious Iewell, wherein al the escapes of Iupiter, the wanton delights of *Venus*, and the amorous deceits of *Cupid* were cunningly wrought. Thus attired, she attended the bride, being hir selfe waited on by a troupe of beautifull damsels that day. *Arsadachus*, though with little deuotion accompanied the Emperour, being that day clothed in red cloth of golde, betokening reuenge. It were a vaine matter to reckon vp the order of the bridegroome, the maieſtie of his fauorers, the maner of the lords and ladies, the sumptuousnes of the feaſts and triumphs, the harmonie and musicke in the temples; sufficeth it, that by the consent of *Arcinous*, *Philenia* was betrothed to *Minecius*, who seeing the day welnigh spent, and the time conuenient to depart to his caſtell, (after he had with humble reuerence inuited the emperor, his daughter, with the other Princes the next day to his feſtival, which he had prepared in his owne house) made all things in a readines, and departed, hauing receiued by the emperor and *Arcinous*, many rich rewards. *Arsadachus* seeing the long desired houre of his delights at

hand, ſtole out of the courte in great secret to his lodging, where arming himselfe according as *Thebion* had giuen him inſtructions; and attended by *Brasidas* and other Cuscans, his truſtie followers, he presently poſted into a groue, thorow which the new married couple should needly passe, where he priuily hid himselfe and his ambush. By that time the bright and glorious light of heauen, abasing himselfe by degrees, reposed his sweatie ſteedes in the soft bosome of cleere looking *Eurotas;* and euening the fore-messenger of the night had haled some ſtarres to illuminate the hemisphere, when as *Minecius* (in the top of al his felicities) accompanied with his faire *Philenia* and other folowers, without either suspect of treason or other trouble entred the wood, and through the secretnesse thereof, hied them toward their determined abode. But al the way *Philenia* took no comfort, dreadfully suspecting the subtile dealings of *Arsinous;* and oft she sighed, and often she dropt downe lillies on the roses of her face, or rather, such sweete teares wherewith the blushing morne enchaseth the soft *Hyacinth*. *Minecius* seeing her in these passions, perswaded her vnto patience: but euen as (according to the opinion of *Aristotle*) lions, beares, eagles, griffins, and al other birds and beaſts whatsoeuer, are then more egre and cruel when they haue yong ones: so *Philenia* hauing now a second care annexed to her owne safetie, (which was for her deere husband) could not cease to perplexe her selfe, and to feare for him. Long had they not trauelled, but they discouered the ambush, and the ambush assaulted them: among which *Arsadachus* greatly disguised, as he that enuied the fortunes of *Minecius*, tooke holde on the reines of *Phileniaes* palfrey, whileſt *Thebion*, and *Brasidas*, with

others, with their naked swordes beganne to assault *Minecius* and his followers. He that hath seene the faulcon seizing his keene talents in the flesh of a sillie doue, and playing his sharp bill on her soft feathers, might haue thought on *Arsadachus*, who no sooner tooke holde on her, but pulling the maske from her face, enforced many violent kisses on her soft lips, whileſt she exclaiming on the name of *Minecius*, and crying, help, repulsed the iniuries with her white hands, which were iniuriously offred to her delicate face. *Minecius* suspecting no more then was true, and vnable to endure further violence, deemed it greater honor to die in defence of his miſtresse, then beholde the impeach of her credit, left his companions who fled, and with naked sword smote *Arsadachus* a mightie blowe on the helme, through which he ſtaggered, and loſt his hold-faſt; then renewing his miſtresse which was almoſt dead for feare, hee boldly spake thus to *Arsadachus*; Traitor, and coward, that in time of peace goeſt thus armed, and with vniuſt armes assaulteſt naked knights, if any sparke of honor raigne in thee, giue me armes and weapons; if thou seek my life, take it from me with courage like a knight, not by treason like a coward; if my Loue, I pray thee take these eies from their sight, these handes from their sense, and this tongue from his speech: for whileſt the one may see, the other fight, and the third threaten: thou shalt haue no part of that wherein my felicity is reposed; thus saying, he remounted *Philenia:* whilſt he was thus occupied, *Arsadachus* swelling with impatience after he had bin animated by his followers, replied thus: Soft (amorous sir) this is no meate for your mowing, you beſt were rather to fall to your prayers, then to vse prating, to beseech for life,

then to seech loue: for assure thy selfe, there is no way with thee but death, nor no loue for *Philenia* but mine. This said, he gaue *Minecius* a mightie ſtroake on the head, so that the blood ouerflowed his coſtly attire, and he fell to the ground. *Philenia* halfe madde with melancholie, leapt from her palfrey to comfort her paramour; and seeing the whole troope of assailants ready to charge her husband, and assured that *Arsadachus* was the chiefe of them, with such a piteous looke as *Venus* caſt on bleeding *Adonis* shee behelde *Minecius*, and wiping his wounds with one hand, and touching the knees of *Arsadachus* with the other, she spake thus: Ah Cuscan prince though thy face is shadowed, I knowe thee by these follies, though thy raiments are changed, I iudge thee by thy rashnesse, what seekeſt thou? if my fauour, it is already bequeathed: if reuenge, how base is it againſt a woman? if Minecius life, how iniurious art thou to wrong him that loues thee as his life? Ah cruell as thou art (yet would thou wert not cruel) thou knoweſt *Chrises* teares could moue *Achilles*, the one proceeding from a seely maid, the other pitied by a princely man: thou knoweſt that *Alexander* to *Campaspe*, *Pompey* to his prisoner, and other great conquerours haue rather shewed compassion then victorie, and wilt thou who art equall to all in power, be inferior to al in vertue? Ah wo is me poore *Philenia* that haue planted my affections there where they are watered with warme blood, and heape my compassion there where working teares haue no boote. I pray thee gracious prince, I pray thee be gracious: diuide not those by murther, whome the gods haue vnited by marriage: seperat not those soules by death whome the deſtinies haue appointed to liue. In speaking these words she beheld *Minecius*, who through

the grieuousnesse of his wounds, fell in a swowne: whereupon she casting off all care of life, and hope of comfort, closed her soft lippes to his, breathing the balme of her sighes into his breathlesse bodie, clapping his pale cheekes with her pretie hands, moisting his closed eies, with her christal teares, so that they who were the very authors of her sorow, gan sigh to see her ceremonies. Wilt thou hence (said she) *Minecius?* Oh stay for *Philenia*, let our soules post together to *Elizium* that on earth here may not enioy their happinesse; for nothing shall separate me from thee (my loue:) if thou do banish sight from thine eie, I will driue out blood from my heart: if thy beautie grow pale as nying death, my cheekes shall pine as seeking death: if thou faint through feeblenesse of bodie, I will default through waightinesse of discontent: and since we may not liue together, we will die together. With this *Minecius* rowsed himselfe: and *Arsadachus* inflamed, replied; *Philenia*, there is no raunsome of thy husbands life, but thy loue, nor no meanes to pacifie me, but my pleasure of thee: speake therefore, and sound the sentence of my delight, or *Minecius* destruction: which said, he approched to kisse hir: whom *Minecius* though halfe dead beganne to rescue: and *Philenia* halfe bedlam enforced her selfe in these termes: Traitor disloyall and damned leacher, since neither teares, nor tearmes will satisfie thee, vse thy tyranny (for better were it for me to be buried with honor, then bedded with infamie) do therefore thy worst, thou hated of the gods, and despised among men, for no sooner shalt thou assaile my husband, but thou shalt slaie me: each drop of his blood shall be doubled by mine: and as in life he should haue beene the shelter of mine honor, so euen in death wil I

be the shield to defend him frõ the assaults of his enemies: come therefore ye murtherers, in growing cruel to me, you wil proue pitiful: firſt take my life, that *Minecius* beholding my conſtancie, may die with more comfort. Thus cried she out with many teares; and *Minecius* disswaded her. But the time passing away, and *Arsadachus* fearing delaies, seeing all hope loſt, grew to desperate furie, so that animating his followers, they set on *Minecius*, who valiantly defended himselfe. It was a world to see, how during the conflict *Philenia* beſtirred her, letting no blow slip without the warde of her body, lying betweene the sword of the enemy for her husbands safetie, crying out on the heauens til she was wellnie hoarse with crying. At laſt *Minecius* lacking blood, *Philenia* breath, both of them entangled arme in arme, fell downe dead, leauing the memorie of their vertues to be eternized in all ages. *Arsadachus* seeing the tragedies perfourmed (not without some sighs which compassion extorted from him, as ſtrokes do fire out of hard flint) he presently sent *Brasidas* away, as it was concluded (attended by those Cuscans that followed him in the enterprise) and hee with *Thebion* speedily poſted to their lodging, both vndiscouered and vnsuspected.

By this, such as attended *Minecius* to his caſtle had with speedy flight entred the court of *Arsinous;* who certified of his daughters danger, aduised the emperour, and presently with certaine armed souldiers, poſted on to the rescouse: meane while *Protomachus* made search through al the court for such as were absent; and they that were appointed to the action entring *Arsadachus* chamber, found him in his fore sleepe: where-through

the emperour being aduertised, gan little suspect him: in like sort found they *Thebion*, only *Brasidas* was missing. In the meanewhile *Arsinous* hauing attained the place of the conflict, found both the murthered bodies sweltered in their blouds: whereupon falling from his horse in great furie, he thus exclaimed on fortune. Oh fortune, wel art thou called, the enemie of vertue, since thou neither fauoureſt such as deserue wel, nor deſtroyeſt those that performe ill; for hadſt thou not beene parciall, my daughters chaſtitie had preuented her death, and her murtherers crueltie had beene their owne confusion: woe is me that haue loſt my floure in the bud, my hope in the eare, and my haruеſt in the blossome. Ah my deere *Philenia*, deare wert thou to me, that bought thee with much care, and haue loſt thee with more: deere wert thou vnto me, who haſt coſt me many broken sleepes to bring thee vp, many carefull thoughts to beſtow thee, more fatherly teares to preuent thy ouerthrow, and now hauing reared the fortresse of my delights, the tempeſt of iniurious fortune hath destroyed it: wo is me that am carefull to publish my paines, and negligent to seeke remedy; fond am I to defie fortune from whom I cannot flie: ah *Arsinous* weep not her that may not be recalled with teares, but seeke to reuenge her; shew thy selfe rather fatherly in act, then effeminate in teares? Which said, he gouerned himselfe, causing the dead bodies honorably to be couered and conueied with him to his caſtle, where within a temple erected to chaſtitie, hee reared a faire tombe of white marble, wherein with the generall teares of the emperour and his whole court, these two faithful louers were entombed, and ouer their graues thus written:

Vertue is dead, and here she is enshrined,
Within two lifelesse bodies late deceased:
Beautie is dead, and here is faith assigned
To weepe her wracke, who when these died first ceased,
Pitie was dead when tyranny first slew them,
And heauen inioies their soules, tho earth doth rew (them,
Since beautie then and vertue are departed,
And faith growes faint to weep in these their fading,
And vertuous pitie kind and tender hearted,
Died to behold fierce furies fell inuading.

Vouchsafe ye heuens that fame may haue in keeping
Their happy and thrice blessed names, for whome
Both vertue, beautie, pittie died with weeping,
And faith is closed in this marble tombe.

This register of his loue did *Arsinous* with many teares write vpon the toombe of his deceased sonne in law and daughter, who had no sooner furnished the funeralles, but *Phidias* a page of *Philenias*, who during the mortall debate, and bloudy massacre, had hid himself in a thicket, and ouerheard the whole discourse of *Arsadachus*, repaired to the court, who calling *Arsinous* aside, with pitious teares discoursed vnto him the whole tragedy in such ruthfull manner, as that it was hard to say, whether the lad in bewraying it, or the father in hearing it, were more compassionate. The old man certified the truth, though scarce able, yet smothered his griefes, till oportunitie offered, suffering the emperour (like a wise man) to follow his owne course, who the next morning assembling his nobilitie, forgot not *Arsadachus*, who making semblance to haue but new inteli-

gence of the murther of *Minecius* and his loue, repaired to the Court in mourning apparrell, and being present when the matter was debated, seemed to weepe bitterlie, crying out on the emperour for Iuſtice, exclaiming on the iniquitie of time, the crueltie of men, and tyrany of loue. *Protomachus* was not a little pleased herewith, neither was *Margarita*, aggreeued to heare it, but *Arsinous* boyled in choler to see it: at laſt it was found out by a scarfe which *Brasidas* had let fall (and was after taken vp by one of those who fled) that he was at the murther, whereupon his absence was sufficient to conuict him, and *Arsadachus* called forth to answere for him in that he was his attendant, spake thus: Noble emperor, the gods that haue placed thee in thy kingdome, shall beare me witnes, how I grieue this accident, and willingly would reuenge it, and since my follower to my defame, hath (as it is supposed) bin a principall, vouchsafe me noble emperour licence for a time to depart to *Cusco*, where I will both discharge my choller, purge my griefe, and be so reuenged of *Brasidas* (who as I heare is fled, and by the token is guilty) as all the world shall ring of the iuſtice, and ridde me of suspicion. The emperour not hearing one that dared say his letters should suffice, endeuouring himselfe to seeke the confederates; and because by his lookes he perceiued some discontents in *Arsadachus*, he sought al the means he could to please him, and remembring himselfe (that those good deeds which are done to our self beloued, are eſteemed as to our selfe) he highly promoted *Thebion*, thinking thereby to winne the heart of *Arsadachus*, so that he pretermitted no consultations, where *Thebion* was not chiefe, neither beſtowed benefits, wherein he had no part. The yong prince measuring al this according to

the coruption of his nature, supposed these fauors were but to sound him, and that *Thebion* being wonne by benefits, would easily consent to bewray him, whereupon he conceiued a deadly hate againſt him, and perseuered it so long till he effected it in this manner to his death: For knowing that *Margarita* deerely loued him, ayming all her fashions to his fancies, hir behauiours, to his humors, he began anew to cloake with her, shewing her so vndoubted signes of assured affection, that she seemed in a paradise of pleasure, to see his pliantnes, and hauing with sweete words, trained her to his lewer, he attended such an occasion, as that he found her alone walking in the priuie garden in her meditations, (for those that loue much, meditate oft) where nying her with a courtly salute, he thus found her affection: Faire Princesse, if either my vnfained loue haue any force, or your vertuous nature true compassion, I hope both my sorrowes shal be pittied, and my discontents succored. Why what aggreeueth my deere Lord said *Margarita*? (and heartily she sighed in saying so) is either our court vnpleasant, our entertainement vnworthie, our ladies vnapt to worke your delights? beleeue me good prince, if Mosco cannot suffice to please you, *Europe* and the worlde shall be sought to satisfie you. Kinde words good madam, said *Arsadachus*, act and silence muſt content me, which if you will vnder the faith of a noble and famous princesse promise me, I shall be beades man, to pray for your happinesse, and reſt yours vnfained in all seruice and loyaltie. *Margarita* hauing gotten such an oportunitie to please him both vowed and reuowed all secrecie, swearing although it were with the hasard of hir life to do whatsoeuer him beſt liked, and conceale what so it please him to discouer, so great is the sim-

plicitie of women, who are soone led where they moſt like. *Arsadachus* finding the iron hot, thought good to ſtrike; the fruit ripe, began to gather, the floure springing, ceased not to water: and thus began to worke her. True it is madam, that where loue hath supremacie, all other affections attend on it, so that neither the eie beholdeth, neither the sent smelleth, nor the eare heareth, neither the tongue speaketh any thing, but is to the honour of the beſt beloued: this finde I true in my selfe, who since I surrendred you the fort of my fancie, finde my delights metamorphosed into yours, yet so much am I tied vnto you, as that danger which either attempteth or toucheth you, or any of yours, wholly attainteth me. The proofe wherof you may perceiue in this, that hauing heard through my intire acquaintance with *Thebion*, a certaine resolued determination in him, to make your father away, by reason of his familiar accesse to his maieſtie euerie morning, I could not choose but discouer his drift vnto you sweete Princesse, whose dangers muſt needely second your fathers subuersion. *Thebion* said *Margarita*, alas my lord what reason should moue him hereunto, since no one is more fauoured by my father then he? can fauour possibly be requited with such falshood? Doubt you it said *Arsadachus*? why madam where is greater treason, then there where is leaſt miſtruſt? vnder the cleare Chriſtall lurketh the mortall worme, vnder the greene leafe the greedie serpent, and in faireſt bosomes are falceſt hearts. Thinke not that liberallitie hath any power in depraued minds, for whereas the thoughts hant after emperie, hemd are each supposes, faith dieth, truth is exiled *nulla fides regni*, if you haue read hiſtories, you shall finde that they sooneſt haue supplanted their Princes, who haue bin leaſt sus-

pected, as may appeare by *Giges*, and other: caſt therefore hence (my deare ladie) all thought of excuse, and bethinke you of preuention; for it is greater wisedome, to see and preuent, then to heare and neglect. *Thebion* hath conspired and doth conspire, resoluing with himselfe to vsurp the empire, murther *Protomachus*, banish you; all which I haue learned of him, dissembling my affections towards you, and soothing him in his corruptions; yea so farre haue I brought him, and so neere haue I wrought it, that I can assure you to morrow morning is the laſt of your fathers life, vnlesse you preuent it. Alas my lord (said *Margarita* weeping) how may this be? Thus my sweete loue and thus it is concluded (quoth *Arsadachus*) you know he hath euerie morning of late priuate accesse vnto your fathers chamber, where being alone with him and the vnsuspected emperour in his bed, he hath resolued with his dagger to ſtabbe him to the heart; which secret, since the gods haue opened vnto me, I think good to discouer vnto thee (my deere heart) the meanes to preuent (which shall the more easily be performed if thus you worke it) no sooner let the day appeare, but in the morning betimes enter you your fathers chamber, where after you haue saluted him, you may seeme to vtter this; that in a dreame this night you were mightily troubled about his Maieſtie, and so troubled, that you thought *Thebion* entring his chamber with a hidden poiniard ſtabbed him to the heart. But what needes these circumlocutions or delaies quoth *Margarita* if the treason be so manifeſt? My lord, if it please you I will discouer it presently and plainely. The gods forbid (said *Arsadachus*) that my desires should be so hindered, for (my noble princesse) the delay I seeke, and the order I prescribe you, is ra-

ther to ground your fathers affection towards me, and get the credite of this seruice then otherwise; yea the loue I beare thee sweete Ladie; (with that hee sighed and sealed it with a kisse) for hauing by this meanes wonne fauour, both our fortunes shall be bettered, our marriage hasted, and our fames magnified.

Margarita (poore princesse) supposing all that golde that glistered, yeelded easie consent; whereupon after many amorous promises, the yong prince tooke his leaue, willing her to be carefull in the morning, and to leaue the rest of the affaires to his faithfulnesse, and thus they parted.

But marke the nature of malice (which as the poet describeth is sleepelesse, restlesse and insatiate) for *Arsadachus* being departed from *Margarita*, and earnestly bent on his reuenge, sought out *Thasilides* the page of *Thebion*, whom he so cunningly wrought with othes, gifts, and gold, that he made him both promise and practise the meanes to put a certaine scedule into the pocket of his masters gowne which he vsually ware, the which he himselfe had wrote, and wherein he behaued himselfe with such art, as that he had not only counterfeted *Thebions* hand, but also the names of al such as either he thought his fauorites, or else likely to thwart his proceedings in court, among which hee forgote not *Ctesides* a graue counseller of the emperors, who the day before was very earnest with *Protomacus* to marry his daughter, shewing him euident reasons of *Arsadachus* counterfeiting. All these things falling out according to his own deuise and fantasie, he sought out *Thebion* that night, whom he vsed with the greatest familiaritie that might be: and to insinuate the more into his fauour, hee bestowed on him a poiniard, whose pummel was a

bright carbuncle, the haft vnicorns horne, a iewell which *Thebion* had long time greatly desired, praying him of all loues to weare it for his sake; and since he was in such eſtimation to continue him in the good grace of the Emperour. *Thebion* made proud to be intreated and presented by so high a prince, promised both to weare his gift, and to winne him fauour. Wherevpon since the night was farre spent *Arsadachus* repaired to his lodging, *Thebion* to his reſt. But vaine is the hope that dependeth on the next day, and those worldly honours that doe wait on this life; for the one is preuented oftentimes by iniurious fortune, the other altered by our ouerweening miſtruſting words, actions, and desires, and shall manifeſtly appeare in the sequell of this historie. For no sooner gan bright day to chase away blacke darkenesse, and the ſtooping ſtares doe homage to the rising sunne, but *Margarita* arose, apparelling herselfe freshly like Maie, in a gowne of greene sendall, embrodered with all kind of floures in their natiue colours, and remembring her selfe of the affaire she had in hand; she vnder the conduct of loue (who is both a cunning dissembler and nice flatterer) haſted to her fathers chamber, and humbly admitted to the presence of the emperour by the groomes that attended him, (with a trembling hand, and a bashfull countenaunce: spreading the mute oratorie of her teares, vppon her blushing cheekes) she awoke him. *Protomachus* amased to see his daughters sodaine accesse, and sad countenance, began thus: How now my deere *Margarita*, what, hath loue awaked you this morning, threatning you with some apparant sorrow to make your after-good in deede more sauourie? why hangeth your countenance? why tremble your limmes? what moueth this your amasednes?

sweete maiden tell thy father. Ah my Lord (said *Margarita*) it is loue indeede that disturbes mee, but not that loue that is painted with feathers, wanton looks, that loue that whispereth affections in ladies eares, and whetteth womens wittes, making the eie traitor to the heart, and the heart betrothed to the eie; but that loue which was ingendred by nature, ordained by the heauens, attired by reuerence and duetie, and tired with nothing but death, that loue (and so speaking she wept) hath awaked me, to forewarne you. *Protomachus* somewhat vrged by these teares, rowzed himselfe on his pillow, and began more intentiuely to listen, asking her what had hapned? Ah deare father, said she, this night that is past I was greatly troubled with a grieuous dreame; me thought I saw *Thebion*, a man in high authoritie in your court, attended by many insolent rebels, who violently brake open your maiesties priuie chamber, murthered you in your bed, and dispossest me of my heritage, me thought euen then you cried vnto me; ah *Margarita* help me! and I with outcries calling for rescouse, *Arsadachus* came in hastily, who with his sword bereft *Thebion* of life, and me of feare: And so you waked and found all false (quoth the emperour) Tut, doate not on dreames, they are but fancies: and since I see (sweete daughter) that you are so troubled by night, I will shortly find out a yong prince to watch you, who shall driue away these night-sprights by his prowesse. Thus spake *Protomachus* smiling, yet smothered he suspect in his heart: for such as haue much, suspect much.

No sooner were these discourses finished, but *Arsadachus* knowing how to take his time, hastily approched the Emperors chamber, where intimating some occas-

ion of high import, he required to speake with *Protomachus*, and was presently let in. The Emperour conceiuing new suspicions vpon this second assault, beganne to misdeeme: and seeing *Arsadachus* with gaſtly lookes entring the chamber, was ready to speake vnto him when as the yong Cuscan preuented him, saying: The gods be blessed (noble Emperor) that haue by their foresight rid me of feare, and reft you of danger; for sore haue I feared leſt your maieſtie should haue perished before you had beene aduertised: Alas, why in such dangers are you vnattended vpon, when the foe is at the doore? why is not the guard in a readinesse? Ah royall Moscouite rowze thee and arise, and honour the sequele of the greateſt treason that euer was contriued. Why what tidings bringeth *Arsadachus* said *Protomachus?* Thus mighty prince (said he) yeſternight very late when I entred *Thebions* chamber vnawares, I found his page (his maſter being absent) laying certaine waſte papers out of his pocket vpon his table, perusing which, (as I was accuſtomed) by reason of the new familiaritie betweene vs, I found one among the reſt where (alas that subiects should be so seditious) there was a conspiracy signed by *Thebion*, *Ctesides*, and others (whose names I remember not) to make your mightinesse away, and *Thebion* to enioy the crowne: the maner to execute their ſtratageme, was when you leaſt suspected, this morning; at which time *Thebion* by reason of his neere familiaritie and accesse to you, should enter your chamber and murther you. This paper when I had ouer-read, I laide aside, making semblance of no suspition, resoluing this morning early to signifie the whole vnto your maieſtie, whose life is my libertie, whose happines is my honour, whose death were my

vtter ruine and detriment. *Thebion* a traitor quoth *Protomachus;* are my fauours then so smally regarded? is my curtesie rewarded with such cursednesse? Well *Arsadachus* (said he) happy art thou in bewraying it, and vnfortunate he and his confederates in attempting it, for they all shall die.

This saide, he presently attired himselfe, laying certaine of his truſtieſt gentlemen in guard behinde the tapiſtrie of his priuy closet, expecting the houre of a moſt cruell reuenge: when as sodainely *Thebion* knocked at the doore, and was presently admitted, who had scarcely said, God saue the emperour, but euen in the bending of his knees, hee was thruſt through by *Arsadachus*, and the other of the guard hearing the broile, came and mangled him in peeces, caſting the residue to the Emperours lions according as hee had appointed. *Protomachus* grudging at the sodaine death of *Thebion*, began to chide *Arsadachus* for his haſte, saying, that it was inconuenient for a subiect to be punished before hee were conuicted. Conuicted (said *Arsadachus*) why doth your grace suspect his guiltinesse? Beholde saide hee (drawing out the poinyard which *Thebion* had at his back) the inſtrumẽt that should haue slaine you, see (saide hee) taking the schedule out of his pocket the confederacie to betray you; and should such a wretch liue then to iuſtifie? No (mightie Emperour) my soule abhorres it; the care I haue of you will not suffer it; the loue I beare *Margarita* will not indure it. The Emperour ouer-reading the writing, and seeing the poinyard, gaue credible beleefe, and with teares of ioy imbracing *Arsadachus* he said thus: Ah my sonne, the gods haue blessed vs in sending vs such a friend, who hath saued mee from imminent danger, and will make me fortun-

ate by marriage, hold take thee (said he) my *Margarita*, and with her, enioy my empire; and more, take thou my loue, which is so rooted in me toward thee, that death may not vntwine it. *Arsadachus* thanked the Emperour for this fauour, and recomforted *Margarita* with sweete words, being almoſt dead to see the ſtratageme passed. Meane while the Emperour gaue present direction to hang all the other conspirators, and put them to other tortures, who presently without knowing why, or licence to answere, were tyrannously executed; so great is the tyranny of princes which are subiect to light beliefe, and led by subtil suggeſtions.

The rumour of this accident spread through the Court, moued sundry imaginations in mens minds, some praised *Arsadachus*, some suspected the practise, all feared; for whereas iuſtice sleepeth being ouerborne with tyranny, the moſt secure haue cause to feare; among the reſt *Arsinous* wept bitterly, knowing in himselfe the vertue of *Ctesides*, and remembring him of the murther of his deere *Philenia*, hee could not cease but welnie bedlam to crie out on the heauens, whose tragedie we muſt now prosecute, and leaue *Arsadachus* and his *Margarita* to their mery conceits and discourses.

Protomachus after that this late treason had beene discouered, beganne to be more warie, to keepe greater guard, and to vse *Arsinous* and the reſt of the nobilitie with lesse familiaritie, who good old man, hauing before time beene shrewdly hurt, tooke this vnkindenesse to the heart (for where greateſt loue is, there vnkindenesse is moſt grieuous) for that cause almoſt desperate he sought out the emperour, and finding opportunitie, he humbling him on his knees beganne thus: As *Traiane*

(dread Monarch) was commended in Rome for hearing poore mens complaints, so art thou condemned in Mosco for shutting thy gates against all kind of sutors, so as (nowadayes) thou heareſt by others eares, workeſt by others hands, and speakeſt by others mouthes, wherethrough iuſtice is made a nose of waxe warmed, and wrought according to all mens pleasures, and the poore are left to complaine: the which the gods (if thou repent not) wil shortly punish in thee. Beleeue me (good Emperour) such as shut their gates againſt their subiects, cause them not to open their hearts willingly to obey them; and they that norish feare in their bosoms without cause, make themselues guilty of some crime by their suspect. Wherefore flieſt thou the sight of those that loue thee? shutting thy eares leſt thou heare those complaints that haue already deaffed the heauens for equitie. O prince, looke abroad, it behooueth thee; doe iuſtice, for it becommeth thee, and heare olde *Arsinous* a haplesse father; father doe I say, being thus robbed of my children? nay a desolate caitife, and doe me right. That iuſtice becommeth thee, marke these reasons: *Homer* desirous to exalt it, could not say more, but to call kings the children of the God *Iupiter*, and not for the naturalitie they haue, but for the office of iuſtice which they miniſter. *Plato* saieth, that the chiefeſt gift that the gods haue beſtowed on man is iuſtice; that therefore thou may seeme rightly descended of the gods, vouchsafe me audience, and to the end thou may boaſt thy selfe to enioy the leaſt gift of the gods, succour me. Thou knoweſt my *Philenia* is slaine, but by whose hands thou knoweſt not; thou heareſt *Minecius* is murthered, but by whom thou enquireſt not, thou haſt rubbed the gall, but not recured the wounde; thou

haſt tempered the medicine, but haſt not miniſtred it: yea thou haſt refreshed the memorie of my griefes very often, but remedied them neuer. Three moneths are paſt, since thou haſt made inquirie of my daughters death, and she that I nourished vp twentie yeares and better, is forgotten of all, but her olde father, lamented of none, but *Arsinous*: and can be reuenged by none but *Protomachus*. O Emperour I heare their discontented griefe crying out in mine eares, and appealing to thee by my tongue for iuſtice, me thinkes bloudlesse *Minecius* ſtandeth by thy throne vpbraiding thee of his seruices, and conuicting thee of ingratitude. *Philenia* crieth iuſtice *Protomachus*, iuſtice, not againſt *Brasidas*, who was but agent, but againſt *Arsadachus* the principall, that wretched *Arsadachus*, who in her life time assaied to moue her to luſt, and wrought her death, in that she would not consent to his luſt, againſt *Arsadachus* the viper nourished in your bosome, to poison your owne progenie, the locuſt dallied in *Margaritaes* lap, to depriue her of life. Ah, banish such a bewitched race of the Cuscans, I meane not out of your kingdome, but out of life; for he deserueth not to beholde the heauens, that conspireth againſt the gods, root out that bloodthirſty yongman, root out that murtherer, roote out that monſter, from the face of nature, that the poore deceased ghoſtes may be appeased, and their poore father pacified. Shew thy selfe a prince now *Protomachus*; the surgeon is knowen, not in curing a greene wound, but in healing a grieuous fiſtula; the warriour is knowne, not by conquering alittle village, but a great monarchie; and a prince is perceiued in preuenting a capitall peſtilence, not a priuate preiudice. That I accuse not *Arsadachus* wrongfully, behold my witnesses:

which saide, he brought out *Phileniaes* page, who confidently and constantly auowed all he had told his master in the presence of the emperour: wherefore (noble monarch) haue compassion of me, and by punishing this tragicke tyranny make way to thine owne eternitie.

Protomachus hearing this accusation was sorely moued, now thinking all trueth which *Arsinous* had said by reason of that vertue he had approued in him in times past, now deeming it false, in that *Arsadachus* (as he supposed) had lately and so luckily preserued him from death. For which cause, calling the yong prince vnto him, he vrged him with the murther before the old man, and the yoong ladde his accuser, who shooke off al their obiections with such constancie, that it was to be wondered: what saith he *Protomachus*, am I, who haue lately manifested my zeale in sauing your life made subiect to the detraction of an old doting imagination with his pratling minister, I hope your Maiestie (saith he) measureth not my credit so barely, neither wil ouerslip this iniurie slightly, since you know, that when the murder was done I was in my bed, when the tragedie was published, I was the first that prosecuted the reuenge; and more, the friendship twixt *Minecius* and me should acquit me of this suspition. But it may be, that this is some set match of *Thebions* confederates that seeke my death, which if it shall be heere countenaunced, I will returne to Cusco, where I dare assure my selfe against al such subtilties. This said, *Arsadachus* angerly departed: for which cause, *Protomachus* fearing his speedy flight, sent *Margarita* to pacifie him; and causing the tongue of the guiltlesse lad to be cut out, and his eies to be prickt out with needles, both which were guiltie (as he said) the one of pretended

seeing, the other of lewd vttering. He banished the olde Duke of Volgradia, who for all his faithfull seruices, had this lamentable recompence, and remoued himself, his court, and daughter to Mosco, where wee will leaue him a while.

Arsinous thus banished from the Court, after he had furnished himselfe of necessaries conuenient for his iourney, trauelled many a weary walke towards the desarts of Ruscia, crying out and exclaiming on the heauens for iuſtice; his hoarie lockes and bushy beard he carelesly suffered to grow (like to those Moscoes who are in disgrace with their emperors) seeming rather a sauage man than a ciuile magiſtrate (as in time paſt he had beene.) Long had hee not trauelled among many barren rockes and desolate mountaines, but at laſt hee arriued in a sollitarie Groue encompassed with huge hilles, from the toppes whereof, through the continuall froſts that fell, a huge riuer descended, which circling about a rocke of white marble, made it (as it were) an Island, but that to the northward there was a pretie passage of twelue foote broade, deckt with ranks of trees, which gaue a solitary accesse to the melancholie mansion; mansion I call it, for in the huge rocke was there cut out a square and curious chamber, with fine loopes to yeeld light, hewen thereout (as might be supposed) by some discontented wood-god wedded to wretchednesse. Here *Arsinous* seated himselfe, resoluing to spend the residue of his dayes in ſtudies, praying to the gods continually for reuenge, and to the end (if happily any shoulde passe that way) that his deepe sorrow might be discouered, he with a punchion of ſteele in a table of white Alablaſter engraued this ouer the entrance of his caue.

Domus doloris.

Who seekes the caue where horride care doth dwell,
That feedes on sighes, and drinkes of bitter teares:
Who seekes in life to finde a liuing hell,
Where he that liues, all liuing joy forbeares:
Who seeks that griefe, that griefe it selfe scarce knowes it,
Here let him reſt, this caue shall soone disclose it.

As is the mite vnto the sandie seas,
As is the drop vnto the Ocean ſtreames,
As to the orbe of heauen a sillie pease,
As is the lampe to burning Ticius beames:
Euen such is thought that vainely doth indeuer,
To thinke the care liues here, or count it euer.

Here sorrow, plague, dispaire, and fierce ſuspect,
Here rage, here ielousie, here cursed spight,
Here murther, famine, treason and neglect,
Haue left their ſtings to plague a wofull wight:
That liues within this tombe of discontent,
Yet loathes that life that nature hath him lent.

In this solitarie and vncouth receptacle, *Arsinous* liued, turning of his ſteede, to shift for foode amid the foreſt, and assending euerie day to the height of the rocke, hee shed manie salte teares before the Image of *Minecius* and *Philenia*, whose pictures he had brought with him from his caſtell, and erected there: and after his deuotions to the gods for reuenge, and to the ghoſts to manifeſt his grief, he accuſtomed himself to walke in that desolate coppesse of wood, where sighing, he recounted the vnkindnes of his prince, the wretchednes of his thoughts and life, melting away in such

melancholie, as the trees were amased to beholde it, and the rockes wept their springs to heare it, as the Poet saith, on a desolate and leauelesse oake he wrote this:

Thine age and waſtfull tempeſts thee,
Mine age and wretched sorrowes me
defaced,
Thy sap by course of time is blent,
My sence by care and age is spent
and chased,
Thy leaues are fallen away to duſt,
My yeares are thralld by time vniuſt.
Thy boughes the windes haue borne away,
My babes fierce murther did decay.
Thy rootes are firmed in the ground,
My rootes are rent, my comforts drownd,
showers cherish.
Thy barren bosome in the field,
I perish.
Since nothing may me comfort yeelde.

Storms, showers, age, weare, waſte, daunt, and make thee dry
Teares, cares, age, ice, waſte, wring, and yet liue I.

In these melancholies leaue we the desolate duke of Volgradia, till occasion be miniſtred to remember him, and return we to *Margarita* and her louer. *Arsadachus* reliant nowe in *Mosco*, whom *Protomachus* by reason of the forepassed tragedies, thought to refresh with some pleasant triumphs: for which cause he proclaimed a iuſts throughout all the empire, assembling al the Dukes, Lords, and gouernours of his prouinces, to

dignifie the open court he meant to keepe. Thither also repaired all the faire ladies of *Moscouia*; among the reſt *Margarita* as one of moſt reckoning, made not the leaſt expence, for whatsoeuer, either to dignifie hir person, or to set out her beautie, or to present her beloued, could either be bought from *India*, traffiked in *Europe*, or marchanded in *Asia*, was sought out, and especially againſt the day of the tilt, and turny, at which time, like a second *Diana*, hauing her goldilocks tied vp with loose chaines of gold, and Diamondes, her bodie apparreled in cloth of siluer, (ouer which she had caſt a vaile of blacke and golden tinsell, through which her beautie appeared as doth the bright *Phœbus* in a summers morning: leauing our Hemisphere our faire *Hecate*, chasing away balefull darkenesse with her bright beames) shee was mounted on a high arch of triumph couered with cloth of golde: neare vnto her sate her olde father in his soueraigne maieſtie; about her a hundreth damselles in white cloth of tissue, ouer-caſt with a vaile of purple and greene silke loosly wouen, carrying gold and siluer censors in their hands, from whence issued moſt pleasant odours, such as in the pride of the yeare breath along the coaſt of *Arabia Fœlix* or drops from the balmie trees of the Eaſt.

Thus seated, the Challengers with their seuerall deuises entred the tilt-yard, each ſtriuing so exceede other in expence and excellence; whose trumpets cleered the aire with their melodie. After these the Defendants entred; among whom *Arsadachus* was chiefe, whose pomp in that, exceeded al others I haue seene, and the other are ordinarily matched in our Courts of chriſtendome, I will set downe vnto you. Firſt, before the triumph entred the tilt-yard, there was a whole volie of

a hundred cannons shot off; the noise whereof somewhat appeased, a hundred knights hauing their horse, armes, crests, fethers, and each part of them couered with greene cloth of golde, with lances of siluer, trotted about the yard, making their steedes keepe footing, according to the melodious sound of an orbe, which by cunning of man, and wonderfull art was brought into the presence of the prince. which whilst it continually turned, presented all the shapes of the twelve signes dauncing as it were to the harmonie, which the inclosed musicke presented them. After these marched a hundred pages apparelled in white cloth of siluer with crownets of siluer on their heads, leading each of them in their right hands, a braue courser trapped in a caparison purple and gold; in their left, a scutchion with the image of the princesse in the same. After these *Arsadachus* in his triumphant chariot drawen by foure white vnicornes entred the tilt-yard, vnder his seate the image of fortune, which he seemed to spurne, with this posie, *Quid hæc?* on his right hand enuy, whom he frowned on by hir this posie, *Nec hæc*; on his left hand the portraiture of *Cupid*, by whome was written this posie, *Si hic*; ouer his head the picture of *Margarita* with this mot, *Sola hæc.* These armes were of beaten golde far more curious then those that *Thetis* gaue hir *Achilles* before *Troy*, or *Meriones* bestowed on *Vlysses* when he assaulted *Rhesus*, being full of flames and half moones of saphires, chrisolites, and diamonds. In his helme he bare his mistresse fauour, which was a sleeue of salamanders skinne richly perfumed, and set with rubies. In this sort he presented him before the Emperour and his daughter, who was not alittle tickled with delight to behold the excellencie of his triumph. The trumpets were

sounded, and the Iudges seated, *Arsadachus* mounted himselfe on a second *Bucephalus*, and taking a ſtrong lance ouerbore *Stilconos* the earle of *Garauia*, breaking his arme in the fall; in the second encounter he ouerthrew *Asaphus* of *Tamiræ* horse and man, neither ceased hee till 20. of the braueſt men at armes were vnhorsed by his hardinesse. All this while with blushes and sweete smiles *Margarita* fauored euery incountery, seeming with the egernesse of eie to breake euery push of the lance that leuelled at *Arsadachus*. His races being at end, *Plicotus* of *Macarah* entred the lists, who behaued himselfe like a braue prince, conquering as much with the sword, as the other with the lance: in this sort, this day, the next, and that which followed were ouerpaſt, wherein *Arsadach.* made euident proofes of great hope: so that *Protomachus* at the laſt cried out to his other princes; See ye Moscouites the hope of the empire, whose endings if they prooue answerable to his beginnings, Europe may perhappes wonder, but never equall.

The third day being ended, and the honours beſtowed on them that beſt deserued them: the emperour in the chiefeſt of the feſtiuall caused the tables to be remoued, and the musicke to be called for; thinking by this meanes to giue loue more fuell, in hope it should burne more brighter: whereuppon the princes betooke them to daunce; and *Arsadachus* as chiefe, led *Margarita* the measures. And after the firſt pawse began thus with her; Princesse said he, by what means might loue be discouered if speech were not? By the eies (my lord said she) which are the keys of desire, which both open the way for loue to enter, and locke him vp when he is let in. Howe hap then (said he) that *Cupid* among the poets is fained blinde? In that (my lord quoth she) he was

maskt to poets memorie; and you know that falcons againſt they flie, are hooded, to make them more fierce and clearer sighted, and so perhaps was loue, which was blindfold at firſt (in the opinion of Poets) who neuer could see him rightly vntill they felt his eie in their hearts. Why ſticketh he his eie in their hearts? I had thought (madam) it had beene his arrow said *Arsadachus*. Why his eies are his arrowes, quoth the princesse, (or I miſtake his shooting;) for the laſt time he leuelled at mee he hit me with a looke. I beshrew him (saide the Prince) and then sounded the next measure, when *Arsadachus* continued his discourse in this manner: Madam, if loue wound by the eie, how healeth he? By the eie (my lord said she) hauing the propertie of *Achilles* sword to quell and recure. Then gracious lady quoth the prince, since loue hath wounded mee by your lookes, let them recouer mee, otherwise shall I blame both loues crueltie, and your iudgement. *Margarita* replied thus: Great prince, if mine eies haue procured your offence, I will plucke them out for their follie; and if loue haue shot them for his shafts I beshrew him, for the laſt time they lookt on you, they left my heart in you. In me miſtris quoth *Arsadachus*? Yea in you my lord quoth *Margarita*. Can you then liue heartlesse (said the prince?) Yea since hopelesse replied shee. This saide, the musicke cut off their merry talke; and the sodaine disease of the Emperour brake vp the paſtimes. Whervpon euery prince and peere, lord and knight, taking leaue of their mistresses, betooke them to their reſt. Onely *Margarita*, in whose bosome loue sate enthroned, in whose heart affections kept their watch, being laide in her bed, fared like *Orlando* sleeping in that bed his *Angelica* had lien with *Medor*, each feather was a fur bush; now turned

she, now tossed she, now groueling on her face, now bolt vpright, hammering ten thousand fancies in her head; at laſt, breaking out into a bitter sigh she beganne thus: Alas vnkind loue, that seaſoneſt thy delights with delaies. Why giueſt thou not poore ladies as great patience to endure, as penance in their durance? why are not thy affections like the figges of *India*, which are both grafted and greene of themselues, and no sooner sprung to a blossome, but spread in the bud? Why giueſt thou Time swift wings to beginne thee, and so long and slowe ere hee seaze thee? I beseech thee loue, oh how she sighed when shee besought him! proine thou the wings of Time, leſt he punish me, for thy delay is so great that my disease is vnsufferable: alas poore wretch that I am why prate, I to loue? or pray I for reliefe, being assured that the beginning of loues knowledge is the ending of humane reason; loue is a passion that may not be expressed, conceiued beyond conceit, and extinguished beside cuſtome; ſtay thy minde therefore foolish *Margarita*, for it beganne firſt in thee beyond expectation, and muſt end in thee beyond hope: for, as there are no reasons but nature to prooue why the swanne hateth the sparrow, the eagle the *Trochilus*, the asse the bee, and the serpent the hogge; so likewise in loue there can no cause but nature be alleadged either of his sodaine flourish or vehement fall, his speedie waxing and slow waining: Temper thy selfe therefore, though loue tempt thee, and waite thine oportunitie: for the wanton if you fawne on him, will flie you; and setting light by him, will leape vppon you. Fond that I am, why talke I thus idlely, seeming with the prating souldiour to discourse of the fortresse I haue neuer conquered, and of the fancies I shall neuer compasse? Why

doth not *Arsadachus* smile on mee? as who knoweth not that the aspis tickleth when she pricketh; and poisons that are delightfull in the swallow, are deadly in the ſtomach? why hath he not courted me these fiue moneths? fond that I am, the more neare am I to my fall; for as the philosopher saith, men are like to the poison of scorpions, for as the ſting of the one killeth in three dayes, so the pride and crueltie of the other quelleth a kinde heart in lesse then a moment. Woe is me, I had rather neede *Philoxenus* to cure me of loue by his laies, then *Anippus* to continue loue in me: better were it for me to heare *Tripander* play then *Arsadachus* preach.

In these thoughts and this speech loue sealed vp her eies till on the morrow; but what she dreamed I leaue that to you Ladies to decide, who hauing dallied with loue, haue likewise beene acquainted with his dreames. On the morrow, the day being farre spent, and the court replenished with attendants, *Margarita* arose, and scarcely was shee attired, but that a messenger came vnto her in the behalfe of the earle *Asaphus*, beseeching her presence to grace his feaſt that day, for that he had entertained and inuited *Arsadachus* and the beſt princes and ladies in Court, by the Emperours consent, to make a merry feſtiuall; whereunto *Margarita* quickly condescended, and thought euery houre two till noonetide; at which time roially attended, she repaired to *Asaphus* house, where were assembled, of princes, *Arsadachus*, *Plicorus*, and *Stilconos*; of ladies, beside her selfe, *Calandra*, *Ephania*, and *Gerenia*: all these *Asaphus* entertained heartily, placing them according to their degrees, and feaſted them with as great pompe and pleasure as he could imagine.

But when he perceiued their appetites quelled with

delights, their eares cloyed with musicke, and their eies filled with beholding, he being a Prince of high spirit, began thus: Princes and Ladies, I haue inuited you to my house, not to entertaine you with the pompe of *Persia*, or the feaſt of *Heliogabalus*, but to dine you according to the directiõ of the phisitions, which is to let you rise with an appetite, which both whetteth your memories and helpeth your ſtomackes; and for that the after banket may as well please your humors, as the former appeased your hunger, I muſt beseeke you to rise frõ this place, and repaire vnto another, where because the weather is hot, and the time vnfit for exercise, we will spende the time in pleasant discourse, feeding our fancies with pleasant talke, as we haue feaſted our faſt with curious cates. To this motion all the assembly easily consented, in that for the moſt part, they had bin buzzing in their eares, and baiting their harts, whereupon he brought them into a faire arbor, couered with Roses, and honisuckles, paued with Camamile, pinkes, and violets, garded with two pretie chriſtall fountaines on euerie side, which made the place more coole, and the soyle more fruitfull. They all being entred this arbor, *Asaphus* being both learned and pleasant witted, began thus. My gheſts said he (for name of Princes I haue sent them lately vnto pallaces) now let each of you bethinke him of mirth not of maieſtie, I will haue no ſtoicall humor in this arbour, but all shall be either louers, or loues wel-willers, and for that, each of vs may bee more apt to talk of *Venus*; we wil taſte of her frend *Bacchus*; for a draught of good wine, (if *Lamprias* in *Plutarch*, may be beleeued) whettes the conceits, and he when he had drunke moſt, debated beſt: *Aschilus* therefore ere he had dipped his penne in the inke to write

tragedies, diued into the bottome of a wine pot to find termes; for as, where the wolfe hath bitten moſt soundeſt, the flesh is moſt sweeteſt, so wheras wine hath warmed moſt hotely, the tongue is armed moſt eloquently, I therefore carowse to you my familiars, and as I giue you licour to warme, so will I crowne you with ioy and roses to alay: then haue at loue who liſt, for me thinks I am alreadie prepared for him: This said he drunke vnto them, and all the reſt gave him the pledge, and being crowned after the manner of the philosophicall banquets, they sate downe. And *Arsadachus* spake thus: *Asaphus* I haue heard that the motion is vaine, vnlesse the action follow, and delights that are talked of before such as like them, except they grow in force, breede more discontent in their want, then pleasure in their report: as therefore you haue hanged out thé Iuie bush, so bring forth the wine, as you haue prefixt the garland, so begin the race, as you intimated delight, so bring it to entrance. *Asaphus* smiling replied thus: Do then all these Ladies and braue louers giue me the honour and direction to gouern these sports? They do, said *Margarita*: Then sit aside quoth he and giue place to your commander; whereupon all the assembly laughed, and *Asaphus* smilingly sate downe in the higheſt roome, placing the Ladies opposite againſt their louers, and himselfe seated in his soueraintie, began thus: Since in bankets the place is not to be giuen for the maieſtie, but the mirth, be not displeased though I preferre my selfe (my subiects,) since I know this, that I haue crothets in my head, when I haue taſted the cup, and no man is more apt to talke then I when I haue traffiked with good wine, and were it not so, you had no cause to waxe wroth with my presumption, for as the

mason preferreth not the attique ſtones in his building for nobilitie, neither the painter his precious colours in limning, for their liuelines, neither the shipwright his Cretan cedar in framing for the sweetenesse: so in feſtiualles the gheſts are not to be placed, according to the degrees, but their dispositions, for their liuelynesse, not their liuelyhoods, for where pleasures are sought for, the person is smally regarded, which considered, I am iuſtified. But to our purpose, since loue is the affection that leadeth vs, at him we will leuill our fancies, canuasing this queſtion amongſt vs, whether hee so beſt worketh, by the eie, the touch, or the eare, for of the fiue sences, I thinke these three are moſt forcible. Nowe therefore wee will and command you, our masculine subiects, said *Asaphus*, to beginne to our feminine Philosophers, and since you *Arsadachus* are of greateſt hope, *incipe*. After they had all laughed heartily at the maieſticall vtterance of *Asaphus*, and his imperious manner, the yong Cuscan saide thus: The *Thebians* in time paſt, who confined vpon *Pontus*, begat such children, who when they beheld their parents killed them by their lookes, as it fared with them, so falleth it out with me, who bethinking my selfe of those thoughtes, which I haue conceiued in respect of loue, am confounded in thinking of them, such power hath fancie, where it hath hold-faſt. I muſt therefore as they quelled the one, kill the other, or I shall die by thoughts as they did by lookes: but since to die for loue is no death but delight, I will aduenture to thinke, talke, and discourse of him, and rather perish my selfe, then suffer these pastimes to be vnperformed. Our queſtion is of loue faire ladies, whereat you blush when I speake, and I bowe when I thinke, for he giueth me words to discourse, and

courage to decide; for as *Plato* saith, loue is audacious in all things, and forward in attempting any thing: hee yeeldeth speech to the silent, and courage to the bashfull, hee giueth industrie to the negligent, and forwardnes to the sluggard, making a courtier of a clowne; and lighting on a currish *Minippus*, hee softeneth him as iron in the fire, and maketh him a courtly *Aristippus* vnder his safeconduct; therefore I will talke of him, and with your patience I will satisfie you, that loue hath soonest entrance by the eie, and greatest sustenance by the sight; for sight whereas it is stirred vp by many motions, with that spirit which it darteth out from it self, doth likewise disperse a certaine miraculous fierie force, by which meane we both doe and suffer many things: and as among all the senses, the eie extendeth his power furthest, so is his working most forcible; for as the clay petrot draweth fire, so the lookes do gather affection. And that the forcible working of the eie may be prooued to exceed all other the senses, what reason can be greater, since according to euery affection of the heart or distemperature of the minde, the radiations of the eie are correspondent; if the heart be enuious, the lookes dart out beames of fierce enuie, as may be considered by that of *Entelidas* in *Plutarch:*

Quondam pulcher erat crinibus Entelidas,
Sed sese ipse videns placidis in fluminis vndis:
Liuore infamis perdidit inuidiæ,
Facinus attraxit morbum, formamque perdidit.

For it is reported that this *Entelidas* taking a delight in his owne liuely beauty, and beholding the same in a spring, grew in enuy against the same; and by that

meanes fell into a sickenesse, whereby he loſt both health and beautie. *Narcissus*, neither by taſte, nor the miniſterie of speech, nor the office of scent affected his owne forme, but his sight bereft him of his senses, and the eie drew fancie to the heart; for this cause the poets call Ladies eies *Cupids* coach, the beames his arrowes; placing all his triumph and power in them as the chiefeſt inſtrument of his seigniorie, and that the eie only beside the miniſterie of other senses, procureth loue, you may perceiue by these examples following. *Xerxes*, who despising the sea, and scorning the land found out new meanes to nauigate, and armies to choake the earth, yet fell in loue with a tree; for hauing seene a plantane in *Lydia* of huge greatnesse, he ſtaied vnder it a hote day, making him a shelter of his shadow, a louer of his loues; and afterwardes departing from the same, he adorned it with collars of golde and iewelles, as if that that tree had beene his enamoured, ouer which he appointed a guardian to assiſt it, fearing leſt any should doe violence vnto the branches thereof. And what (I pray you) moued this affection in *Xerxes* but the eie? A noble yong man of *Athens* loued so much the ſtature of good fortune erected neere vnto the *Prytaneum*, that he embraced it, and kissed it, and offered a great summe of money to the Senate to redeeme the same, and not attaining his suite, hee slew himselfe; and what wrought this in this noble yong man but the eie? for this marble image had neither sent to delight the sent, speach to affect the eare, nor other meanes to moue affection; it was then the sole force of the eie which conducteth to the heart each impression, and fixeth each fancie in the same: what reſteth there then but to giue the honor to the eie? which as it is the beſt part in a

woman, so hath it the moſt force in loue. Soft (saide *Plicotus*) claime not the triumph before you heare the triall; for if vertue and the whole praise thereof (as the philosophers say) consiſteth in act, let the touch haue the firſt place, and the eie the second; for lookes doe but kindle the flame, where the touch both maketh it burne, and when it liſteth, quencheth the furie. Such as beholde *Anter* are healed of the falling sickenesse (saieth *Arsadachus*) and they that sleepe vnder *Sinilan* at such time as the plant swelleth and beareth his floure, are slaine. Quoth *Plicotus*, saffron floures procure sleepe, the Amethiſt ſtaieth drunkennesse, by which reasons you ought to ascribe as much power to the scent as to the sight. But heare me, you detracters from the touch; the hearb *Alissus* taken in the hand, driues sighes from the heart. Yea but (said *Arsadachus*) the mad elephant beholding the raine groweth wilde. Yea but the wilde bull tied to the figge tree, and taſting thereof is no more wrathful (said *Plicotus*) ascribe therefore to the touch farre more then the sight; heape all the argument that can be for the eies, it breedeth the sickenesse: but wee rather commend the hearbe that purgeth the disease, then the humour that feedeth it, the salue that healeth the wound, than the corrosiue that grieueth it, the floure that comforteth the braine, and not that which cloyeth the same: the touch therefore in loue should haue the prerogatiue which both reareth it, and reſtraineth it; and that the touch hath greater power then the sight, what greater reason may be alleadged then this, that we only see to desire, especially to touch? the furniture of all delight is the taſte, and the purgatorie in loue, is to touch, and want power to execute the affection, as may appeare by this example. In the dayes

of *Apollonius Tiancus*, who by euery man was held for the fountaine of wisedome, there was an eunuch found out in *Babylon* who had vnlawfully conuersed with a paramour of the Kings; for which cause the king demaunded of *Apollonius* what punishment the eunuch ought to haue for that his rash and bold enterprise: no other answered *Apollonius* saue that he liue to behold and touch without further attempt. With which answere the king being amazed, demaunded why he gaue this answer. To whome *Apollonius* replied; Doubt not you, O king, but that loue thall make him feele exceeding paines and martirdomes; and like a simple flie, he shall play so long with the flame vntill he fall to cinders. And for further proofe the Egyptians (as *Ororius* reporteth) when as they would represent loue do make a net: and the *Phenitians* describe him in a hand laide in fire, approuing them by the touch which of all senses suffereth moſt, and hath greateſt power in the bodie. *Asaphus* that was ſtill all this while, sodainely brake off the discourse, saying thus: What sense (I pray you) was that (ye philosophers) that perswaded *Ariſton* of *Ephesus* to lie with an asse, and to beget a daughter, which was afterwards called *Onoselino*? what sense had *Tullius Stellus* to be in loue with a mare, of whome he begat a faire daughter which was called *Sponano*? what made *Cratis* the Iloritane shepheard to loue a goate? *Pasiphæ* to fancie a bull? *Stilconos* hearing that queſtion, replied thus: Truely a senslesse desire, which hauing no power of loue but inſtinct of life, ought neither to be mentioned by modeſt tongues, nor vttered in chaſte hearing: that loue which is gathered by the eie, and grounded in the heart, which springeth on the vniformitie of affection, hauing in it selfe al the principles of musike

(as *Theophraſtus* saith) as griefe, pleasure, and diuine inſtruct that loue which the *Græcians* call *Ghiciprion*, which is as much to say as bitter sweete; of that we talke, and no other, which sacred affection I haue both taſted with the eie, and tried by the touch, and haue found so many effects in both, that as the sea ebbes and flowes by the motion of the moone; the *Tropi* of Egypt waxe and waine according to the flouds, and fall of *Nilus*, so haue I by smiles, and louers pleasures, and repulses, found such a taſte in loue, that did not the eare claim some greater preheminence, I should subscribe to you both: but as loue beginneth by the sight, and hath pleasure in the touch, so gathereth he his eternitie from hearing, by hearing *Cupid* a boy, is made *Cupid* a god, by hearing *Cupid* scarce fligd gathereth ſtore of feathers; for euen as breath extinguisheth fire in the beginning, but when it is increased, both nourisheth and ſtrengtheneth it, so loue that is couered in embers by the aire, and scarce enabled and fashioned by the touch, is angrie with those that discouer him; but when he flies abroad, and braggeth in his wrings, he is fedde with sweete wordes and laughes, at pleasant languish if he faint, kinde wordes do releeue him; if he be sicke, perswasions purge him; if hee misdeeme, reasons recouer him; in briefe, by the eare loue sucketh, by the eare loue thriueth, and by the eare all his essence is fashioned: and for that cause *Melpomene* and *Terpsicore* the Muses are gouernours of our hearing, whereas not any muse or godhead hath any affectiõ to the eie or touch: for delight and gladnesse in loue proceedeth from eloquent perswasion, which receiued by the eare, changeth, mooueth, altereth and gouerneth all the passions of the heart. *Margarita* blushing in that her turne was next, draue *Stilconos* out of his text in this sort: My

lord (saide shee) if loue were gathered by the eare, olde men for their wise discourses shoulde winne more credite then yong men for their worthy comlines; or if by the touch, loue had his triall, the diuinitie of loue would be wronged by too much inhumanitie. It muſt be the eie then which can discern the rude colt from the trained ſteed, the true diamond from the counterfet glasse, the right colour from the rude, and the perfect beautie from the imperfect behauiour: had not the eie the prerogatiue, loue shoulde bee a monſter, no myracle: and were the touch only iudge, the soft Ermine for daintinesse, the Seale for his softnesse, the Marterne for his smoothe sweetenesse, would exceede both Ladies beſt perfections, and the fineſt skinne of the choiceſt louer. If by the eare loue were discerned, the Syren by her sweet song should winne more fauour then *Sibilla* for hir science, and the flatterer should be held for the beſt fauourite: let the eie therfore haue the preregatiue, which is both curious to beholde, and emperious to conquer. By it the heart may discouer his affections as well as fine phrases, and more sweete hath oftentimes beene gathered by a smile then a touch: for by the one, we gather a hope of succeeding pleasure, by the other, a ioy in suspect for feare we be deceiued, which beginneth in a minute and endeth in a moment. All cattes are grey in the darke (said *Calandra*) and therefore (good madam) you doe well to preferre the eie. Yea but said *Ephania*, the eie had neede of a candle to light it, or else (perhaps) the fatte were in the fire. Well (said *Gerenia*) I will truſt mine eare then: for where neither the eie seeth, nor the touch feeleth, certainely by darke let me heare the words, for they are the tell-troths. Ah *Gerenia* (said *Stilconos*) truſt them not, or they that are false for the moſt part by day, wil

(perhappes) faile you in the night. Leaue your talke (quoth *Asaphus*) and shut mee all these three sences in one, and then tell me the felicitie; when the eie shall giue earneſt of the heart, the heart take comfort by the eare, the wordes we haue heard, and the sights wee haue seene confirmed by touch, this is the loue I had rather haue in mine armes then heare it in this place discoursed by argument. Since therefore (my subiects) you are at my obeisance, and vpon my direction are to doe homage to loue, I giue you free licence to discourse, free libertie to looke, the sweetes whereof, after you haue gathered, come to me, and after the prieſt hath hand-faſted you, come touch and spare not, you shall haue my pattent to take your pleasure. It is a dangerous matter (said *Arsadachus*) to enter those liſts where women will do what they liſt. Wel (saide *Margarita*) diuels are not so blacke as they be painted (my Lorde) nor women so wayward as they seeme. A good earneſt peny (quoth *Asaphus*) if you like the assurance. With that they brake vp the assembly, for it was supper time, and the prince intreated them to sit downe, where they merrily passed the time, laughing heartily at the pleasant and honeſt mirth wherein they had passed that afternoone.

The supper ended, each louer tooke his miſtres apart, where they handled the matter in such sort, that *Margarita* which was before but easily fired, now at laſt grew altogether inflamed, for the night calling them thence, and the companie taking their leaue, she with a bitter sigh and earneſt blush, tooke her leaue of *Arsadachus* thus: My Lord said she, if time loſt bee hardly recouered, and fauours wonne are to be followed, haue a care of your eſtate, who may bragge of that fortune

that no one in *Mosco* can equall: which saide, she in all her periode of sighes ending as abruptly as she had begun, and so departed. *Arsadachus* that knew the tree by the fruit, the cloth by the list, the apple by the tast, fained not to see what he most perceiued, and taking his leaue of *Asaphus* departed to his lodging where in a carelesse vaine, as if cloking and smothering with loue, he wrote these verses,

Iudge not my thoughts, ne measure my desires,
By outward conduct of my searching eies,
For starres resemble flames, yet are no fires:
If vnder gold a secret poison lies,
If vnder softest flowers lie Serpents fell,
If from mans spine bone Vipers do arise,
So may sweete lookes conceale a secret hell,
Not loue in me, that neuer may suffice
The heart that hath the rules of reason knowne,
But loue in me which no man can deuise,
A loue of that I want, and is mine owne,
Yet loue, and louers lawes do I despise:
How strange is this? iudge you that louers be,
To loue, yet haue no loue conceald in me.

And other he wrote in this manner, which came to the hands of his mistris, who prettilie replied; both which I haue vnderwritten.

I smile to see the toies,
Which I in silent see,
The hopes, the secret ioyes,
Expected are from me:
The vowes, the sighes, the teares, are lost in vaine,
By silly loue through sorrow welnie slaine.

The colour goes and comes,
The face, now pale, now red,
Now feare the heart benomes,
And hope growes almoſt dead.
And I looke on and laugh, tho sad I seeme,
And faine to fawne altho my minde misdeeme.

I let the flie disport,
About the burning light,
And feede her with resort,
And baite her with delight.
But when the flames hath seasd her winges (adew)
Away will I, and seeke for pleasures new.

Smile not, they are no toyes,
Which you in silent see.
Nor hopes, nor secret ioyes,
Which you beholde in mee:
But those my vowes, sighes, teares, are serious seales,
Whereby my heart his inward griefe reueales.

My colour goes and comes,
My face is pale and red,
And feare my heart benomes,
And hope is almoſt dead:
And why? to see thee laugh at my desart
So faire a man, and yet so false a heart.

Well, let the flie disport,
And turne her in the light:
And as thou doſt report,
Still baite her with dispite:
Yet be thou sure, when thou haſt slaine the furſt,
Thou flieſt away (perhaps) to find the worſt.

Thus passed the affaires in *Mosco* til such time as the emperour growing more and more in sicknes; by the consent of his nobles, hasted on the marriage. The rumor whereof being spread abroad, made euery one reioice; but among the rest, *Margarita* triumphed, who called into open assembly by the Emperour, was betrothed to *Arsadachus* in the presence of the nobilitie, who by his lowring lookes at that time, shewed his discontents; yet will he, nill he, the day was appointed, the sixteenth of the Calends of *March*, next insuing: against which time there were high preparations in Court, and throughout all the prouinces for pastimes. But since it is a most true axiome among the Philosophers, that whereas be many errors, there likewise must needs follow many offences: it must needly follow, that since *Arsadachus* was so fraught with corrupt thought, hee should practise and performe no lesse vngratious corrupt and vngodly actions, for no sooner was hee departed from the presence of the Emperour, but he presently beganne to imagine how to breake off his nuptialls, forcing in himselfe a forgetfulnesse of *Margaritaes* vertues, her loue and good deserts, so that it may euidently be perceiued and approued that which *Ammonius* saith, that things concluded in necessitie are dissolued by violence, and truely not without reason was loue compared to the sunne, for as the sun thrusteth forth his purer and warmer beams through darknes and the thickest cloude, so loue pierceth the most indurate heartes, and as the sunne is sometime inflamed, so likewise is vnstable loue quicklie kindled. Moreouer, as the constitution of that body which vseth no exercise endureth not the sunne, so likewise an illiterate and corrupt mind cannot entertaine loue, for both of them

after the same manner are disturbed from their estates, and attainted with sicknes, blaming not the force of loue, but their owne weakenesse. But this difference is betweene loue and the sunne, for that the sunne sheweth both faire and foule things to those that looke on vpon the earth: loue onelie taketh care of the beautie of faire things, and onely fixeth the eies vpon such things, enforcing vs to let slip all other. By this may be gathered that *Arsadachus* being vicious coulde not iustly be attainted with loue, but with some slight passion, such as affect the greatest tyrants in beholding the pittifull massacre of the innocent, as shal manifestly appeare by the sequele: for after long debating in his restlesse minde, somtime to flie the court, and by that meanes to escape the bondage which he supposed was in wedlocke; sometime to make the princes away by poison, ridding himselfe thereby of suspect, and *Artosogon* of hope. Fortune is as well the patronesse of iuiuries, as the protector of iustice, the scourge of the innocent, as the fauourer of the nocent, who is rightly blind in hauing no choice, and worthily held for bedlam, in that she respecteth no deserts, so smiled on him that in depth of his doubts a remedy was ministred him beyond his imagination, which fell out after this maner. *Artosogon* his father being so tired with yeares, as he must of force yeeld speedie tribute to death; so loaden with sickenesse that he seemed welnie past all succours, bethinking him of his succession, and like a kind father, desirous (before his death) to beholde his sonne, not without the earnest entreaty of the empresse, and his nobility, sent present messengers to *Mosco*, beseeching the emperour *Protomachus* presently to dispatch *Arsadachus* vnto him, assuring him of the perilous estate of his life,

and the desire he had to ſtablish his son before his death: for wherfore the emperour of *Mosco* (though loathly) dismissed his pretended triumphs, and gaue *Arsadachus* licence to depart for *Cusco*.

The vngodly yong prince seeing his purposes fall out so happily, sacrificed to *Nemesis*, cleering his browes of those cares wherewith discontent had fraught them: and hauing with all expedition furnished himselfe to depart, hee thought good to caſt a faire foile on his false heart, to colour his corrupt thoughts with comfortlesse throbbes; and comming to *Margarita*, (who was almoſt dead to heare the tidings) with a fained look and false heart he thus attempted her. Madam were I not assiſted with my sighes, and succored by my teares, to disburthen the torments of my heart, I feare me it shoulde euen now burſt, it is so fraught with bitternesse, Alas I muſt now leaue you, being the bark to the tree, the blossome to the ſtalk, the sent to the flower, the life to the bodie, the subſtance to the shadow; I muſt now leaue you being the beutiful whom I honor, the chaſt whom I adore, and the goddesse of al my glorie; I muſt now leaue you to liue in sorrow without comfort, in dispaire without solace, in tears without rescouse, in pains without ceasing; I muſt now leaue you as the dam her yong kid, the ew her deare lambkin, the nightingale her prettieſt neſtling, fearing leſt the cuckow hatch those chickens which I haue bred, the *Callax* bring vp those yong fish I haue got, and forren eies feed on those beuties which only faſten life in me: Ah *Margarita*, so faire, as none so faire, more vertuous then vertue her selfe; if these troubles attaint me, in what temper shal I leaue you, being the mirror of beauty, and euen the miracle of conſtancie? me thinkes I see those iniurious,

though faire hands, beating those delicate breſts, these eies surffeting with tears, these lips with blaſting their roses with sighings: but (ah deere lady) let not such follies be your familiars; for as the thorne pricking the dead image in waxe pierceth the liuely subſtance indeede, so euerie light filip you giue this breaſt, will fell this bodie, euery light teare that trickleth from these eies, wil melt me to water, the leaſt sighs ſteaming frõ these lippes, will ſtifle me, haue therefore patience (sweete ladie) and gouerne your passions with discretion; for as the smalleſt kernell (in time) maketh the talleſt tree; so (in time) these shadowes of sorrow shall turne to the subſtance of delight: yea in short time my returne shall make you more happy then my present departe nowe maketh you heauy. With these words *Arsadachus* was ready to take his leaue. When *Margarita* presaging the mischiefe that was to follow; caſting her armes about his necke, gaue him this sorrowfull adue.

Since my misgiuing mind assureth me of my succeeding harme: ah suffer me (sweet prince) to embrace that which I neuer heereafter shall beholde and looke vpon; that with my weeping eies which is the cause of all my waſtefull enuies: Ah my soule, muſt thou leaue me when wert wholy incorporate in this bodie? Ah my heart, muſt thou forsake mee to harbour in this happy bosome? What then shall remaine with me to keep me in life, but my sorow? being the bequeſt of misery shal assiſt me in my melancholy: ah deare *Arsadachus* since thou muſt leaue me, remember thou leaueſt me without soule, remember thou leaueſt me heartlesse: yea I woulde to the gods thou mightſt leaue me lifelesse, for then disburthened of this body, I might in soule accom-

panie thee, vniting our partes of fire: since our fleshly persons muſt be parted, farewell (deare Lord) farewell, euer deare Lord, but I beseech thee, not for euer (deare Lord) remember thou haſt conquered, and art to triumph, thou haſt gotten the goale, and art to reape the garland; thou haſt taken the captiue, and maieſt enioy the ransome: hie thee therefore, oh hie thee leſt heavinesse ouerbeare me; returne to her that shall liue in terrour till thou returne. But if some angrie fates, some vntowarde fortune, some ſiniſter planet detaine thee, and with thee, my soule, heart, life and loue; now now, oh now ye deſtinies, end me. This said, she fell in a swowne, and her Ladies coulde hardly recouer life in her. Meane while (by the direction of the emperour) who heard her impatience, *Arsadachus* was called away, to whom *Protomachus* presented many gifts, swearing him in solemne manner before the whole assembly of his nobilitie, to make a speedy returne to Mosco, to accomplish the marriage. In the meane time *Margarita* was reuiued, who seeing her *Arsadachus* absent, demeaned her selfe in the moſt pitifull manner that euer poore lamentable Ladie did: at laſt remembring her of a rich iewell which *Arsinous* had given her, which was a pretious box set with emeraulds, the which at such time as he gaue it her, hee charged her to keepe vntill such time as he she loued beſt should depart from her; she sent the same for a present to *Arsadachus*, beseeching him as he loued her, neuer to open the same boxe vntill such time as he beganne in any sort to forget her (for such counsell *Arsinous* had giuen her.) This present was deliuered the prince when he mounted on horse, who promised carefully to keepe it; and with his retinue rode on his way towards Cusco: where we leaue him to

returne to *Margarita*, who no sooner heard of the departure of *Arsadachus*, but laying apart her costly iewels, her rich raiment, and princely pleasures, closed herself vp in a melancholy tower, which through the huge height thereof beheld the countrey farre and neere: on the top whereof, each houre she diligently watched for the returne of her beloued *Arsadachus*. Her lodging was hangd about with a cloth of black veluet embrodered about with dispaires; before her bed hung the picture of her beloued: to which she often discoursed her vnkindnesse conceiued, offering drops of her blood daily to the deafe image; such a fondling is loue, when he groweth too fierie, no day, no night passed her, wherein she spent not many houres in teares, and many teares euery houre, neither could the authoritie of her father, the perswasions of his counsaile, nor the intreatings of her attendants, alter her resolution.

In which melancholie a while I will leaue her to discourse the damned treasons of *Arsadachus*, who arriuing at last in Cusco, after long iourneis was after many hearty welcomes conducted to his father, who receiued such sodaine ioy at the sight of him, that he recouered strength, and cast off his sickenesse; so that calling his nobilitie vnto him, hee ordained a time wherein *Arsadachus* should be inuested in the empire, publishing the same through al his prouinces. In the meane time with much mirth and festiuall, the yoong Prince liued in his fathers court, deerely tendered by the empresse *Lelia* his mother, and duely attended by the best of the nobilitie, among whom *Argias* the duke of *Morauia*, being a prince of deepe reach, and of great reuenues, following the custome of such who desire to grow in fauour with Princes, entertained *Arsadachus* with huge feasts

and bankets: and among the reſt, with one moſt especiall, wherein as he had imployed al whatsoeuer the country could afford to delight the taſt, so spared he no coſt to breede paſtime and triumph. Among all other, after the supper was solemnized, he brought in a maske of the goddesses, wherein his daughter (being the mirrour and the *Aperse* of the whole world for beautie) was apparelled like *Diana*, her haire scattered about her shoulders, compassed with a siluer crownet, her necke decked with carkanets of pearle, her daintie body was couered with a vaile of white net-work wrought with wiers of siluer, and set with pearle, where through the milke white beauties of the sweete Saint gaue so heauenly a reflexion, that it was sufficient to make *Saturne* merry and mad with loue, to fixe his eie on them: among all the reſt that had both their partes of perfection and beautie, and great louers to like thẽ, *Arsadachus* made choise of this *Diana* (who not onely resembled her in that shew, but indeed was called by the name of *Diana*) on whose face when he had fixed his eies, he grew so inflamed as *Montgibel* yeeldeth not so much smoke as he sent out sighes: to be briefe, he grew so sodainely altered, that as such as beheld the head of *Medus* were altred from their shapes, so he that saw the heauen of these beauties, was rauished from his sences: to bee briefe, after he had danced the measures, passed the night, and was conducted by *Argias* and his attendants, hee tooke no reſt, but tossing on his bed, grew so altered, that on the morrow all the court was amazed to behold his melancholies. It cannot be reported how ſtrangely he demeaned himselfe, for his sleeps fled him, his colour changed, his speech vncertain, his apparel carelesse: which *Argias* perceiuing as being maruellous

pollitique, miniſtred oile to the lamp, fuel to the fire, flaxe to the flame, encreasing his daughters beautie with coſt, and *Arsadachus* loue by her companie; for he ceased not to inuite him, hoping that at the laſt the cloudes would breake out and raine him some good fortune. *Diana* was trained by him to the lewre, and taught her lesson with great cunning, who was as apt to execute as her father to counsell. *Arsadachus* one day among the reſt finding the opportunitie, and desirous to discouer his conceits was ſtricken so dombe with her diuine beautie, as he could not disclose his minde. Whereupon calling for pen and inke, he wrote this, thruſting it in *Dianaes* bosome, walked melancholy into a faire garden on the backe side of *Argiaes* pallace, where he wept so bitterly, that it was supposed his heart would burſt.

I pine away expecting of the houre,
Which through my waiward chance will not arriue,
I waite the word, by whose sweete sacred power,
My loſt contents may soone be made aliue:
My pensiue heart, for feare my griefe should perish,
Vpon fallacious hope his faſt appeaseth;
And to my selfe my fruſtrete thoughts to cherish,
I faine a good that flits before it ceaseth:
And as the ship farre scattered from the port,
All welnie spent and wreckt with wretched blaſt,
From Eaſt to Weſt, midſt surging seas is tossed,
So I, whose soule by fierce delaies effort,
Is ouercome in heart and lookes desaſt,
Runne heere, runne there, sigh, die, by sorrow crossed.

Diana tooke no daies to peruse this ditty, but hauing ouerread it, gaue it her father to iudge of, who faining

a seueritie more then ordinarie, and glad of the opportunitie, entered the garden where the prince was welnie forespent with sorrow, and taking occasion to interrupt his meditations, he began thus: Moſt royall Prince, I thinke the heauens lowre on me, that labouring by al indeuours to procure your delights, I rather find you more melancholy by my motions, then merry by my entertainment: Alas my Lord, if either my actions do displease, my entertainement bee too bace, or if in anie thing I haue defaulted, wherein I may make amends, I beseech you let me know of you, and you shall finde such readines in me, your humble seruant, as no hasard, danger, or discommoditie whatsoeuer, shall driue me from the accomplishment of your pleasures and behests. *Arsadachus* seeing *Argias* so plyant beganne to recouer hope, whereupon fixing his eies vpon him a long while, at laſt he brake his mute silence thus: *Argias*, thy curtesie can not boade my discontents, for thy kindenesse is such as bindes me vnto thee, and breeds me no melancholie; and for I see thee so careful for my good, I will firſt therefore shew thee of what important, secrecie is, and declare vnto thee, those punishments antiquitie beſtowed on those that reuealed secrets. Laſtly vpon thy faithfull oth I may ventre further, but so as thy silence may make thee happieſt man in *Cosco*. To be of faire words (*Argias*) becommeth a man of much vertue; and no small treasure findeth that Prince who hath a priuy and faithful secretarie, in whose bosome he may powre his thoughts, on whose wisedome hee may repose his secrets. *Plutarch* writeth that the *Athenians* hauing warre with king *Philip* of *Macedon*, by chaunce lighted vpon certaine letters which he had written to *Olimpias* his wife, which they not onely sent

backe sealed and vnsearched, but also said, that since they were bound by their laws to be secret, they would neither see nor reade other mẽs priuate motions, *Diodorus Siculus*, writeth that among the *Egyptians* it was a criminal act, to open secrets which he proueth to be true, by example of a prieſt, who had vnlawfull companie with a virgin of the goddesse *Isis*, both which truſting their secrecie to another prieſt, and hee hauing little care to keepe their action concealed, sodainely cried out, where through the offenders were found out and slaine, and he banished. And where as the same prieſt complained againſt the vniuſt sentence, saying: that whatsoeuer he had reueled was in fauour of religion, he was answered by the Iudge, if thou alone hadſt knowne it without being priuie to them, or hadſt thou had notice without corrupt consent, thou shouldſt haue reason to be aggreeued; but sodainely whereas they truſted their secrecie vnto thee which they had in hand, and thou promiſedſt them to keepe silence, hadſt thou remembred thee of thy bond and promise, and the law which we haue to be secret in all things, thou hadſt neuer had the courage to publish it. *Plutarch* in his booke of banishment saith, that an *Athenian* sought vnder the cloke of an *Egyptian*, asked him what hee carried hid, to whom he answered: Thou sheweſt thy selfe smally read and worse nurtered (O thou *Athenian*) sith thou perceiueſt not that I carrie this hid for no other respect, but that I would haue no man know what I carrie, many other are the examples of *Anaxileus*, *Dionisius*, *Plato*, and *Bias*, which were too long for me to report, and too tedious for thee to heare, my onely desire is to let thee knowe the waight of secrecie, and the punishment that knowing the one and the other

(my *Argias*) thou mightſt in respect of thy life keepe silence with the tongue.

Argias that knew the bird by the feather, and the eagle by the flight, the leopard by his spot, and the lyon by his claw, cut off his circumlocutions, with this discourse; *Ariſtarchus* the Philosopher (moſt noble prince) was wont to say, that by reason of their inſtabilitie, knew not that which the moſt men ought to desire, nor that which they should flie, because that euerie day changeth, and swift Time flieth: *Eubeus* the Philosopher, was wont many times to talke this at the table of great *Alexander*; by nature euerie one is prompt and sharpe witted, to giue counsell and to speake his opinion in other mens affaires, and fond and slow in his owne purposes. Truely this sentence was both graue and learned, for manie there be that are discreet in other mens causes, and iudge rightly, but among ten thousand there is not one that is not deceiued in his own causes. This considered, your grace doth moſt wisely, to seeke to disburden your thoughts in a secret bosome, and to aske counsell of another in your earneſt occasions, for by the one you shall benefite your griefe, by the other conquer it. Hiſtories report that the valiant captaine *Nicias*, was neuer miſtaken in any thing which atchiued by another mans counsell, neither euer brought any thing to good effect, which he managed according to his owne opinion. It is therefore vertue in you (good prince) if in immitation of so great a Chiefetaine, you rather truſt other mens wisedome, then your owne wit: and since it pleaseth you to grace me with the hope of secrecie, your excellencie shall not to neede to misdoubt, for by all those gods whom I reuerence, by this right hand which I lay on thy honourable loines, so

may my paſtures be plentifull, my barnes filled, my vines burthened, as I vow to be secret, resolued to seale my faith with such assurance, as death it self shal neuer be able to dissolue it. *Arsadachus* hearing his zealous promises, and weighing his wise answeres, by the one, assured himselfe of his loyaltie, by the other, gathered his great wisedome and learning; whereupon taking *Argias* by the hand, and withdrawing himselfe into a verie secrete and cloose arbour in the garden, hee, after hee had a while reſted himselfe, and meditated on that he had to say, with a bitter sigh brake out into these speeches. Oh *Argias*, had the deſtinies made vs as prone to indure the assaults of loue, as they haue made vs prompt to delight in them, if they had fauoured vs with as much power to pacifie the furie of them, as they haue giuen vs will to persever in the follie, I could then be mine owne phisition, without discouering my griefe, and salue that with discretion, which I nowe sigh for through dispaire. But since they haue denied vs that grace in their secret wisedome, to haue wil to relieue our own weaknesse, purges to expulse our poysons, and conſtancie to endure loues conflicts, I muſt haue recourse vnto thee, in whom cõsiſteth the source of all my safetie, beseeching thee (deare *Argias*) if thou heareſt that thou shouldeſt not, consider that I suffer that I would not, and so temper my defects, by the force and effects of thy wisedome, that I may be relieued and thou nothing greeued. Thou knoweſt sweet friend the contract I haue paſt with *Margarita*, thou knoweſt the resolution of my father wholly bent to accomplish it, thou knoweſt the expedition is required to accomplish the mariage: al which shall no sooner be accomplished, but I shall perish, and that day I shall become the bride-

grome of *Margarita*, I wish to be buried in my graue: this is the first mischiefe must be anticipated, this the first sore must be salued, this the first consumption must haue a cordiall: Mightie prince said *Argias*, those conditions that consist on impossibilities may be broken, and marriage which by an inviolable law of nature was ordained to knit and vnite soules and bodies togither, cannot be rightly solemnised betweene such, whose good likings haue not the same limits, whose affections are not vnited with selfe like faculties, for as to ioyne fire and water, moist and drie, were a matter impossible, especially in one subiect, and more, in that they be contraries; so to couple loue where there is hatred, affinitie where there is no fancie, is a matter against right, repugnant to reason, and such a thing as since nature doth impugne it, the gods if it be broken will easilie dispence withall, whereas therefore you are a prince in your waxing yeares, your father in his waining, in your pride of wit; your father is impouerished in his vnderstanding; since the cause concerneth you in act, him but in words, since this domage is but the breach of a silly vowe, if the marriage be broke, your detriment the miserie of an age without all manner of content, you may (good prince) in reason to preuent your owne harm in iustice, since you cannot affect, break off those bands: and if *Protomachus* shall threaten, let him play the woulfe and barke against the sun, hee cannot bite: you haue power to resist him, and friends to assist you, I but my father (*Argias*) how shal we pacifie him? either by perswasions (good prince) said *Argias*, or by inpulsiõ, by the laws of *Solon*, old men that dote must be gouerned by yong men that haue discretion, if he gainsay you there are meanes to temper

him, better he smart then you perish, my shirt is neare me my Lord, but my skin is neareſt, the cause concerneth you and muſt not be dallied. *Arsadachus* hauing found a hauke fit for his own lure, and a counseller agreeable to his owne conceit, with a smiling regard he greeted *Argias* againe in this kind of manner: deere friend, thou haſt rid me of my doubtes, and wert onely reserued me by the gods, to redresse my domage. Thou haſte complotted the means to displace *Margarita*, to appease *Artosogon*, now if to pacifie that raging affection that subdueth me, thou find me a remedie, I wil make thee the chiefeſt man in *Cusco*, of moſt authoritie in court; yea thou shalt bee my second hart (my *Argias*) and yet this which I require of thee though it be the difficulteſt in me, is the easieſt in thee; for if it be lawfull for me as thou proueſt, to breake my firſt marriage, to bridle my father, and worke also whatso is mine own will, what letteth my second wedlocke with which thy fauor shall be solemnised betweene thy angelicall *Diana* and me, wherethrough I shall haue peace, and thou preheminence? *Argias* that had alreadie caught the foxe in the snare, now laide hands of him, and with a pleasing countenance beganne thus. O Prince this laſt doubt is your leaſt daunger, for where you may command my life, where you are lord of my wealth, can I be so forgetfull of duetie, thinke you to denie you my daughter, whose worth is of too great weakenesse, to entertaine such dignitie? but since it pleaseth your excellence to daine it her in vertuous sort, command me and her to our vtmoſt powers, we are yours. *Arsadachus* thinking himselfe in heauen, thanked *Argias* for his courtesie, who at laſt wholly discouered vnto him, how secret he was to his affections, shewing him his sonnet: to be briefe,

it was so complotted that without further delay, *Arsadachus* should bee presently wedded to *Diana*, which was effected so, that both these two married couples in the height of their pleasures, passed their time in wonderfull delight in *Argias* caſtle. But as nothing is hidden from the eie of Time, neither is any thing so secret which shall not be reuealed: the emperor *Artosogon* (by reason of *Arsadachus* continuall abode at *Argias* house) discouered at laſt both the cause and the contract: whereupon, ſtorming like the Ocean incensed with a north-eaſt briſe, he presently sent for *Argias*; and without either hearing his excuses, or regard of his intreaties, presently caused him to be torne in peeces at the tailes of foure wilde horses, then caſting his mangled members into a litter, hee sent them to *Diana* in a present, vowing to serue her in the same sawce her father had taſted, that durſt so insolently aduenture to espouse with the sole heire of his empire. The poore ladie almoſt dead, to see the dead bodie of her father, but more moued with her owne deſtruction which was to follow, fell at *Arsadachus* feete, beseeching him with brinish teares, which fell in her delicate bosome, to be the patrone of her fortunes. *Arsadachus* who loued her entirely, comforted her the beſt he might, assuring her safetie, in spight of his fathers tyrannie; whereuppon he leuied a guard of his chiefeſt friends to the number of three thousand men, and shutting *Diana* in a ſtrong fortresse, left her after many sweet embraces in their cuſtodie: and for that the time of his coronation drew neere, he assembled foure thousand such as hee knew moſt assured; he repaired to the court, vowing in his mind such a reuenge on his father, as all the world should wonder to heare the sequele. Being arriued in

court, hee cloyed the gates thereof with armed men, placing in euery turning of the citie sufficient rowts of guard to keepe the citizens from insurrection: Then ascending the royall chamber where the Emperour his father with his nobilitie were resident, hee prowdly drew him from his seate royall; in which action those of the nobilitie which resiſted him were slaine, the reſt that tremblingly behelde the tragedie, heard this which ensueth: *Arsadachus* prowdly setting him in his fathers seate, was ready to speake vnto the assembly, when the olde Emperour that had recouered his fall, awaking his spirites, long dulled with age and weakenesse, beganne in this sort to vpbraide his vngracious heire: Viper villaine and worse, auaunt, and get thee out of my presence. How dareſt thou lay handes on thy Lord? or ſtaine the emperiall seate with thine impure and defiled person? Canſt thou behold thy father without blushes, whom thou haſt periured by thy peruersenesse, making my othes fruſtrate through thine odious follies? ah caitife as thou art! more depraued then *Caligula*, more bloudy indeed then *Nero*, more licentious then *Catuline*: would God either thou hadſt beene vnborne, or better taught. Thou second *Tarquine* foſtered by me to worke tragedies in *Cusco*: thou prowd yongman, thy beauty thou haſt employed in riot, thy forces in tyranny: Oh vnkind wretch, I see, I see with mine eies the subuersion of this Empire, and that which I haue kept fourtie yeeres, thou wilt loose in lesse then thirtie moneths. How can thy subiects be obedient to thee that despiſeſt thy father? How can these Nobles hope for iuſtice at thy hands, that haſt iniuriously attempted mee, an olde man, thy father, that bred thee, thy lord, that cherished

thee, the emperour that muſt inherite thee. What may ſtrangers truſt in thee, that haſt broken thy faith with *Protomachus*, abused the loue of *Margarita*, and all for a faire faced minion, whom if I catch in my clawes I will so temper as thou shalt haue little luſt to triumph? O what pittie is it thou peruerse man, to see how I haue bought thee of the gods with sighes; how thy mother hath deliuered thee with paine; how we both haue nourished thee with trauelles; how we watched to sustaine thee; how we laboured to releeue thee; and after, how thou rebelleſt, and art so vicious, that wee thy miserable parents muſt not die for age, but for the griefe wherewith thou doeſt torment vs? Ah woe wo is me that beholdeth thy lewdnesse, and wretched art thou to follow it: well did I hope that thy courage in armes, thy comelinesse in person, thy knowledge in letters were vertues enow to yeelde me hope, and subdue thy follies: but now I say and say againe, I affirme and affirme againe, I sweare and sweare againe, that if men which are adorned with natural gifts do want requisit vertues, such haue a knife in their hands wherewith they do ſtrike and wound themselues, a fire on their shoulders wherewith they burne themselues, a rope on their necks to hang themselues, a dagger at their breaſts to ſtab themselues, a ſtone to ſtumble at, a hill to tumble downe. Ah would to God that members wanted in thee, so that vice did not abound: or woulde the losse of thine eies might recompence the lewdnes of thine errours. But thou laugheſt to heare me lament, which sheweth the small hope of amends, thou haſt no touch of conscience, no feare of the gods, no awe of thy parents, what then should I hope of thee? would God thy death, for that were an end of detriment: if thy life,

I beseech the gods for mine own sake close mine eies by death, leſt I see thy vniuſt dealings.

In this ſtate *Arsadachus* that was resolued in his villany without any reply (as if scorning the old man) caused his tong by a miniſter to be cut out, then commaunded his right hand to be ſtrooke off, wherewith he had signed the writ of *Argias* death; afterwards apparelling him in a fooles coate, and fetching a vehement laughter, he spake thus: *Cuscans*, wonder not, it is no seueritie I shew, but iuſtice; for it is as lawfull for me to forget I am a sonne, as for him to forget he is a father; his tongue hath wronged me, and I am reuenged on his tongue, his hand hath signed to the death of my deere *Argias*, and it hath payed the penaltie: and since the old man doateth, I haue apparelled him according to his propertie and impatience, wishing all those that loue their liues, not to crosse mee in my reuenges, nor assiſt him in his ſiniſter practises. This saide, he made all the nobilitie to sweare loyaltie vnto him; and *Diana* laughing incessantly at the old man, who continual pointed with his left hand, and lifted his eies to heauen for reuenge, sometimes he imbraced the nobles, inciting them by signes to reuenge, but all was in vaine, scare subdued their affections.

In the meane while, the newes of these nouelties were spread throw the citie, so that many tooke armes to reuenge the old emperour, who were presently and incontinently slain by the souldiers: in briefe, as in all conflicts, the weake at laſt went to the wall, and necessitie inforced such as misdeemed of *Arsadachus* proceedings, to allow of them in shew: the day of coronation drew on, againſt which time *Lelia* the Empresse (little suspecting that which had fallen out) arriued in *Cusco*,

who hearing of the hard measure was offered her husband by her vngratious sonne (for *Artosogon* was shut vp all the day till meale times, when *Arsadachus* called for him foorth to laugh at him) she entred the pallace with such cries, as might haue made the hardeſt heart melt to heare them, where clasping of her armes about the necke of the olde and aged man, who melted in teares to behold the melancholy of the chaſte matron, she cried out and complained in this manner: O you iuſt gods; can you see these wrongs without remedie? are you deafe to heare, or pittilesse to redresse? Ah, looke downe looke downe from your thrones, and behold my throbbes, witnes such wrongs as the sunne hath neuer seene the like; the dogge is gratefull to his maiſter for his meate, the elephant to his teacher for his knowledge, the serpent to the hunts man for his life; but our vntoward sonne, for releeuing him, hath grieued vs, for giuing him sweete milke in his youth, doth feede vs with bitter aloes in our age; and I for bearing him with many groanes, am now betraied by him to many griefes: Ah *Artosogon*, ah my deere *Artosogon*, it is enough griefe for thee to indure, let me weep (for the old man, to see her, shed many teares) because thou ſuffereſt, that as thou decayeſt through tyrany, I may die with teares. This said, sorrow ſtopped the passage of her speech, and they both swowned, hee to beholde his *Lelia* so forlorne, she to see her *Artosogon* so martyred: he that saw *Venus* lamenting *Adonis*, *Aurora* bewailing *Memnon*, *Mirrha* her toſſt fortunes, saw but the shadow of cares, not the subſtance of complaints; for this sorrowe of the princes was onely beyond compare, and paſt beleefe; wherein so long they demeaned themselues, till age and sorrow, after long ſtrife surrendred to death, who pit-

tied the olde princes, being despised of their lewd sonne, and ended their sorrowes in ending them. The rumour of whose fall was no sooner bruited in the eares of *Arsadachus*, but that inſtead of solemnizing their funeralles, he frequented his follies, inſtead of lamenting for them, hee laughed at them, causing them for fashion sake to haue the fauour of the graue, not for any fauour he bare them: then calling for *Diana* to his court, he honoured her as a goddesse, causing his subiects to erect a shrine, and to sacrifice vnto her: and such was his superſtitious and besotted blindnes, that he thought it the only paradise of the world to be in her presence, no one was better rewarded then he that could beſt praise hir; sometimes would he (attiring him like a second *Diana* readie to chace) disguise himselfe like a shepheard, and sitting apart solitarily, where he might be in her presence, he would recount such passions as gaue certaine signes in him of an excellent wit, but matched with exceeding wickednes: among which these tenne, as the moſt excellent for varietie sake, after his so many villanies, I thought good to set downe in this place.

I see a new sprung sunne that shines more cleerely,
That warmes the earth more blithly with hir brightnes
That spreads hir beams more faire, and shines more cheerly
Then that cleere sun that glads the day with lightnes.

For but by outward heate the one offends me,
The other burnes my bones, and melts their marrow:
The one when he sets on further blends me,
The other ceasles makes her eie loues arrow.

From that a shower a shadow of a tree,
A foggie miſt may ſafely me protect,
But this through clouds and ſhades doth paſſe and perce me
In winters froſts the others force doth flee:
But this each ſeason ſhines in each reſpect,
Ech where, ech houre, my hart doth plague and perce me.

This other for the ſtrange forme therof, though it haue the ſecond place deſerues the firſt, which howſoeuer you turne it backward or forward, is good ſence, and hath the rimes and cadence according, the curiousnes and cunning whereof the learned may iudge: the firſt ſtands is the complaint, the ſecond the counſel; both which he wrote in the entrance of his loue with *Diana*.

Complaint.

1	3	2	*Teares, cares, wrongs, griefe feele I,*	1	1	3	2
2	2	1	*Wo, frownes, ſcornes, crafts nill ceaſe,*	4	2	4	1
3	1	4	*Yeares, months, daies, howers do flie*	3	3	1	4
4	4	3	*Fro mee away flieth peace:*	2	4	2	3
		1	*Oppreſt I liue (alas) vnhappily,*				2
		2	*Reſt is exilde, ſcornde, plagde, thus am I.*				1

Answere.

1	3	2	*Mend her, or change fond thought,*	1	1	3	2
2	2	1	*Minde her, then end thy minde,*	4	2	4	1
3	1	4	*Ende thee will ſorrowe ſought,*	3	3	1	4
4	4	3	*Kinde if thou art: too blinde,*	2	4	2	3
		1	*Such loue flie farre, leſt thou perceiue and proue*				2
		2	*Much ſorow, grief, care, ſighing, breeds ſuch loue.*				1

The third though short for the method, is verie sweete, and is written in imitation of *Dolce* the *Italian*, beginning thus: *Io veggio, &c.*

I see with my hearts bleeding,
Thus hourely throgh my pain my life desires,
I feele the flames exceeding,
That burne my heart by vndeserued fires,
But whence these fires haue breeding,
I cannot finde though great are my desires.
O miracle eterne!
That thus I burne in fire, and yet my fire cannot disceern.

The fourth being written vpon a more wanton subiect, is farre more poeticall, and hath in it his decoram as well as the reſt.

When as my pale to her pure lips vnited,
(Like new fallne snow vpon the morning rose)
Sucke out those sweets wherin my soule delited,
Good lord how soon dispersed were my woes!

And from those gates whence comes that balmy breath,
That makes the sunne to smile when he ariseth,
I drew a life subdewing neering death,
I suckt a sweete that euerie sweete compriseth.

There tooke my soule his hand-faſt to desire,
There chose my heart his paradise on earth,
There is the heauen whereto my hopes retire,
There pleasure bred, and thence was Cupids *birth:*
Such is their power that by a touch they seuer.
The heart from paines that liu'd in sorrowes euer.

An other time, at such time as in the entrance of loue he despaired of al succour, hee desperately wrote this and that verie prettely.

Euen at the brinke of sorrowes ceasles ſtreames,
All well-nie drownd through dalliance and disdaine,
Hoping to winne the truce in my extreames,
To perce that marble heart where pride remaines.

I send salt teares, sad sighes, and ruthful lines,
Firme vowes (and with these true men) my desire,
Which in his laſting ſufferance scarce repines,
To burne in ceaslesse Aetna *of her ire.*

All which (and yet of all, the leaſt might serue)
If too too weake to waken true regarde,
Vouchsafe O heauen that see how I deserue,
Since you are neuer partiall in rewarde,
That ere I die she may with like successe,
Weepe, sigh, write, vow and die without redresse.

This other in the selfe like passion, but with more gouernment he wrote, which for that cause I place here consequentlie.

Heape frowne on frowne, disdaine vpon disdaine,
Ioyne care, to care, and leaue no wrong vnwrought,
Suppose the worſt, and smile at euerie paine,
Thinke my pale lookes of enuie not of thought.

In errors maske let reasons eie be masked,
Send out contempts to sommon death to slay me,
To all these tyrant woes tho I be tasked,
My faith shall flourish tho these paines decay me.

And tho repyning loue to cinders burne me,
I wil be fam'de for sufferance to the laſt,
Since that in life no tedious paines could turne me,
And care my flesh, but not my faith could waſt.
Tho after death for all this lifes diſtresse,
My soule your endles honours shall confesse.

Another melancholy of his for the ſtrangenesse thereof deserueth to be regiſtred, and the rather, in that it is in immitation of that excellent Poet of *Italie*, *Lodouico Pascale*, in his sonnet beginning; *Tutte le telle hauean de'l ciel l'impere.*

Those glorious lampes that heauen illuminate,
And moſt incline to retrograde aspects,
Vpon my birth-day shonde the worſt effects,
Thralling my life to moſt sinister fate.

Where-through my selfe eſtrangde from truth a while,
Twixt pains, and plagues, midſt torments and diſtresse,
Supposde to finde for all my ruth redresse,
But now beliefe, nor hope, shal me beguile.

So that (my heart from ioyes exiled quite)
Ile pine in griefe through fierce disdaines accurſt,
Scornde by the world, aliue to nought but spite:
Hold I my tongue? t'is bad; and speake I? wurſt,
Both helpe me noughts; and if perhaps I write,
T'is not in hope, but leſt the heart should burſt.

Another in immitation of *Martelli* hauing the right nature of an *Italian* melancholie, I haue set down in this place.

O shadie vales, O faire inriched meades,
O sacred woodes, sweete fields, and rising mountaines,
O painted flowers, greene herbes, where Flora treads,
Refresht by wanton windes, and watrie fountaines.

O all you winged queriſters of woode,
That piercht aloft your former paines report,
And ſtrait againe recount with pleasant moode,
Your present ioyes in sweete and seemely sort.

O all you creatures, whosoeuer thriue,
On mother earth, in seas, by aire or fire:
More bleſt are you, then I here vnder sunne,
Loue dies in me, when as he doth reuiue
In you; I perish vnder beauties ire,
Where after ſtormes, windes, froſts, your life is wonne.

All other of his, hauing allusion to the name of *Diana* and the nature of the Moone, I leaue, in that few men are able to second the sweete conceits of *Philip du Portes*, wose Poeticall writings being alreadie for the moſt part englished, and ordinarilie in euerie mans hands, *Arsadachus* liſted not to imitate, onely these two others which follow, being his own inuentiõ, came to my hand, which I offer to your iudgement (Ladies) for that afterward I meane to prosecute the hiſtorie.

Twixt reuerence and desire, how am I vexed?
Now prone to lay ambitious handes on beautie,
Now hauing feare to my desires annexed,
Now haled on by hope, now ſtaid by dutie.

Emboldned thus, and ouerrulde in ſtriuing,
To gaine the ſoueraine good my heart desireth:
I liue a life, but in effect no liuing,
Since dread subdues desire that moſt aspireth.

Tho muſt I bide the combate of extreames,
Faine to enioy, yet fearing to offend,
Like him that ſtriues againſt resiſting ſtreames,
In hope to gaine the harbor in the end:
Which hauen hir grace, which happy grace enioyed
Both reuerence, and desire, are well employed.

The conclusion of all his poetrie, I shut vp with this his Hiperbolical praise, shewing the right shape of his dissembling nature.

Not so much borrowed beautie hath the ſtarres,
Not so much bright the mightie eie of day,
Not so much cleare hath Cinthia *where she warres,*
With deathes neere neece in her blacke array.

Not so true essence haue the sacred soules,
That from their naturall mansions are deuided,
Not so pure red hath Bacchus *in his boules,*
As hath that face whereby my soule is guided.

Not so could art or nature if they sought,
In curious workes themselues for to exceede,
Or second that which they at firſt had wrought,
Nor so could time, or all the gods proceede,
As to enlarge, mould, thinke, or match that frame,
As I do honour vnder Dians *name.*

Now leaue we him in his dalliance, making all things in a readinesse for his coronation, and returne we to the constant *Margarita*, who liuing in her solitarie seate, minding nothing but melancholies, triumphing in nothing but hir teares; finding at length, the prefixed time of *Arsadachus* returne almost expired, and her impatience so great, as shee could no longer endure his absence, in a desperate furie setting light by her life, she resolued priuily to flie from her fathers court to finde out *Arsadachus* in his owne countrey. For which cause she brake with a faithfull follower of hers called *Fawnia*, by whose assistance, without the knowledge of any other in the disguise of a country maid, she gate out of the citie, attended onely by this trustie follower, about the shutting in of the euening, at such time as her traine without suspect intended their other affaires, and by reason of her melancholie little suspected her departure out of doores: and so long shee travelled (desire guiding her steps, and sorrow seating her selfe in her heart) that she gat into an vnpeopled and huge forest, where meeting with a poore shepheard, shee learned sure tidings of her way to *Cusco*, keeping in the most vntrodden and vnfrequented wayes for feare of pursute, weeping as the walked incessantly; so that neither *Fawniaes* words, nor the hope she had to reuisit her beloued could rid her of ruthfulnesse: three dayes shee so walked, feeding her thoughts on her owne wretchednesse, till on the fourth about the breake of the day when *Phœbus* had newly chased the morne, crowned with roses from the desired bed of her beloued paramor, she sate her downe by a faire fountaine, washing her blubbered face in the cleare spring, and cooling her thirst in the cristal waters thereof: here had she not long rested hir selfe, talking with

hir *Fawnia* in what manner she would vpbraide *Arsadachus* in *Cusco*, of his vnkind absence, when as sodainlie a huge lion which was accuſtomed to refresh himselfe at that spring, brake out of the thicket behinde their backes, *Fawnia* that firſt spied him was soone supprised, then she cried, and rent in peeces (in that she had taſted too much of fleshly loue) before she feared. *Margarita* that saw the massacre, sate ſtill attending hir owne tragedie, for nothing was more welcome to hir then death, hauing loſt her friend, nor nothing more expected: but see the generostie and vertue of the beaſt inſteede of renting her limmes he sented her garments, in the place of tearing her peecemeale, hee laied his head gentlie in hir lap, licking her milkewhite hand, and shewing al signes of humilitie, in ſteede of inhumanitie. *Margarita* seeing this recouered hir sences, and pittifully weeping spake thus: Alas ye gods, why yeeld you sorrowes to those that despise fancie, and betray you them by death, who desire to flee detriment? wo is me, how fortunate were *Margarita*, to haue bin dismembred? how forlorne was *Fawnia* to be thus mangled, ah tyrant beaſt hadſt thou spared her, her vertue had deserued it, hadſt thou spoiled me, why I was reserued for it, for what care haue not I part in? or from what ioy am not I parted? Loue that is a Lord of pittie to some, is pittilesse to me, hee giueth other the rose, but me the thorne; he beſtoweth wine on others, and me viniger, he crowneth the reſt with lawrell in respect of their flourishing fortune, but me with Ciprus the tree dedicated to funerall: out alas that I liue or that I haue time to speake, I liue, in that I haue had time so long, to loue with neglect, and to pine in the delay. Ah curteous beaſt (said she) why executeſt thou not that which my

sorrow doth prosecute? let thy teeth (I beseech thee, rid me of loues tiranny. This saide, shee pittifully wept; but the Lion ceased not to play with her, ſtroking her with his rough paw, as if willing to appease her, but all was in vaine, till that sleepe by reason of her sorrow seized her, and setled her selfe in the lions eies, where we leaue them, returning to *Mosco*, where the day no sooner appeared, but *Protomachus* (according to his custome comming to visite his daughter) found her sodainly fled, whereat ſtorming incessantly, he presently put al her attendants to moſt bitter and ſtrange death, sending out espialles through all the country to find out *Margarita*, who by reason of her solitarie walkes, was free from their search: at laſt, looking among her secret papers, hee found a letter, wherein the princesse had written to *Arsadachus*, that if hee presently returned not, she would shortly visit him. By reason whereof, being a wise prince, he gathered some circumſtance of her flight; and leuying a power of souldiers, with as much expedition as he might, he set forward towardes *Cusco*, where I leaue him, to returne to *Arsinous*, who ſtudying Magicke in his melancholy cell, found by reason of the aspect of the planets, that the houre of his reuenge was at hand: whereuppon beeing resolued of the place, whch was *Cusco*, and the manner, with all other actors in the tragedie, he being desirous to behold that with his eies which hee had long time longed for with his hart, forsook his melancholy home, and set forward toward *Cusco*. And as he passed on his way, it was his chance to beholde where *Margarita* lay sleeping, hauing the lions head in her lap, whereat beng amazed and affrighted, in that he heartily loued the princesse, he with his ſtaffe awaked her: who seeing a man so ouergrowne

in haires and yeeres; yet carrying as much shew in his countenance, of honour, as discontent, softly ſtole from the lion, and left him sleeping there: sodainely seasing *Arsinous* by the hand, she said thus: Father, thanke fortune that hath giuen thee time to escape death if thou liſt, and folow me, who hath both neede of thy counselles, and of such a reuerend companion as thou art. Which said, they both withdrew thẽ out of the way haſting two long houres without euer looking backe, till at laſt, when *Arsinous* saw her and himselfe in safetie, he courted her thus: Countrie lasse by your coate, but courtlie dame by your countenance, whither trauel you this waies, or for what cause are you so woful? Forlorne man by thy apparel, but honourable sir by thy behaviour, I am trauelling to *Cusco*, where both remaineth the cause of my woe, and the means to cure it. May I be so bold said *Arsinous* to know of you what you are, and what you aile? It neither pertaineth to you that I tell it (quoth *Margarita*) neither pleaseth it me to discouer it, for the one will seeke my harme, the other yeelde you little helpe. Then quoth *Arsinous* smiling, I will trie mine owne cunning, to crosse a womans resolution, whereupon intreating *Margarita* to set her downe vnder a Palme tree, to auoid the heat of the sunne, which being at his noonetide flamed very fiercely, he drew a booke out of his bosome, and read so long til sodainely there appeared one in selfe like shape and subſtance as *Arsadachus* was wont to be, whome *Margarita* no sooner espied, but that she ranne fiercely towards him that haſtily fled, she cried out; Oh ſtay thee (my *Arsadachus*) ſtay thee, behold thy *Margarita* that hath left her fathers court, hazarded her honours, aduentured all dangers for thy loue, for thy sake, oh ſtay.

This said, the vision sodainely vanished, and she ſtriuing to embrace him, caught his shadow: whereupon vehemently weeping, she exclaimed on the gods, ouer loue and his laws, renting hir haires, and beating her breaſts in such sort, as it was pittie to beholde it: and had died in that agonie, had not *Arsinous* recomforted hir in this sort: Fie *Margarita*, doth this beseeme your wisdome, to demeane sorrow without cause, and seeke your death through a delusion? why princesse whateuer you saw was but an apparition, not the subſtance, deuised only by your seruant *Arsinous* to discouer you. Shee hearing the name of *Arsinous* presently ſtarted vp, and clasping hir armes about his aged necke, whom she sodainly had discouered, she spake thus: Ah my father, pardon my folly, that sought to keep that secret, which is discouered by your science. Tut madam, the pardon is to be granted by your hands, said he, who are moſt iniured; was it euer seene (quoth he smilingly) a ladie to bee so besotted on a shadow? Ah pardon me (said *Margarita*) I held it for the subſtance: but father, I pray you tell me whither you intend your iourney? *Arsinous* desirous in short words to satisfie her, tolde her that he pretended his course to *Cusco*; forsaking his melancholie cell of purpose, to meet her whose danger he had perceiued in priuate being in his ſtudie: further he told her many things touching the Emperours search after her, not pretermitting any thing to content her, but concealing that which tended to her ruine, which with ernefull heart hee inwardlie perceiued, *Margarita* somwhat reioyced with the companie of such a guide, sate her downe seeking some herbes in the forreſt to releeue her hunger, *Arsinous* that perceiued it said thus: See madam, what loue can do, that fashioneth courtlie stom-

acks, to whomely acates the gods grant you may speede well, for I see you can feede well, hereon he opened his booke and read, and sodainely a pauilion was picht, the table was reared, the dishes serued in, with all kinde of delicates, the musicke exceeding pleasant, so that *Margarita* was rauished to behold this, but being animated by *Arsinous* she fell to her meate, certifying him at dinner time of such things as had passed in her fathers court in his absence; thus in iollitie appeased they their hungrie ſtomackes, and eased their sorrowfull hearts, till occasion called them forth to trauell, at which time the pauilion seruitors, and all things vanished, and onely *Arsinous* and *Margarita* were left alone, hauing two squires attending on them, with two rich gennets brauelie trapped fit for their managing, which they speedely backed, talking merrilie as they rode of such ſtrange things as *Arsinous* had wrought by his art, and so long they trauelled towards *Cusco*, that they ariued within two leagues of the same, vnderſtanding by y^e^ great troops that rode that way, that the coronation was the next day following, *Margarita* by *Arsinous* counsaile ſtaied in the caſtle of *Aged* knight, where hee wrought so by his arte, that although *Margarita* had a desire to heare tidings of *Arsadachus*, yet made she no queſtion of him all the time of her abode there. And here let vs leaue them, and returne to *Cusco* to the accursed and abhominable tyrant *Arsadachus*, who as soone as the day beganne to breake, the birds to hale forth the sunne, the sunne to haſte his course, arose from his bed, apparelling himselfe in rich and princelie robes: about which houre *Diana* was not idle, for whatso of excellence could be bought for money, or had for friendship, she wanted nothing thereof to set out her beautie: the

courtiers to grace their Emperor, spared no coſt, the cittizens no triumphs, so as the triumph of *Antigonus Epiphanus*, in cõparison hereof was but a trifle, the maner whereof, since it was miraculous, I haue thought good to mention in this place. Firſt came fiue thousand of the yoongeſt Cuscanes out of the pallace, trotting along the ſtreetes vnto the temple armed, according to the Roman fashion: after them as many *Tartars* armed after their maner, who were folowed with three thousand *Thracians*, and *Plessians*, all of which carried siluer lances and shieldes, hauing their headpeeces decked with oſtrige plumes and emeralds: after them marched two hundred and fiftie sword-players, who followed the braue caualiers that marched before; after whom trotted the horsemen, of which one thousand, together with their horses, were all pompously garnished with golde and siluer, with a garland of gold vpon their heads: after thẽ rode another thousand horsemen, decked with golde and purple, with lances of golde, headed with pointed diamonds: next them rode those which were called the emperours minions, clothed in cloth of tissue, their horses trapped in greene cloth of gold, their ſtirrops of siluer: after them came the Emperours guard on horse backe, hauing their caparisons ſtudded with iron and brasse, wearing vpon their armors a certain curious ſtoale, wherein, with gold and siluer, silke, and gossanpine threed of many colours, were woven the images of those gods, which the Cuscans moſt worshipped: after whome came one thousand fiue hundreth armed chariots, the most part drawn by two white genets, but fortie of them by foure: after them there came a chariot drawne by elephants, and attended by sixe and thirtie elephants, with eight hundred yong men attending

them as their keepers, attired with ornaments of golde, and hauing their temples encompassed with wreathes of roses, and siluer bends: after them came eight hundred yong laddes leading many fat oxen with gilded herse to be sacrificed to the gods: next vnto them eight hundred miniſters bearing platters of gold with pretious ſtones, vnicorns horns, and elephants teeth to be sacrificed for the health of the emperour: next which, an infinite number of ſtatues were carried, not onely of their gods, but also of those fiends they feared; likewise the images of all their kings deceased, according as euery one deserued for his excellence, apparelled in goodly garments of golde and siluer, and other precious and ineſtimable iewelles, each of them hauing a table at his feete, in which al his noble and worthy actions were written. There were likewise other semblances of the day, the night, of heauen, of the morning and mid-day, with an infinite number of vessels likewise forged out of gold and siluer, and borne by the slaues of the empire: after these came six hundred pages of the emperour apparelled in golde: after whome came three hundred virgins in white cloth of tissue, burning with censors in their handes of siluer, and *Agate* spreading sundry sorts of sweete perfumes followed by fiue hundred coches of siluer, wherein *Dianaes* damosels were carried: after which came fourescore of beaten gold, wherein all the princely heirs of the empire were royally seated. After all these the Emperour with his *Diana* rode in one coach attended with one hundred attired in beaten cloth of siluer, caſting rich cloth before the coach, whereon the horses that drew the Emperour should treade. It were a vaine thing for me to set downe the riches of *Arsadachus* garments, or the attire of his god-

desse: sufficeth it that it exceeded that which is paſt, and all was beyond beleefe: In this solemne sort entred they the temple, where (according to the cuſtome) they were sacred, annointed and inthroned, receiuing homage of the princes. And after in selfe like pompe returned they to the pallace: where hauing many rich delicates prepared for them with sweet and melodious musike they sate them downe to eate; where, after they had somewhat refreshed their ſtomackes, and whetted their wittes with coſtly wines, *Arsadachus* remembring him of his *Margarita*, called for his box, merily ieſting with *Diana*, and saying that the Empresse of *Mosco* deserued so small a remembrance, which was no sooner brought vnto him, and opened, but (see the iudgement of iuſt heauen) a sodain flame issued thereout, which with a hideous odour so beſtraught *Arsadachus* of his senses, that thruſting the tables from him, and ouerthrowing whatsoeuer incountred him, he brake out from his seate, cursing the heauens, renting his embalmed haire, tearing his royall veſtures: his nobilitie that saw this, became amazed, and among the reſt, *Brasidas*, who fled for the murther in *Mosco*, and was at that time in great fauour with him, came to pacifie him; who no sooner espied him, but taking a huge boule of wine, and crying out, *Brasidas*, I drinke to *Philenia* whome thou murtheredſt, he taſted the wine, and with the cup tooke him such a mighty blow on the head that he pashed out all his braines: all they that behelde this sate ſtill; some for feare ſtole secretly out of his presence; among the reſt, wofull *Diana* rather like the ſtatue of *Venus* raised in *Paphos*, then the louely *Lucina* that gaue light to all *Arsadachus* delights, sate ſtill quaking and trembling, as one readie to depart this life; whom when the Em-

peror espied where she sate, he hastily ranne vnto her, crying out; Ah tyrant that hast robbed me of my heart, my hope and life, let me sacrifice to *Nemesis*; I will sacrifice: which said, with the caruing knife he slit up the poore innocent ladies bodie, spreading her entrailes about the pallace floore, and seizing on her heart, hee tare it in peeces with his tyrannous teeth, crying, *Sic itur ad astra*; by this time the rumour was spread throughout the pallace, and from the pallace through the citie: by which meanes the triumphs which were commenced were turned to mournings, for *Arsadachus* vsed such cruelties euery way, that the *Numantines* for all their inhumanitie could neuer be able to match him. And in this fitte continued he for the space of sixe houres, at which time he entred the secrets of his pallace, and finding there a yong sonne which his *Diana* had bred and he begotten; he tooke it by the legges, battering out the braines thereof against the walles, in such sort as the beholders were amazed to see him; this done he flung it on the ground among the dead members of his mother, calling on the name of *Artosogon* and *Lelia* his father and mother, and telling them, that in some part he had yeelded them reuenge. By this time *Arsinous* and *Margarita* were entred the citie, who hearing the turmoile thorow the citie, questioned the cause thereof, and were certified by those that passed by, in what estate the emperour was at that present. *Margarita* hearing the cause, beganne wofully to exclaime, til she was pacified by *Arsinous*, who told hir that the nature of the medicine which he gaue her, was such, that if *Arsadachus* were constant to her, it would increase his affection; if false, it would procure madnesse: to which effect, since the matter was brought, it coulde not be

but the yoong Emperour had wronged her. With these perswasions hee drew her to the pallace, where thrusting through the prease *Arsinous* thought himselfe happy to see such a reuenge wrought on his enemie. *Margarita* was heartlesse to behold the dolefull estate of *Arsadachus*, so that forgetting the honor of his name, and the modestie of her sex, she brake thorow the guard, and ranne to *Arsadachus*, where he sate embrewed in the bloud of innocents, and with teares spake thus vnto him; Is this the ioy of my loue (said she) are these thy welcomes to thy beloued in steede of triumphes to feast her with tragedies, in lieu of banquets, with blood? why speaketh not my deare spouse? why lookest thou so ghastly? O if it bee thy pleasure to shew crueltie on me, make it short by a death, not lingering by life. *Arsadachus* all this while sate mute gastly staring on *Margarita*; at last fiercely flinging her from his necke, his rage reuiued and he cried out; *Diana*, ah *Diana* by thy bright lookes, by thy beautifull lockes, let not thy ghost be displeased, thou shalt haue bloud for bloud, here is the sacrifice, here is the instrument; wherevpon drawing a rapier out of the sheath of one of those who ministred fast by him, he ranne *Margarita* quite thorow the bodie: and in this sort with bedlam madnesse fled out of the presence to his privy chamber. The poor princesse euen when death beganne to arrest her, pursued him: and as she indeuoured to vtter hir moanes, fell downe dead on the floore; whom *Arsinous* wofully bewept, and in the presence of the princesse of *Cusco*, discouered what she was. Then beganne each of them to imagine a new feare, doubting lest the Emperour of *Mosco* should reuenge her death at their handes. For which cause they consulted how to shut vp *Arsadachus* til *Protomachus* were

certified, which they effected sodainely, in that they found him laide on his bed, and soundly sleeping, enforced thereunto by the industrie and art of *Arsinous*. Who after he perceiued the whole assembly of princes dismayed, caused the ministers to gather vp the mangled members and couer thẽ with a rich cloth of gold, and afterwards seeing al the courtiers attentiue, he beganne in this manner: *Thales* (ye worthie princes) after he had trauelled long time, and at last returned home, being asked what strange or rare thing hee had seene in his voiage, answered; an olde tyrant: for certaine it is, that such as practise open wrong, liue not long; for the gods yeeld them shortest life that haue the wickedest wayes: muse not therefore to see your yong Emperour in these passions, whose sinnes if they be ripped vp exceede al sence, whose tyrannies surpasse the beleefe of any, but such as haue tried them. What, know you not of his disobedience, who spared not his owne father that begate him, his deere mother that bred him? What, knowe you not of his periurie? that hath falsified his faith to *Protomachus*, betraied and murthered *Margarita*, and at one time frustrated the hope of both these empires? What, know you not of his murthers, where these in sight are sufficient to conuict him: but those I sigh for are more odious, who thorow his lewd lust bereft me (poore *Arsinous*) of my daughter, and her of an husband? But the iust gods haue suffered me to behold the reuenge with mine eies, which I haue long wished for with my heart. Truely (yee *Cuscans*) ye are not to maruell at these chaunces, if you bee wise, neither to wonder at your emperours troubles, if you haue discretion; for as vnitie (according to *Pythagoras*) is the father of number, so is vice the originall of many

sorows. When the fish *Tenthis* appeareth aboue the water, there foloweth a tempeſt: when euils are growne to head, there muſt needely follow punishment; for as the gods in mercie delay, so at laſt in iuſtice they punish. Heare me yee men of *Cusco*, and consider my words, if neuer as yet any tyrant liued without his tragedie what should you expect? In faith no other thing but the confirmation of *Platoes* reason, who saide that it is vnnecessarie for him to liue, that hath not learned how to liue well. The tyrant of *Sicely Dionisius*, (of whome it is said, that he gaue as great rewarde to those that inuented vices, as Rome did to those that conquered realmes) died a priuate man and in miserie. Nowe what in respect of this man can you hope of *Arsadachus*, who hired not men to inuent, but did himselfe in person practise: beleeue me, beleeue me, your sufferance of such a viper in your realme, is a hainous sinne in you; and as *Dion* saith, it is but meete they be partakers to the paine, who haue wincked at the fault. *Caligula* the emperor of Rome was so disordered in his life, that if all the Romanes had not watched to take life from him, he would haue waited to take life from them; this monſter bare a brooch of gold in his cap, wherin was written this sentence: *Vtinam omnis populus vnam præcise ceruicem haberet, vt vno actu omnes necarem.* And what was this man in regarde of *Arsadachus*? Truely almoſt innocent; for the one pretended kindnesse to those that gently perswaded him, but the other neither feared the gods, neither spared his friends, neither regarded iuſtice, and can such a monſter deserue life? The Romanes when the tyrant *Tiberius* was made away, sacrificed in their open ſtreetes, in that the gods had reft them of such a troublesome wretch; why cease

you then (you *Cuscans*) to sacrifice to your gods, to the end they may deliuer you of this troubled world. It was a lawe among the Romanes, that that childe which had disobeyed his father, robbed any temple, iniured any widdowe, committed any treason to a ſtranger should be banished from Rome, and disinherited of his fathers possessions; and what hath not *Arsadachus* done of these things? and why is not *Arsadachus* punished? *Scedasus* daughters being violated in *Lacedemon*, and vnreuenged by the magiſtrates of the cittie; the gods afflicted both the guiltie and vnguiltie with plagues, in that they afflicted not punishment on the offenders: and what can you hope (ye *Cuscans*) that suffer this sincke of sinne to triumph in your pallaces? You will perhappes say, that no man is to be punished afore hee be conuicted. And (I pray you) for what should ill men pleade? since as *Chrisippus* saith, nothing is profitable vnto them. You see teſtimonies of his murther before your eies, tokens of his periury I ring in your eares, his luſt the gods abhorre, and shall he yet liue?

This said, there grew a great muttering among the nobilitie, and the noise thereof awaked the emperour (whose sleep had ſtayed the working of the inchantment) who finding himselfe wholy imbrewed with blood, his doores faſt locked vnto him, beganne to misdeeme: whereuppon calling and exclaiming on his attendants, some of them at laſt fearefully opened the doores. The nobilitie hearing of his freedome, presently fled; but when as the fatall fruits of his furie were discouered vnto him, and his ruthfull eies beheld what his hands had executed, Lord what pittifull exclamations vsed he! how hee rent his breaſt with furie, how he tare his face: At laſt, laying him downe vpon the

mangled members of *Diana*, and embracing the dead bodie of *Margarita*, hee washed both of them in his teares, and demeaned himselfe so wofully, as it was wonder to behold; at last, with a bitter sigh he brake out into these bitter words, (whilest his nobles hearing of his recouery, beganne to reenter the pallace) True it is that *Plutarch* saith (quoth he) that life is a stage-play, which euen vnto the last act hath no decoram: life is replenished with al vices, and empouerished of all vertue. Sooth spake *Chrisippus* when he alleadged this, that the euilles of this life are so many, that the gods can not inuent more, neither a liuing man indure halfe; so that rightly I may say with *Hercules*:

Plenus malorum sum iam, nec superest locus
Alijs nouis recipiandis———

But why philosophie I of life complaining on it where I ought onely to conuict my selfe? It is not the wretchednesse, but the wickednesse of life that maketh it odious. Then hast thou occasion (wretched man) as thou arte to learne thee, who hauing sinned in the excesse, oughtest rightly to haue thy comforts in defect. Yea I haue sinned O ye heauens, first in beguiling this chast *Margarita* with hope, in wronging my deere parents in their age, in slaughtering this poore infant with his mother. Oh *Aetna* of miseries that I see! oh ye *Cuscan* princes, why suffer you me aliue, that haue stained your empire with such infamies? why vnsheath you not your swords? for pitie delay not, for pittie rid me of life: alas, why craue I pittie, that haue beene altogether pittilesse? ah yee flockes of flatterers, where are you nowe that fedde me with follies? come nowe and punish my follies in me: none heareth me, all forsake

me, despised of the gods, hated of men; ah iuſt heauens, I honour you that haue left mee occasions in my selfe, you cursed eies of mine that haue glutted your selues in vanitie, since you reft me of my senses, I will be reuenged on your sight: which saide, hee drew out his eies weeping piteously in so erneful maner, that the whole assiſtance became compassionate: at laſt some one of his nobles labouring to pacifie him, alleadging reasons of great weight, which in a man of gouernement were sufficient to quallifie the furie of sorrow, he replied thus: Friends and princes the force of reason, (as the Stoicks say) is not to bee vsed in those things that are not, it concerneth not me (lords) that I liue, perswade me not for that cause to entertaine and thinke of life, for if it be odious to those that through infirmities of their flesh grow in hate with it, what should it be to me, who haue not onely a bodie aggreeued with sorrowes, but a soule sweltered in sinnes; lament mee not therefore, neither releeue me; for as the dewe causeth leprosie in man though it yeeldeth life to floures, so teares rather torment those that dispaire then releeue them; and though they comfort the diſtressed, yet they are tedious to the desperate: I feele my forlorne heart (you nobles) cloyed with thoughtes and longing to be disburthened. I see with mine inward eies the ghoſts of these poore slaughtered soules calling for iuſtice at my hands; ſtay me not therefore from death, but assiſt me to die, for by this meanes you shall ridde your countrey of a plague, the world of a monſter. Such as are wounded with brasen weapons, are according to *Ariſtotles* opinion soone healed; so likewise are they that are taunted with easie sorrow: but whereas the passions exceede reason, they haue no issue but death; the inſtru-

ment that woundeth is deadly. Ah my heart, I finde *Plutarchs* reason of force; for as the sunne is to the heauen, so is the heart to the man; and as the one eclipseth, the other cloudeth; when the one danceth, the other dieth. I feele thee (poore heart) dispossest of al ioy, and shal I continue possest of life? no (you ghosts) I will visit you. This saide, he grapled about the floore among the dead bodies, and at last he griped that weapon wherewith he slew *Margarita*, wherewith piercing his hated bodie he breathed his last, to the generall benefit of a the *Cuscans*, who in that they would pacifie the emperour *Protomachus*, who as they vnderstoode had leuied a huge armie after they had enterred their slaine emperour with his faire loue, bestowed honourable funerall on the princesse *Margarita*, on whose sepulchre, as also on that of *Dianaes*, *Arsinous* wrote these epitaphs.

Margaritaes Epitaph.

A blessed soule from earthly prison losed,
Ye happie heuens hath faith to you conuaide,
The earthly holde within this tombe inclosed,
White Marble stones within your wombe is laide:
The fame of her that soule and bodie lost,
Suruiues from th'ile to the Bactrian coast.

A precious pearle in name, a pearle in nature,
Too kinde in loue vnto too fierce a foe,
By him she lou'd, shee dide, O cursed creature,
To quite true faith with furious murther so!
But vaine are teares for those whom death hath slaine,
And sweete is fame that makes dead liue againe.

Dianaes Epitaph.

Thy babe and thou by fire and husbands hand,
Belou'd in ſtaied sence was slaine in rage,
Both by vntimely death in natiue land
Loſt Empire, hope, and died in timelesse age,
And he whose sword your bloud with furie spilt,
Bereft himselfe of life through cursed guilt.

All ye that fixe your eies vpon this tombe,
Remember this, that beautie fadeth faſt,
That honours are enthralde to haples dombe,
That life hath nothing sure, but soone doth waſt;
So liue you then, that when your yeares are fled,
Your glories may suruiue when you are dead.

In this sort were these murthered princes both buried, and honored with epitaphs, by which time the emperor of *Mosco* arriued in *Cusco*, who certified of that which had insued, with bitter teares lamented his daughter, and vpon the earneſt submission of the *Cuscans*, spoiled not their confines, but possessing himselfe of the empire, he placed *Arsinous* gouernor of the same, whom vpon the earneſt reconcilement and motion of the Princes, he tooke to fauour, being certified of his wrong and innocencie: which done, he returned to *Mosco*, there spending the remnant of his dayes in continuall complaints of his *Margarita*.

FINIS.

NOTES

MENAPHON

3. 11. Euphues censure to Philautus] *Euphues his censure to Philautus* was written by Greene shortly before *Menaphon*. Philautus is the forlorn lover and Camilla the fair disdainful maid of Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, the sequel to *Euphues*. Neither of Greene's books have any connection with *Euphues;* the names are added for their advertisement value. Lodge, also to claim a connection with *Euphues*, calls his *Rosalynde* 'Euphues' golden legacy, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra.'
4. 1. *To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniversities.*] For a full discussion of this preface see *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, edited by Dr. R. B. McKerrow (especially vol. iv, pp. 444-459).
4. 10. *placet*] approval.
4. 25. art-masters] experts.
5. 1. kilcow conceipt] bombastic idea.
5. 10. take vp a commodity] raise a loan.
5. 26. extemporall vaine] Nashe much admired Greene's rapidity in writing. In *Strange Newes* (McKerrow, i, 287) he says, 'In a night and a day would he have yarkt up a Pamphlet as well as in seaven yeare.'
7. 12. Gothamists] Wise men of Gotham, i.e. fools.,
7. 16. punies] freshmen.
7. 18. furmentie] frumenty.
7. 33. what doo you lacke] the shopman's cry to the passers-by.
8. 2. crepundios] idle talkers.
8. 8. friplers] frippers, old clothes dealers.
8. 22. table] picture. 'The table of the world turned vpside down' is the sign of an inn.
8. 28. It is a cõmon practise now a daies] This famous passage is the chief evidence for the existence of a pre-Shakesperean *Hamlet* written by Thomas Kyd. The arguments in favour of the interpretation are set forth in Dr. F. S. Boas' edition of *The Works of Thomas Kyd* (p. xlv); Dr. McKerrow, however, disagrees (iv, 449).
8. 33. necke-verse] the passage (usually the first verse of the 51st psalm) which a condemned man had to read to claim benefit of clergy.
11. 22. to vaunt the pride of contraction in euerie manuarie action] i.e. to take pride in manuals (manuaries) epitomising learned works rather than in the works themselves.
11. 23. *Pater noster* . . . in compasse of a pennie] This feat of penmanship was performed by Peter Bales, author of *The Writing Schoolmaster*.
15. 1. vndermeale] afternoon.
18. 6. *Abcie*] Absey or ABC book, a card containing the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, etc., used for the beginner's first reading lessons. It is often called the horn book, being mounted on a wooden handle covered with horn to guard it against the schoolboy's hard handling.

18. 11. my *Anatomie of Absurdities*] Nashes' *Anatomy of Absurditie* was entered at Stationer's Hall on September 19, 1588.
18. 16. *Paules*] St. Paul's churchyard was chiefly inhabited by booksellers.
19. 11. *a* Lillie] i.e. John Lyly who set the fashion of 'labouring beautie' with his *Euphues* (1579).
19. 14. *Greener obiectes*] puns on Greene's name are tediously common in the works of his admirers, and of his enemies. R.B., for instance, in *Greenes Funeralls*, 1594, begins his ninth sonnet—

> Greene, *is the pleasing Obiect of an eie:*
> Greene, *pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon him:*
> Greene, *is the ground of euerie Painters die:*
> Greene, *gaue the ground, to all that wrote vpon him.*

23. 2. quiddities] subtleties.
23. 28. *Laualtos*] lavolta, a high-stepping dance.
24. 8. champion] champagne, open country.
25. 4. *Chrisocolla*] borax or green earth.
37. 5 posset] a hot drink made of milk curdled with wine.
39. 10. *desiune*] dejeuner.
39. 13. chamlet] camlet, an Eastern fabric.
40. 10. deined her eyes] noticed.
40. 13. cruell] worsted.
40. 19. cintfoyle] cinqfoil.
43. 11. polt-footed] clubfooted.
44. 32. bottles] wicker baskets.
45. 5. conceipts] imaginings.
46. 24. beauties of:] Mr. Percy Simpson in his *Shakespearian Punctuation* (p. 71) notes the regular use of a colon to mark interrupted speech.
47. 5. Hobbie] an inferior breed of hawk.
47. 20. crost me] retorted.
48. 2. rammage] wild.
48. 27. cracke] break.
50. 4. amate] astonish.
50. 11. cassock] long coat, usually used for the soldier's great-coat.
50. 25. pad] food.
51. 19. girded] cut—as with a whip.
frump] contemptuous remark.
51. 22. impreso] device, motto.
51. 23. frowes] women.
52. 15. Saturnists] morose dullards.
52. 16. quatted] satiated.
54. 19. leekes] 'She says men die for love *when* larks die from leeks, id est, never' (Grosart).
57. 29. Epitazis] the development of the plot.
58. 25. *Heliotropion*] the heliotrope
load] attraction, i.e. the sun.
61. 16. haute] high.
62. 7. sowterly] like a cobbler.
62. 32. pheare] fere, mate.

65. 12. nine holes] a country game in which the players had to roll the ball into holes, scoring on the principle of bagatelle.
66. 23. Hodge] peasant.
71. 22. *Non est inuentus*] i.e. the letter could not be delivered.
71. 30. affie] trust.
74. 6. kistrell] a hawk of base breed and so unreliable.
75. 6. *Tyre*] prey.
76. 13. newe change driuen you to a night cap] The Elizabethan invalid used to tie his head up in a kercher. So in *Julius Cæsar* (II, i, 315) Brutus says to Ligarius,

> 'O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
> To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick.'

77. 26. kercher] cloth.
80. 9. pannicles] skull.
80. 11. fauchon] falchion.
83. 28. hansell] the first money taken at market; so, first use.
85. 15. platted] plotted.
90. 27. woones] dwells.
92. 17. whist] silenced.
92. 19. moderne] commonplace.
93. 15. stowre] encounter.
95. 21. rustie bills] The bill had gone out of use as a weapon, though it was still carried by the watch.
98. 3. difference] the addition or alteration made in a coat of arms to denote the younger branch of a family.

A MARGARITE OF AMERICA.

113. 4. *M. Candish*] Thomas Cavendish began his unfortunate voyage to the Straits of Magellan with three tall ships and two barks on August 26, 1591. The expedition was a failure from the first; Cavendish's own crew mutinied, and on May 20, 1592, the fleet was scattered. Cavendish died at sea, leaving a letter wherein he bitterly denounced John Davies for having deserted him. The miserable story can be read in Hakluyt.
115. 18. curets] cuirasses.
115. 23. shot as gards to the pikes] in military diagrams of the period, the pikes are shown as marching into action in close formation with the more mobile harquebusiers surrounding them in open order.
116. 23. the whole confines and reuenewes whereof is not sufficient to acquit for one moneth of your charges] compare Hamlet's outburst (IV, iv, 58).
117. 14. If you will be held vertuous and monarchies] The text should probably read 'if you will be held vertuous monarchies,'
monarchies] monarchs.
120. 21. An infant first from nources teat he sucketh] Compare Jaques

> 'At first the infant,
> Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms' . . .
> *As You Like It*, II, vii, 143.)

127. 4. dolie] doleful.
129. 1. burgend] budded, fresh grown.
129. 23. emet] ant.
130.2. Thou art leauing thy country for an other court] Compare the whole passage with Polonius' advice to Laertes, *Hamlet*, I, iii, 57.
131. 24. opinion] good repute.
138. 25. I must ende with &c.] I must leave what follows to your imagination.
146. 30. rescouse] rescue.
151. 30. hemd are each supposes] if the reading is correct the phrase should probably be paraphrased, 'coughed away is every kindly thought.' For this use of 'hem,' compare *As You Like It*, I, iii, 18:

'These burs are in my heart.' 'Hem them away.'

154. 1. vnicorns horne.] A piece of 'genuine' unicorn's horn was one of the treasures of Windsor Castle shown to the Duke of Wirtemberg on his visit there on August 20, 1592 (Rye, *England as seen by strangers*, p. 16).
154. 18. sendall] a fine cyprus silk.
154.31. after good] subsequent happiness.
160. 25. that the poore deceased ghostes may be appeased] The ghost of a murdered man could only be appeased by the violent death of the murderer. In the *Hystorie of Hamblet* (translated from the Belleforest's version of the Hamlet story), Hamblet, having slain his uncle, says: 'This just and violent death is a just reward for such as thou art: now go thy wayes, and when thou commest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother (whom thou trayterously slewst) that it was his sonne sent thee thither with the message, to the ende that beeing comforted thereby, his soule may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit mee of the obligation that bound me to pursue his vengeance upon mine owne blood. . . .' (Gollancz, *The Sources of Hamlet*, p. 257.)
163. 10. *pease*] pea.
164. 15. The original punctuation has been left, but the sense would be improved by reading a full stop at *drownd'*, and continuing

Showers cherish
Thy barren bosome in the field:
I perish
Since nothing may me comfort yeelde.

166. 29. his mistresse fauour, which was a sleeue of salamanders skinne] The sleeve was detachable and often worn by a knight as a token of his lady's love. In *Troilus and Cressida* Troilus gave Cressida a sleeve as a parting gift, which afterwards she gave to Diomede.
173. 3. limning] painting; but here, 'outlining'.
173. 17. *incipe*] the command given to a disputant in an academic exercise to begin his argument.
178. 21. wrings] turnings.
189. 7. *Aperse*] A per se, A 1, the one and only.
189. 10. carkanets] necklaces.
191. 18. boade] abide.
198. 24. yongman] 'young man' and 'boy' (like the modern 'pup') were both used as terms of insult meaning insolent and inexperienced.

200. 25. nouelties] revolution. 'Innovation' is often used with the same meaning.
204. 15. pale] literally fence; here used for the mouth as in the Homeric phrase ἕρκος ὀδόντων, the pale of the teeth.
210. 11. generositie] nobility.
210. 11. but see the generositie and vertue of the beast] The lion being a kingly beast recognised the true princess by instinct. By the same instinct Falstaff sensed Prince Hal in the dark on Gadshill.
213. 29. ernefull] yearning, forboding.
214. 1. whomely acates] homely fare.
219. 3. prease] press, crowd.

TEXTUAL NOTES

MENAPHON

THE original texts of these romances have been reproduced in this edition without alteration, except that the roman type has been used for the black letter, the tall 'f' printed 's', and the '&' as 'and'.

The text of *Menaphon* has been printed from a copy of the first edition in the British Museum; in this copy the last leaf of Nashe's preface is missing, and has been supplied from the Bodleian copy of the second edition.

A few misprints have been corrected, viz.:—

8. 8. after *for the original reading* afetr
16. 6. *Celiano,* for *Celiano.*
16. 24. tutchstone *for* tutcsthone
21. 6. resolution, *for* resolution.
24. 24. *Anacreon* for *Auarreon*
26. 20. continue *for* coutinue
39. 16. chamber *for* chamber
52. 20. shepheards *for* shepheads
59. 27. *vaunts* for *vauuts*
66. 27. *Pleusidippus* for *Pseusidippus*
96. 31. *Democles* for *Damocles*
103. 2. *did,* for *did.*
104. 17. *was.* for *was*

A MARGARITE OF AMERICA

The text of *A Margarite of America* is taken from a copy of the first edition in the British Museum. It is very faulty, and the punctuation is exceedingly haphazard; this, says Lodge, was because the printer was not acquainted with his hand and the book printed in his absence.

The following corrections have been made:—

116. 6. these *for* their
120. 8. with *for* which
127. 12. *long,* for *long.*
129. 6. as *for* (as

129. 13. hir *for* his
134. 20. vngracious *for* vegracious
135. 2. *Minecius* for *Minecins*
143. 8. help *for* belp
146. 3. you *for* yon
146. 20. flint) *for* flint;
148. 16. toombe *for* toobme
150. 1. coruption *for* cornption
151. 11. yet *for* ye
153. 25. court, *for* court(
157. 20. *Arsadachus*) for *Arsadachus*
163. 2. *caue* for *care*
163. 10. *pease*, for *pease*.
163. 16. *neglect*, for *neglect*.
164. 20. *daunt*, for *daunt*.
172.25. their *for* theie
175. 20. (I *for* I
180. 31. *dachus* for *dachns*
181. 18. in *for* im
191. 25. *Cosco*. for *Cosco*
194. 1. plentifull, *for* plentifullmy
194. 21. weaknesse, *for* weaknesse
206. 6. *confesse*. for *confesse*
211. 1. thee, *for* thee
211. 13. *Margarita*, for *Margarita*.
214. 27. *Arsadachus* for *Arsadachns*

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